

THE  
LADIES' WREATH:

AN

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

FOR

MDCCCXLVIII.—IX.

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EDITED BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.  
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"I saw her on a nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
A creature breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller 'twixt life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

*Wordsworth.*

NEW YORK:  
MARTYN & ELY, 162 NASSAU-STREET.  
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1848-9.

AY11  
.L37

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter  
*Fragaria Virginiana*—Strawberry  
The Bride's Toilette  
*Rosa Multiflora*—Japan Rose  
The Japanese Fire—Japan Quince  
Sabbath-Day Point—Lake George  
Peekskill Landing  
*Borago Officinalis*—Borage  
*Aquilegia Canadensis*—Wild Columbine }  
Burns and his Monument, on the Banks of the Doon  
Eastport, and Passamaquoddy Bay  
*Pelargonium Grandiflorum*—Large-flowered Geranium  
View in Wall-street, from the corner of Broad  
*Dianthus Africanus*—African Pink }  
*Moschata*, or Musk Mallow }  
Portrait of Mrs Ann S. Stephens  
*Rosa Sulphurea*—Double Yellow Rose  
Sybil's Cave, Hoboken  
*Lilium Candidum*—White Lily  
Boston Common  
Blue Hyacinth  
Sea of Marmora, from the Seraskier's Tower  
*Veronica Beccabunga*—or Brooklime







ORIGINAL.

## THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"The man who publishes what will inflame the passions, or subvert the moral principles of others, is undermining the foundations of the social fabric, and it is kindness neither to him nor to society, quietly to look on, until both he and we are crushed beneath the ruins. The danger to liberty is pre-eminently greater at the present day, from the licentiousness, than from the restriction of the press."—*Wayland's Elements of Moral Science.*

"I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment to the church and the commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men."—*Milton.*

THERE was once a time, before the invention of that wondrous art which multiplies "thought tracks" indefinitely, and scatters them to the four quarters of the globe, when a book was a rich and rare treasure, to be found only in the possession of the higher orders of ecclesiastics, or among the most valued heir-looms of some noble family, who had perchance worshipped it blindly, without being able to decipher its contents. The labor of copying these manuscripts, on vellum or parchment, was immense, particularly when to the text, the illuminations were added, which gave them such brilliancy and beauty. Private individuals seldom possessed any books whatever, and many large convents could boast of only one missal, which was chained or kept in a box in the choir of the chapel. The Countess of Anjou paid for a book of homilies, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Even in the fifteenth century, when Louis Eleventh of France wished to borrow the works of an Arabian physician, he not only deposited a large quantity of plate by way of security, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a heavy forfeiture to restore the precious loan. When such was the state of things among the higher classes, it may well be supposed that the common people were utterly ignorant of the very name of literature.

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But a brighter day dawned upon mankind. In the discovery of the art of printing, the idea of Archimedes was realized, and a fulcrum formed which would have enabled him to move the world. Mind was at length unchained, and men awoke from the sleep of ages, with a proud consciousness of mental power, and a rapturous delight in its exercise, which seemed like the jubilee of nature when Spring unbinds the icy fetters of the tyrant Winter. Books were multiplied with a rapidity, which, compared with the slow process of the copyist, was almost miraculous, and, as a natural consequence, the lower classes began to read, to think, and to act for themselves. But the transition from the darkness of the middle ages to the intense light of the nineteenth century, was very gradual, and one look at the ponderous and dry tomes now reposing in quiet dignity on the shelves of some antiquarian library, which constituted the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, would tempt the modern reader to suppose that none but the sons of Anak could either write or read such volumes. Indeed, to us, accustomed as we are to rail-road velocity in intellectual operations, the writers even of the last century seem so voluminous, that, without abridgment, few dare venture upon a perusal of their works. Notwithstanding the multiplication of books by means of the press, and their comparative cheapness, it was still true, until within the last fifty years, that but few could command the means to purchase a library, or the time to read the folios and quartos of which it was composed. At the present day, a state of things prevails in the world of mind, essentially different from all this, both in matter and manner. Knowledge is simplified, and brought forth from the retreats, in which, like the grand Lama, it had concealed

itself so long from the gaze of the multitude. The most abstruse sciences are rendered intelligible even to a child, while the author who would be read, has learned to avoid above all things, "dragging his slow length" through more than two, or at most three volumes.

Our light literature, too, has undergone a change no less remarkable. The "linked sweetness long drawn out," of the loves of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlow, becomes wearisome even to insipidity, compared with the condensed and racy publications which have taken their place. Poems, essays, tales and novels, hastily written, and often to order, cheaply got up, circulated at the lowest rate through the entire country, devoured at a sitting, and thrown by for something still later from the teeming press—these constitute the mental aliment of thousands, whose characters they are forming with silent but resistless influence. Facilities, both of printing and circulation, heretofore unknown, bring within the reach of the humblest and most remote dwellers of our land, a variety of books, which, in the olden time, it would have required a moderate fortune to purchase. So far as useful books are concerned, this state of things is an incalculable blessing, for it diffuses, throughout the whole community, the means of acquiring information on the most important subjects connected with individual and social well being. But in a country like ours, where the elective franchise is in the hands of the people—where the popular will makes and unmakes every officer of the government, from the chief executive magistrate down to the lowest functionary, no interest is safe, any longer than the masses are intelligent and virtuous. One of our ablest statesmen remarked, on the adoption of our Constitution, it was the best in the world, if there was virtue enough in the people to sustain it. An ignorant, unprincipled populace, under the influence of corrupt and aspiring demagogues, would destroy the social fabric of which we boast, in less than a quarter of a century. If our free institutions are to be preserved—if the beacon fires, lighted on the shores of New England by the pilgrim fathers, are still to blaze as a signal to the victims of oppression in the eastern hemisphere, that liberty here makes her home; then must intelligence and virtue be diffused among

the growing millions who are to fill our vast republic. But how is this Herculean work to be accomplished? Will the multiplication of books do it? If so, we have small cause of apprehension. At this day, it may emphatically be said—"of making," or printing, "many books, there is no end." Giant minds are at work to give the world "books that are books," full of deep thought, sound morality, and practical wisdom. Such authors deserve well of their age, and doubtless they shall have their reward. But where one is engaged in writing books, whose design and tendency is to purify the heart, and educate the people in the great principles of truth and righteousness—there are scores of other minds, many of them by no means destitute of mental vigor, who are catering to the worst appetites and passions of our fallen race. These writings constitute much of what is called the light literature of the age; they abound in sentiments and descriptions fitted to corrupt the heart, debase the intellect, and destroy the sense of moral responsibility in those who read them. Infidelity and licentiousness, though generally forming an under current, run through all their writings. While to the careless eye, all seems bright, sparkling, and full of enchantment, this under current is doing its work of death unobserved. The young and inexperienced, fascinated by the seducing brilliancy of the scene, are drawn under, and lost to their country and the world.

Can any serious observer doubt, that the reprints and translations now flooding the country, many of them from the very hotbeds of prurient vice in foreign novel manufactories, are exerting a most deleterious influence on the intellect, the morals, and the faith of the people of our country? These novels, romances, &c., have within the last few years been multiplied by tens of thousands, and scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of the land. Every steamboat and rail-road car seems freighted with them. And they are read, too, by multitudes who read nothing else. The moral poison is left to do its work on such minds without any antidote; and can the effect be otherwise than evil? Then may a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters, and a corrupt tree bear good fruit. If the wives and mothers of America are to obtain their

ideas of woman's dignity and woman's duties, from such writers as Byron and Moore, in poetry, and Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and George Sand, in prose fiction—if their moral sentiments and religious faith are to be gathered from novels and romances—will they be qualified to educate the future legislators and guardians of our republican institutions? This is a question of vital interest to every lover of his country, and to all who seek the improvement and elevation of the human race.

But not the writers only of corrupt books, but their publishers and venders, incur a fearful responsibility. If there is one class of wrong doers, which, more than any other, deserves the scorn and reprobation of a virtuous community, it is the class systematically employed in corrupting our youth. And who are more truly numbered in this class than the writers and venders of immoral books? The morals of a country are intimately connected with its popular literature, and, in a reading community, inseparable from it. What avail all the appliances of moral suasion, the gospel ministry, and the word of God, if a corrupt literature for six, not to say seven, days of the week, is to preoccupy and saturate the minds of the young, with infidel and licentious principles? If this masked Gorgon, like the devil who sat at the ear of Eve,

“Forging distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires”—

is to have access to the social circle and the domestic sanctuary, unquestioned and unsuspected?

The women of our country are responsible for the character and circulation of immoral and corrupting books in society. Independently of the effect of their own personal example in reading, or refusing to read such works, they may, as wives, mothers, and members of society, exert a salutary or an injurious influence on others. It is an established and most important fact, that not one social evil has continued to exist, against which the whole force of intelligent and virtuous womanhood was once brought to bear. It is because the influence God has given us for the noblest ends, is so frittered away by vanity and folly, so wasted on unworthy objects, or perverted

for unholy purposes, that there is such an amount of unrebuked evil, and unmitigated misery throughout the world. Let every mother, as the guardian of the domestic circle, know what is the character of the books read by her children, and carefully preserve them from the contamination of the works of which we have spoken, as she values their present happiness, or their future interests. In the scenes of nature which surround us, in the wonders of air, earth, and sky—in the structure and economy of animal and vegetable life—in the history of nations and the moral scenery of the world, enough will be found to engage the attention of the youthful reader, and to occupy the short period of time we can call our own. Works of biography, of voyages and travels, of natural history, or of profane and ecclesiastical history, present a rich variety of useful and amusing reading, which may safely be placed in the hands of all. But no correct moral instruction can be drawn from such works as Ernest Maltravers, *The Mysteries of Paris*, *Jaques*, and unnumbered others of the class; and even if a few valuable ideas should, by chance, be found in these pages—we are confident that the man or woman who should wade through this slough of pollution, to seek the pearl of truth,

"Would surely contract so much soil by the way,  
As the price of the jewel would never repay."

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Nothing, indeed, can be more futile, than even the most correct system of religious opinions, if our faith has no influence on the heart; and fails, therefore, to produce its legitimate consequence, a godly life and conversation; every thing in Christianity is directed to practical purposes: and in the day of righteous retribution, it will only aggravate our condemnation to have heard, understood, and approved the word of the Lord, if we shall have persisted in refusing to follow its dictates.—*J. J. Gurney.*



ORIGINAL.

## AN APPEAL.

To you who gaily float along  
Upon the tide of joy ;  
Whose life is like a pleasant song  
No blighting cares annoy ;  
Whose morning skies are bathed in light,  
Whose every hope is firm and bright :—

To you on whom hope's guiding ray  
Shines through a clouded sky ;  
Whose early dreams have passed away  
For stern reality ;  
Who, 'mid the changing current's strife,  
Are striving on the sea of life :—

To you whose heads are silvered o'er  
By many a winter's frost ;  
Whose bark (so near a calmer shore),  
No more is tempest-tost ;  
Who soon may reach that blessed home,  
Where care or strife shall never come :—

To all who bear a brother's part  
Amid the toils of earth ;  
Or with a sister's gentle heart  
Light up the household hearth ;  
The Wreath a pleasant word would say,  
On its returning natal day,

We've labored in the mine of thought,  
In search of gems most rare,  
And through the circling months have wrought  
A chaplet for the fair :  
O will ye all, our toil to cheer,  
Welcome The Wreath another year ?



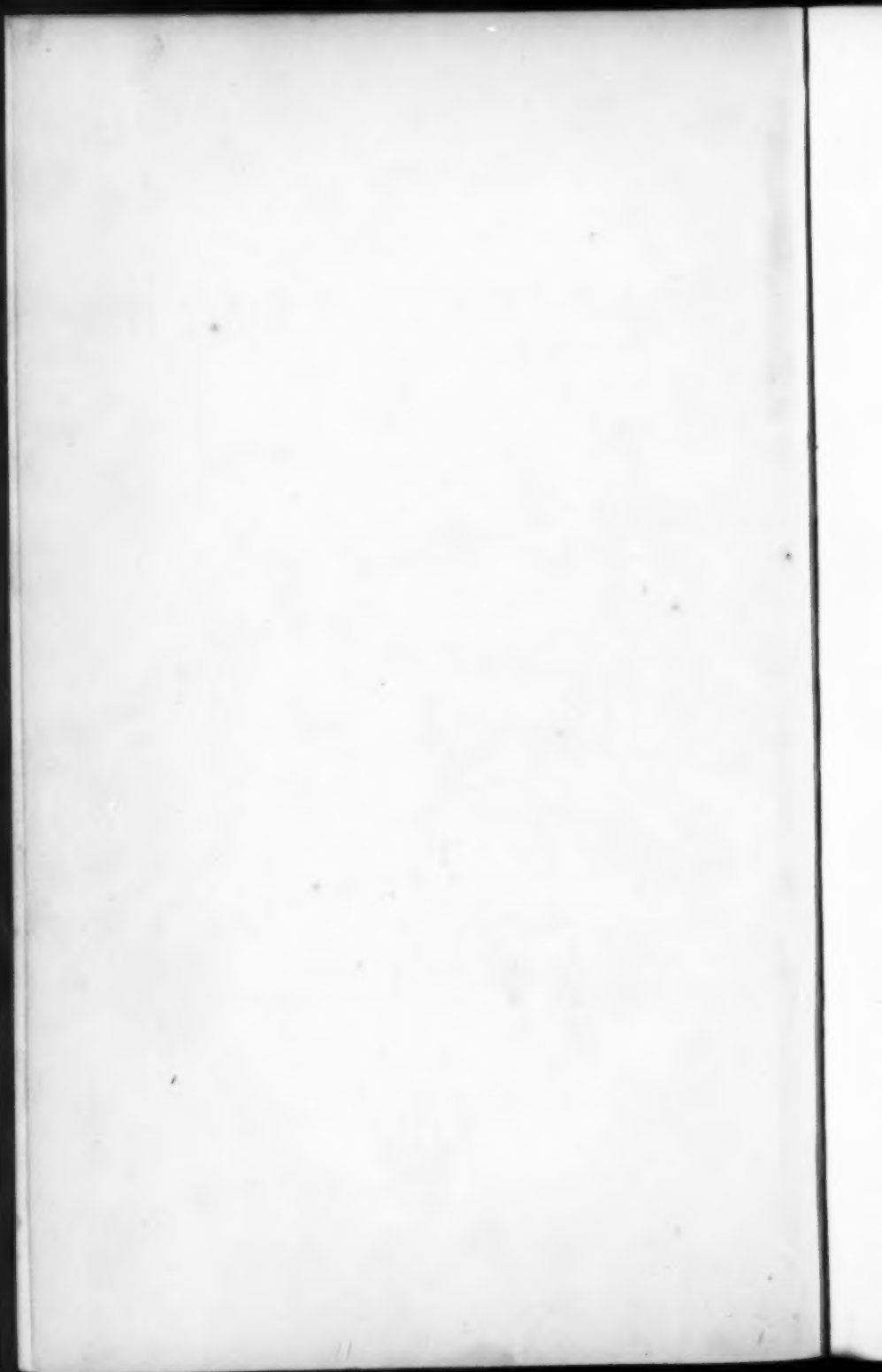
*Descent from the Cross*



Drawn for the Ladies' Weekly

Lith. of Wm. M. M. 1840. No. 10. 7.

*Fragaria virginiana.*



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Our light literature, too, has undergone a change no less remarkable. The "linked sweetness long drawn out," of the loves of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlow, becomes wearisome even to insipidity, compared with the condensed and racy publications which have taken their place. Poems, essays, tales and novels, hastily written, and often to order, cheaply got up, circulated at the lowest rate through the entire country, devoured at a sitting, and thrown by for something still later from the teeming press—these constitute the mental aliment of thousands, whose characters they are forming with silent but resistless influence. Facilities, both of printing and circulation, heretofore unknown, bring within the reach of the humblest and most remote dwellers of our land, a variety of books, which, in the olden time, it would have required a moderate fortune to purchase. So far as useful books are concerned, this state of things is an incalculable blessing, for it diffuses, throughout the whole community, the means of acquiring information on the most important subjects connected with individual and social well being. But in a country like ours, where the elective franchise is in the hands of the people—where the popular will makes and unmakes every officer of the government, from the chief executive magistrate down to the lowest functionary, no interest is safe, any longer than the masses are intelligent and virtuous. One of our ablest statesmen remarked, on the adoption of our Constitution, it was the best in the world, if there was virtue enough in the people to sustain it. An ignorant, unprincipled populace, under the influence of corrupt and aspiring demagogues, would destroy the social fabric of which we boast, in less than a quarter of a century. If our free institutions are to be preserved—if the beacon fires, lighted on the shores of New England by the pilgrim fathers, are still to blaze as a signal to the victims of oppression in the eastern hemisphere, that liberty here makes her home; then must intelligence and virtue be diffused among

the growing millions who are to fill our vast republic. But how is this Herculean work to be accomplished? Will the multiplication of books do it? If so, we have small cause of apprehension. At this day, it may emphatically be said—"of making," or printing, "many books, there is no end." Giant minds are at work to give the world "books that are books," full of deep thought, sound morality, and practical wisdom. Such authors deserve well of their age, and doubtless they shall have their reward. But where one is engaged in writing books, whose design and tendency is to purify the heart, and educate the people in the great principles of truth and righteousness—there are scores of other minds, many of them by no means destitute of mental vigor, who are catering to the worst appetites and passions of our fallen race. These writings constitute much of what is called the light literature of the age; they abound in sentiments and descriptions fitted to corrupt the heart, debase the intellect, and destroy the sense of moral responsibility in those who read them. Infidelity and licentiousness, though generally forming an under current, run through all their writings. While to the careless eye, all seems bright, sparkling, and full of enchantment, this under current is doing its work of death unobserved. The young and inexperienced, fascinated by the seducing brilliancy of the scene, are drawn under, and lost to their country and the world.

Can any serious observer doubt, that the reprints and translations now flooding the country, many of them from the very hotbeds of prurient vice in foreign novel manufactories, are exerting a most deleterious influence on the intellect, the morals, and the faith of the people of our country? These novels, romances, &c., have within the last few years been multiplied by tens of thousands, and scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of the land. Every steamboat and rail-road car seems freighted with them. And they are read, too, by multitudes who read nothing else. The moral poison is left to do its work on such minds without any antidote; and can the effect be otherwise than evil? Then may a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters, and a corrupt tree bear good fruit. If the wives and mothers of America are to obtain their

ideas of woman's dignity and woman's duties, from such writers as Byron and Moore, in poetry, and Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and George Sand, in prose fiction—if their moral sentiments and religious faith are to be gathered from novels and romances—will they be qualified to educate the future legislators and guardians of our republican institutions? This is a question of vital interest to every lover of his country, and to all who seek the improvement and elevation of the human race.

But not the writers only of corrupt books, but their publishers and venders, incur a fearful responsibility. If there is one class of wrong doers, which, more than any other, deserves the scorn and reprobation of a virtuous community, it is the class systematically employed in corrupting our youth. And who are more truly numbered in this class than the writers and venders of immoral books? The morals of a country are intimately connected with its popular literature, and, in a reading community, inseparable from it. What avail all the appliances of moral suasion, the gospel ministry, and the word of God, if a corrupt literature for six, not to say seven, days of the week, is to preoccupy and saturate the minds of the young, with infidel and licentious principles? If this masked Gorgon, like the devil who sat at the ear of Eve,

"Forging distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires"—

is to have access to the social circle and the domestic sanctuary, unquestioned and unsuspected?

The women of our country are responsible for the character and circulation of immoral and corrupting books in society. Independently of the effect of their own personal example in reading, or refusing to read such works, they may, as wives, mothers, and members of society, exert a salutary or an injurious influence on others. It is an established and most important fact, that not one social evil has continued to exist, against which the whole force of intelligent and virtuous womanhood was once brought to bear. It is because the influence God has given us for the noblest ends, is so frittered away by vanity and folly, so wasted on unworthy objects, or perverted

for unholy purposes, that there is such an amount of unrebuked evil, and unmitigated misery throughout the world. Let every mother, as the guardian of the domestic circle, know what is the character of the books read by her children, and carefully preserve them from the contamination of the works of which we have spoken, as she values their present happiness, or their future interests. In the scenes of nature which surround us, in the wonders of air, earth, and sky—in the structure and economy of animal and vegetable life—in the history of nations and the moral scenery of the world, enough will be found to engage the attention of the youthful reader, and to occupy the short period of time we can call our own. Works of biography, of voyages and travels, of natural history, or of profane and ecclesiastical history, present a rich variety of useful and amusing reading, which may safely be placed in the hands of all. But no correct moral instruction can be drawn from such works as Ernest Maltravers, *The Mysteries of Paris*, *Jaques*, and unnumbered others of the class; and even if a few valuable ideas should, by chance, be found in these pages—we are confident that the man or woman who should wade through this slough of pollution, to seek the pearl of truth,

"Would surely contract so much soil by the way,  
As the price of the jewel would never repay."

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Nothing, indeed, can be more futile, than even the most correct system of religious opinions, if our faith has no influence on the heart; and fails, therefore, to produce its legitimate consequence, a godly life and conversation; every thing in Christianity is directed to practical purposes: and in the day of righteous retribution, it will only aggravate our condemnation to have heard, understood, and approved the word of the Lord, if we shall have persisted in refusing to follow its dictates.—*J. J. Gurney.*

ORIGINAL.

## AN APPEAL.

To you who gaily float along  
Upon the tide of joy ;  
Whose life is like a pleasant song  
No blighting cares annoy ;  
Whose morning skies are bathed in light,  
Whose every hope is firm and bright :—

To you on whom hope's guiding ray  
Shines through a clouded sky ;  
Whose early dreams have passed away  
For stern reality ;  
Who, 'mid the changing current's strife,  
Are striving on the sea of life :—

To you whose heads are silvered o'er  
By many a winter's frost ;  
Whose bark (so near a calmer shore),  
No more is tempest-tost ;  
Who soon may reach that blessed home,  
Where care or strife shall never come :—

To all who bear a brother's part  
Amid the toils of earth ;  
Or with a sister's gentle heart  
Light up the household hearth ;  
The Wreath a pleasant word would say,  
On its returning natal day,

We've labored in the mine of thought,  
In search of gems most rare,  
And through the circling months have wrought  
A chaplet for the fair :  
O will ye all, our toil to cheer,  
Welcome The Wreath another year ?

ORIGINAL.

• ELLEN CONWAY.

A SCENE IN WYOMING.

BY CLEMENT E. BABB.

Who has not heard of fair Wyoming? Campbell and Mrs. Sigourney, in poetry, and Col. Stone and our own Charles Miner, in prose, have pictured her scenery and her sufferings in colors, which, like Raphael's paintings, will only mellow and become more attractive with age. When I think how sweetly on her mountain slopes, in June, the green of nature and the gold of culture were mingled; how here and there a farm was cut far up, and waved its harvest proudly upon the summit; while by its side a stripe of woodland stretched far down into the plain—looking amid the orchards and wheat-fields, like some monumental relic of the past; as I think of the cliffs up which I have climbed in boyhood, and upon which I have sat and drank in the landscape, until my young brain grew dizzy with delight; as I remember the islands, which seemed like flashing emeralds in the silver Susquehanna; and the villages, where every home was beautiful with shrubbery, and embowered in trees; so that even the stranger could read much, in the tastefulness without, of the noble hearts that dwelt within—as I recall those hearts, linked fast and fondly with my own, making this Eden of the hills a land of enchantment, to be loved for ever; as these remembrances come up before me, while the past flits like a dream of beauty across my mental vision, I glance in Memory's picture gallery over the faces which were living and gay around me, when life was in its spring; I trace their history, and begin to realize what I had read, but disregarded, if I did not doubt, that existence here is a shadowy thing—that the hopes, which dawn in our dreaming youth are based on clouds—their brilliancy as fleeting as the gilding of a sunset sky.

Who can look around in after years for the companions of



his school-boy days, and not feel sad ? How gay and thoughtless were we then ! We launched forth on the sea of life, as a fleet of pleasure boats from some lovely bay, with zephyr and with song. Time passed, the sea widened, some sailed rapidly, others more slowly ; some turned hither, some thither ; some stranded, and others foundered. For a while, we could see here and there a familiar sail, but soon all vanished ; and with new consorts or alone, each ploughs life's stormy ocean.

One scene among those early memories comes now so vividly upon the canvass, that I must copy it in words. Sweet Ellen Conway, as we always called her, was one of Nature's beauties. There was not in her form or features anything remarkable : and yet there always was a charm about her—an enchantment in her presence, her soft blue eye, her silver voice, which we all felt, though we could not define it. She was to us a mystery of loveliness, but in after years I found the key. That angel face was but the mirror of a soul, whose natural impulses were kind and lovely, and on which grace had shed faith's purer lustre. She was as happy as a bird. Her laugh and song would ring out in the woods, as if she never knew or feared a sorrow. But any tale or sight of misery melted her, and nerved her too. No toil, no self-denial was too great, if she might for a moment soothe the sufferer. She would sit all night in the chamber of disease or death, not only patiently, but with seeming joy ; as if she was happiest when doing good.

Ellen's home was a small neat farm house on the hill-side ; close by a grove, which was her favorite spot in summer. There she would ramble by the murmuring brook and sing a duet with the waters, or gather flowers, or sit upon a rock or fallen tree, and read, until the evening shadows mingled with the boughs. It was there I saw her on the day I left the valley.

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A new group filled the play-ground as I passed it after an absence of four years. The school-boys of the past were already the men of the valley. The school-girls were its wives and matrons—all was changed. But they told me that Ellen Conway was sweet Ellen Conway still. I turned

towards the farm house, and took a path, familiar in my boyhood, which led through Ellen's favorite grove. I had scarcely entered it before I heard her voice, but mingling with it in earnest tones was another, and a manly one.

"Oh, this is cruel, Ellen! you will not, cannot be so unkind."

"I am not unkind, Edward, you do not mean that; ask your own heart, and it will tell you, that I dare not do otherwise. Could I love you and be yours, if you mocked my dear father, and insulted his gray hairs; if you scorned my mother and despised her?"

"Talk not so, Ellen, dear Ellen, you know that I could never do that—that I honor your parents, who, though not rich in gold, are worth more than millions in the priceless treasure of your love."

"But Edward, have you not done worse; despised my Heavenly Father; and mocked with doubts and with denial that Saviour, who is more to me than father, mother, home, or friends. How can I love one who dishonors Him?"

"But Ellen, these are mere opinions, speculative opinions, they affect not the heart."

"Nay, there you err, all skepticism is poison. It may lurk unseen, but it is ever preying on the conscience and the affections; and surely, in the end must prostrate all that's noble in the man. You have a kind and generous heart, Edward, and with Jesus in it, it might be a fountain of delight to you, and of blessing to thousands. But I fear it is like my beautiful rose tree, when the worm was at its root—you remember it—and how soon the flowers withered, the leaves drooped, and the stalk began to die."

"But Ellen, you might save me from a fate so fearful. Your pure nature, if you loved me ——."

"I loved my rose tree, Edward, but I could not save it. While the worm remains there is no hope. I talk to you plainly, for I esteem you much. For all your kindness I am truly grateful; and I shall never cease to pray, that God may give you faith to see and to embrace him, as revealed in Jesus Christ—the humble "man of sorrows"—but link my fate with

one, who hates my dearest friend—oh, Edward, that you know I cannot do."

I turned back to the road, and went around the grove to Mr. Conway's house. The parents of my school-mate welcomed me with a hospitality, which though called old fashioned now and plain, is far more grateful than honied words of greeting, uttered by rule, with no heart in them. We had much to ask and answer. And time flew fast as we conversed of friends and changes, of marriages and deaths. An hour had passed ere Ellen's light foot sounded in the hall. She came alone, and looked so calm, that no one would have dreamed a lover's fate had lately trembled on her tongue. But she had done right; she had not acted for herself, nor in her own strength: and she knew that her happiness was still anchored high and safely; then why should she be sad? She talked that night, as she always did, nobly, kindly, and hopefully. She was no weak enthusiast; her mind had strength enough to grapple with the grandest thoughts; her heart was wide enough to feel for all humanity. And it was this—this union of power and gentleness, which had so won to her that stranger youth. He was from a distant state; the son of an old friend of Mr. Conway. He was wealthy, polished, intellectual, and the world called him a *finished gentleman*. But when abroad he had become tinctured with that upstart French philosophy, whose glory is the deep credulity of universal doubt. He scorned the faith of his New-England home—became a skeptic. But yet his nature was not wholly undermined, and to one who saw not the sapper at his deadly work, it seemed a noble structure. Sick of himself and of the world, he came to spend a few months in Wyoming. Ellen Conway, so unlike the tinsel beauties of which his eye was weary, interested and then charmed him. They met often. He had much of other lands to tell the home-reared maiden; and he so pictured the countries he had travelled in, that she seemed transported there. She listened—was delighted; and little were the wonder had she loved. Her mind had met a kindred mind—her sensibilities, her love of nature, her sympathy with suffering had all, in their outgoings, met a kindred spirit. There was in

this a fascination new to her; she was appreciated; and by one, who seemed in all things worthy of a young heart's first fond love. But there was yet a holier chord, which must be touched, ere she could yield that diamond pure and priceless. She began to talk of immortality and heaven. And then she found, that there was there no hope to fly up with the dove, whose sky-bright wings were fluttering over *her*. A cloud—a thick cloud hung between his soul and God. She shuddered: but strengthened from on high, she turned back instantly the twining tendrils of her heart, stilled its quick beating, forgot herself, and only tried to lead that wandering spirit to the light. And then appeared how deep were the delusions, which enveloped him. For, despite her earnestness, he thought that she was but a sweet enthusiast, to whom these things were pleasant dreams for her lonely hours; and that his image in her heart would drive them soon away. He offered her his hand. How she met the offer we have seen already. He was startled, and yet he saw, that if her belief and hope were a reality, she must do as she did, that he would have despised her if she had done otherwise. But still she was so dear to him, so linked with all he lived for, that he could not tear him from her side; he reasoned, he entreated, hard was the struggle in his heart between the pride of years and this new kindled love. How could he yield his doubts, or how leave her? There was no strife in Ellen's soul. Her faith she never could forsake; but, sustained by it, could give up all besides. They parted, for that hour had dug a gulf between them, which seemed impassable. More wretched than he came, did Edward Newland leave that quiet valley. He had caught, while there, a vision of the pure and true, which awoke his childhood, called back his mother, and the prayers she taught him, his father, and the altar of his home. But oh! how pale they looked amid that gloomy unbelief. He could not let the shadows go, and hence he tried to shut the light out, to forget the past, and to be happy in the present feverish joy.

Ellen Conway, unlike a heroine of romance, did not grow sad, nor pine away. She knew that she had duties—high and holy duties in the world, and that, on the wings of duty done,

will peace steal back to the trusting soul. There was, indeed, a shade of thought upon her face, and doubtless she felt much, and often prayed for Edward Newland, but she smiled and talked as kindly as before. No blight had fallen on her heart. The summer's landscape was as gay to her, as it had hitherto been, and to her eye was everywhere as legible the love of God. The present hour was always full of interest, occupation, and delight. She had no time for morbid musings, or sickly fancies, or longings for a different sphere. She was an only child—two aged hearts were leaning on her, and to be their stay, their light, their eyes to read the Holy Book, their voice to breathe orison and vesper to the skies, to watch beside them in all hours, this was enough for her. What home could be so sweet as this, in which her infancy was nursed, in which she first learned the dear Saviour's name, in which she felt his love first glow within her heart, could she change it for any bower in other lands, however bright? oh! no, not even for a palace and a throne. Wherever, too, for miles around that home, dwelt sorrow, want, or pain, there was Ellen Conway, with an eye to pity, a hand to aid, a voice to counsel and to cheer. Her lovers were the poor, the suffering, and the lonely. Orphans and widows dried their tears, when she drew near, and blessed her as she passed. We leave her ere her twentieth summer, but even then, how many sad hearts she had cheered, how many crushed hearts raised to hope, how many wanderers won to God—we shall only know in heaven. Her after life may claim the notice of some future hour, but we would leave before the young and beautiful this month, this feeble picture for their love and imitation.

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CHRISTIANITY did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour, to be the food of mere imagination; to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument." No; it is intended to be the guide, the companion of all our hours: it is intended to be the serious occupation of our whole existence.—*Bishop Jebb.*

ORIGINAL.

## LILIES.

BY CAROMAIA.

EVERY flower is sweet to me ;  
The rose and violet,  
The pink, the daisy, and sweet-pea,  
Heart's-ease and mignonette,  
And hyacinths, and daffodillies,  
But sweetest are the spotless lilies.

I know not what the lilies were,  
That grew in ancient times ;  
When Jesus walked with children fair,  
Through groves of eastern climes,  
And made each flower, as he passed by it,  
A type of faith, content, and quiet.

But they were not more pure and bright,  
Than those our gardens show ;  
Or those that shed their silver light  
Where the dark waters flow ;  
Or those that hide in woodland alley,  
The fragrant lilies of the valley.

And I, in each of them, would see  
Some lesson for my youth ;  
The loveliness of purity,  
The stateliness of truth,  
Whene'er I look upon the lustre  
Of those that in the garden cluster.

Patience and hope, that keep the soul  
Unruffled and secure,  
Though floods of grief beneath it roll,  
I learn, when calm and pure  
I see the floating water-lily,  
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly.

And when the fragrance that ascends,  
Shows where its lovely face  
The lily of the valley bends,  
I think of that sweet grace,  
Which sheds within the spirit lowly  
A rest, like heaven's, so safe and holy.

ORIGINAL.

## THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

"He looks abroad into the varied fields  
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling, say—' My Father made them all !'  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
And by an emphasis of interest his,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,  
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world  
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?"

COWPER'S TASK.

It is an interesting inquiry, how much a mind unbiassed by sin, might learn of God, without a written revelation. The atheist, whose intellect sin has darkened, boldly asserts, there is no God ; and when you ask him why he assumes this hopeless position, proudly answers, Because I see him not, I apprehend him not. One of the strongest pillars of infidelity, is the denial that we are bound to believe any further than we can comprehend. Destroy this foundation, and the baseless fabric will totter and fall. I would like to address the man who is pressing to his bosom the forlorn hope that chance or fate is the only deity, and this brief hour his all of life. Hast thou, my brother, resolved to believe only what thou canst comprehend ? Begin then, at once, by denying thine own existence ; for thou canst no more tell *how* thy body—so fearfully and wonderfully made—became what it is, and continues in being, or how that spark of intelligence was kindled up within thee, than thou canst tell how One Self-Existent Spirit has lived from eternity.

One infidel writer,\* at least, has found himself reduced to this dilemma, and, to appear consistent, is said to have denied his own identity; and, like Berkely, to have resolved every thing into an *idea*. But I would ask him, how he came with the ability to form an idea. And when, upon his own principles, he has satisfactorily answered this question, then I shall be able to explain to him the existence of the Infinite God.

An eternity to come, is as truly a mystery as an eternity past. In the former, most profess to believe; and yet, if you should ask the christian philosopher, just on the verge of heaven, whether he comprehends eternity, his answer will accord with the sentiment, if not with the words which he lisped at his mother's knee:

"My God, an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be;  
I only ask that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee!"

Who has not listened to the teachings of nature, till his whole soul was swayed and melted by her voice? I have gazed upon a sun-set cloud—varied by its roseate glow—and it has spoken to my heart of another and brighter world. I have listened, at evening, to the murmur of the rippling brook, or the cadence of the gentle water-fall, till every discordant passion was hushed to repose. I have heard the sad moan of the autumnal storm, as it swept through the forest, scattering its faded leaves, and my heart responded to the lesson,

"All that's bright must fade,  
The fairest still the fleetest."

I have stood on the mountain height, and looked far down upon the scattered villages and winding streams, and then around upon the vast expanse, till my soul has been strengthened and enlarged by the sublimity of its own emotions. I have seen the finger of God, writing his name in characters of fire and with the lightning's speed, upon the dark cloud, and heard his

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\* Hobbes.



voice thunder therefrom, and a sense of his presence has awed my soul into silence. I have stood upon ocean's shore, and felt how strong must be that hand that keeps the proud waves within their appointed bounds.

"The undevout astronomer is mad,"

for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." No speech nor language; their voice is not heard; and yet they speak alike to the heart of

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind,  
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

and to the profound scholar, who has learned to chain the lightning and count the stars. It may be, that the rainbow, resting upon the hills, is not more truly a token of God's covenant with the earth, than a representation of that beauty with which he will adorn the expanded arch of the heaven of heavens.

And yet there are those who walk blindfold amidst all these wonders, and see not a God in all! It is admitted that Nature has no language in which to tell us that her Maker is holy and just and true; but she does say, in a voice audible and not to be misunderstood, that He who governs her is wise and powerful and good—that his tender mercies are over all his works. The hum of the insect tribe, the happy voice of the feathered songsters, the gambols of ocean's busy myriads, the quiet repose of the cattle upon a thousand hills, all speak of the kindness and bounty of the hand that sustains and feeds them.

"There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes his glories known."

The simplest spire of grass that springs up at our feet, proclaims a skill that baffles finite comprehension. The opening rosebud and the modest violet, alike whisper, with their balmy breath, He that made us *is love*.

And now, let a mind, unwarped by prejudice, set itself to

seek, in the heavens above and the earth beneath, satisfactory evidence of a wise, benevolent, and powerful First Cause, and the search will not be in vain; and though it may have been taught to refer the order and beauty, everywhere manifested, to the laws of nature, it would soon learn to clothe nature itself in a living form, and to enthrone her as a divinity. Let, now, that blessed book, which alone answers the all-absorbing inquiry, **WHAT IS THY NAME?** be placed before that mind, and it is prepared to bow down before it, and listen to its revelations, with the profoundest reverence and deepest thanksgiving.

"Thy lamp, mysterious word!

Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,  
With intellect bemazed in endless doubt,  
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built  
With means that were not, till by thee employed,  
Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength  
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.  
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power  
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears  
That hear not, or receive not their report.  
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,  
Till thou proclaim thyself."

The love of Nature is a popular theme, and there are many who would fain be numbered among her votaries, who yet scorn to bow the knee before the God she obeys. But it may well be questioned, whether their admiration can be sincere, or whether their tribute of praise will be accepted by her whom they invoke, when, with a deafened ear, and averted eyes, and a marble heart, they thus turn away from the simple, and yet sublime eloquence of her teachings.

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All the peace and favor of the world, cannot calm a troubled heart; but where the peace is which Christ gives, all the trouble and disquiet of the world cannot disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind, is but as the rattling of the hail upon the tiles, to him that sits within the house at a sumptuous banquet.—*Leighton.*

ORIGINAL.

## ALWAYS SPRING.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

THE days of flow'rs and fruits were past,  
And Autumn's frosts and chilling blast,  
Had faded all the gorgeous hues  
Of Nature's robe, which vernal dews  
Had early brightened into birth,  
To beautify the teeming earth.

The happy birds, whose joyous strains  
Had vocal made the verdant plains,  
Warned by the coldly frowning sky,  
Seen through their withered canopy,  
Had fled their nests, to seek a home  
Beyond the reach of Winter's gloom.

The sun had just gone darkly down,  
Nor left a single golden tinge,  
To chase away the landscape's frown,  
Or edge with light the sable fringe  
The sullen clouds hung o'er his face,  
As if to hide his resting place.

While thus the day in sadness died,  
Dirged by the night-wind's mournful wail,  
A father, at his daughter's side,  
Asked why her cheek had turned so pale;  
When Kate fell weeping on his breast,  
And thus her murmur'ing thoughts confest:—

"I'm weary of our country life,  
I hate these melancholy days;  
I fear the loud winds' angry strife,  
And the dark clouds, which hide the rays  
Of the bright sun, as to his rest  
He sinks behind the distant west.

"I dread the coming Winter's gloom,  
Its chilling blasts, and weary hours;  
I long again for Nature's bloom,  
To bring to life my faded flow'rs;  
I pine to hear the wild birds sing—  
I would that it were always Spring!

"O father! I have heard them say,  
In the far city, 'tis so gay  
With cheerful songs and glowing mirth,

They never heed the frozen earth,  
But dance away these cheerless hours,  
Till it is decked again with flow'rs."

"My child," the father said, and prest  
Her form the closer to his breast,  
"When I was young—a wayward child,  
I feared like you this scene so wild,  
And once went forth to hide in town,  
Away from sullen Winter's frown.

"In vain I searched the city round,  
No spring-like freshness could be found;  
I felt a chillness like the tomb,  
Nor song nor dance could cheer my gloom;  
In each gay scene, a something told,  
The heart within was very cold.

"I found the secret out at last;  
'Twas not the howling winter's blast—  
The leafless trees—the faded flow'rs,  
Which fill'd with gloom the heavy hours;  
The heart that beats for *self* alone,  
Will shiver in the torrid zone.

"You need not wait the vernal dew,  
Fresh roses in your path to strew!  
In spite of Winter's icy breath,  
When Nature's form lies rob'd in death,  
You may, *by acting well your part*,  
Have *always spring* within your heart!

"Be occupied in doing good,  
Each moment of your waking hours;  
Then will your mind have other food,  
Than thus to mourn your faded flowers;  
And then not e'en the Winter's snow,  
Can chill your spirit's fervent glow.

"Our God has sent the falling leaf,  
Which filled your heart so full of grief,  
To teach a lesson; He who bade  
The hues of Nature's robe to fade,  
Would have you fix your hopes on high  
Where treasures never fade or die.

"O mourn not then the Winter's gloom,  
These wither'd flow'rs again shall bloom  
But live, dear Kate, a life of faith,  
That when you too shall fade in death,  
Clad in fresh beauty you may rise,  
To bloom again in Paradise!"

ORIGINAL.

## ONE IN A THOUSAND.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."—SOLOMON.

"HAVE you called on Mrs. Morris yet?" inquired Mary Walton of her friend, Julia Danvers, who had come in to request her company on a shopping excursion—"if not, I should like to take you there this morning, for you will be charmed with her, I know."

"Excuse me, *s'il vous plait*," lisped out the fashionable young lady; "I hear Mrs. Morris does not keep a servant, and we might surprise her in dishabille, or even in the kitchen, which would be rather awkward, you must confess."

"I have no doubt she would survive either catastrophe," Mary laughingly replied—"for she is one of the most lady-like and dignified women I ever saw, and either in the kitchen or parlor, must command the respect of all who know her. But seriously, do you not intend to call on the bride of your old friend, and welcome her to Glenville?"

"I shall not, certainly, be in haste to do so," said Miss Danvers, "for she cannot be a pleasant associate for me, if what I hear of her is correct. Why must she make herself so ridiculous, by taking that small house, and doing her own work, when Dr. Morris is so popular as a physician, and making money enough to enable them to live in style, if she only chose to persuade him, as I am sure she could, to commence house-keeping like other people. I expected, when I heard of his marriage with the daughter of Judge L., that we should see a splendidly-dressed, fashionable woman—that they would take the large house on the hill, give elegant entertainments, and lead the ton in our quiet little village. Instead of this, Mrs. Morris dresses more plainly than either you or I, seldom goes

out, unless among the sick or poor, and worse than all, keeps no servant, but a little girl to run of errands and admit visitors—of course, she must do the work of the family herself. This is too absurd, and I for one, shall not countenance such folly by calling upon her."

"O, Julia, how can you censure Mrs. Morris for pursuing a course which ought to command the esteem and admiration of every one who is acquainted with their circumstances? Dr. Morris is a young man, who has his fortune yet to make, and though he has a good business, one year of extravagant living would exhaust his resources, and burden him with debts which his sensitive nature would feel most deeply. True, he has fine talents and bright prospects, but his talents would be frittered away, and his prospects wrecked, in a life of fashionable folly, such as you had marked out for him. His sweet wife, the accomplished and admired Miss L., might have married for wealth, had she so chosen, and taken her place as the leading star of fashion, but she wisely preferred happiness to splendor, and gave her affections and her hand to one whose noble qualities of heart and mind she was fully capable of appreciating. She knew his circumstances, and resolved to conform to them, and though well aware of the foolish prejudices which prevail in our little community, she feels that her husband's integrity and peace of mind are worth more than the applause of those summer friends, who would flutter around her only in the sunshine of fashionable gaiety. I confess I had some misgivings, when I first called upon her, for you know what foolish ideas of gentility we imbibed at Mrs. B.'s boarding school—but when I saw her looking so fresh and so lovely in her neat and becoming morning-dress; when I saw the perfect order of her house, in which the motto seemed to be—'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place'—while she was so entirely free from that bustling restlessness which sometimes marks the notable housewife—above all, when I saw the look of confidence and happiness with which her heart welcome was returned by her husband, as he came from his professional round of duties—I could not but feel that she was just what a woman and a wife should be—a *helpmeet* for her husband, in the truest sense of the word. No complaints of domestic trials,

or unfaithful servants, met his ear, as he seated himself at his own fireside after the fatigues of the day—all was peace and love, and if it was not actually an angel's smile that beamed upon him there, it was the smile of a fond and faithful woman,

—— ‘bright  
With something of an angel light.’”

“Really, Mary, you are growing quite poetic, on this inspiring theme. But you can never convince me, that it is right or proper for ladies to go into the kitchen, or to trouble themselves at all about affairs that belong to the province of servants; and when I am married, depend upon it, I shall consider it quite sufficient to play the lady in the parlor, leaving the details of my establishment to those who are paid for taking charge of them.”

“And can you expect, my dear Julia, that strangers will feel more interest in these details, (on which so much of domestic felicity depends,) than the wife and mistress to whom they properly belong? Money may purchase the labor of the hands, but the *heart service* which makes labor light—which alone ensures order and harmony, and comfort in the little world of home—what is the equivalent for this?

‘Love, and love only, is the boon for love,’

and if the affection of the wife does not lead her to love the household duties on which the comfort of her husband depends, how vain to suppose that a stipulated sum of money will secure from a stranger that care and attention which she finds a burden too wearisome to endure. I have thought much on this subject since my acquaintance with Mrs. Morris, and am persuaded, that if other ladies, of her standing and influence, took the same view of domestic duties that she does, there would soon be a revolution in society, no less salutary than needful. We have long enough been butterflies, or rather drones—I am determined henceforth to imitate the bee, who, while she enjoys the sweets of every summer flower, is at the same time laying up a store for the coming winter.”

I am not writing a story—I shall not, therefore, follow Mrs. Morris in her useful and happy career—or paint the comfortable establishment over which the fashionable Julia Danvers

presided—my readers have only to look about them in society, and they will probably see many who might furnish originals for the sketch here drawn. The sentiments avowed by Miss Danvers, are unfortunately too generally entertained to attract observation, and it is only the woman who in a certain rank of life dares to act in opposition to them, who is marked as an object of censure by others of her class. The wife and daughters of the man whose income is counted by hundreds, enter the lists of fashionable competition with the family of the millionaire, while, as a necessary consequence, the husband and father is crushed to the earth by the heavy burden thus imposed upon him. "A proper regard to appearances" is the soft name bestowed on this heartless and reckless system of expenditure, by those who see no object in life more desirable or ennobling than to attract the envy and admiration of others by the splendor of their dress, furniture, and equipage. The world has become their idol, and on its shrine, time, talents, peace of conscience, and domestic happiness are freely sacrificed, to gain—what? Let those answer, who have made the rash experiment of exchanging comfort and independence for "outward seeming," only to find the fancied good, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, filled with the bitter ashes of disappointment and remorse.

It is this ruinous love of display—this aping of wealth and fashion, so prevalent among all classes of females in our land, which deters many a young man in moderate circumstances from venturing on so expensive a luxury as matrimony. A mechanic, for instance—just established in business, with no capital but his energy and skill—could he find a young lady, who, in addition to her charms of person and mind, possesses a thorough knowledge of domestic economy, and loves him well enough to practise it for his sake—who seeks enjoyment in the duties of home, and is willing to regulate her expenditure by her income; such a wife, instead of a hindrance, will be an invaluable assistant to her husband in his efforts to obtain a competent share of the good things of this life. But alas for him who has been guided by fancy in his selection of a wife, and who finds too late, that he has chosen a gilded automaton, possessed only of a few external accomplishments, and differing



from Maelzel's productions only in a fixed determination to spend his money, just when and how she pleases. It is vain for the unhappy husband thus situated, to attempt to rise above the pressure of circumstances. Where industry and economy are wanting within doors, skill, energy, and perseverance will avail comparatively little without. Woman is the presiding genius of home—if she is false to her trust, no earthly power can avert the evil consequences of her unfaithfulness.

Dark as is the picture we have drawn, there is a brighter side to it, if the women of our country can be aroused to a sense of their duty, and their highest interest. Correct opinions on the part of mothers, and a judicious system of female education, would make the young ladies of this generation as practical and as useful as any of their predecessors, without detracting from the intelligence and refinement which shed so bright a lustre on female excellence. There is in the heart of woman, however it may be pent up by wrong training and perverted sentiment, a deep fountain of affection and benevolence, which, when these artificial barriers are removed, will gush forth in copious streams to purify and bless society.

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### THE STRAWBERRY.

See Drawing.

WE have slightly anticipated Nature, in bringing this delicious fruit before our readers the present month, but we have acted on the principle that the *semblance* is more valuable to us before we possess the reality, than when we are actually enjoying it. The Strawberry is so generally known and cultivated, that we deem it unnecessary to give a chapter on this subject, though it is our intention to give directions from the most approved authorities for the cultivation of the flowers with which our pages are to be enriched during the present year. We would inform our readers, that all our flowers are lithographic, drawn and painted, expressly for the Wreath, by the most experienced artist; and it is the only Magazine in the country which contains them. Lithographic flowers are far more beautiful and expensive than wood cuts, which adorn the pages of a few of our monthly periodicals.

ORIGINAL.

## THE EARTHLY AND THE HEAVENLY BLESSING.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A long, sad drought afflicted the land. The sun darted his scorching rays from a cloudless sky, and parched the grass and flowers upon the thirsty soil. Drained by the glowing heat, the brooks wound slowly over the plains, and, as if it were autumn, the withered leaves began to drop from the branches. Here and there alone, where the dark groves cast their cooling shadows, the grass still wore its garb of cheerful green, for each night a refreshing dew steeped the drooping herbage with its quickening moisture.

About this time, two peasants went out into their fields, in the cool of the morning. "Neighbor," said one of them, who was called Berthold, "when will the heavens be opened? It seems as if they were fast locked for ever."

And his neighbor answered: "I read, this morning, a consoling psalm about God's goodness and loving kindness; let us trust to him who feeds the birds of the air. Look! how the dew-drops sparkle yonder upon the meadow. The blush of morning shines upon them, and they glisten like rainbows! For this reason is it that our meadows are still so green and cheerful. Oh, the earth is indeed a kind mother; she cheers her children with silent and benignant love, and when the heavens seem to refuse their gifts, then she opens her bosom, and the dew ascends, so that all her offspring are refreshed."

"How could she do otherwise?" he added, after a while; "she is their mother, and she fosters them and rears them to maturity, and then lets them die upon her bosom."

"But still," said Berthold, "she cannot nourish them sufficiently. The few drops of dew which she bestows upon them are naught but a strengthening cordial to delay for a moment approaching death."

"She does all that she can, my friend," replied his neigh-

bor—"how can you ask more of her than this! It is true, alas, the fulness of her gifts cannot preserve her delicate offspring, unless a heavenly blessing descends benignly upon them. But still we will gratefully praise her."

On the following morning they went out again into their fields. Berthold's son accompanied them, and he was delighted at the thought of seeing the dew drops sparkling in the beams of the morning. But lo! in the night no dew had fallen. Then he said sadly to his father: "Alas! how will it fare now with our poor plants? The earth also has withheld her blessing. They will all wither before evening comes."

"No, my son," replied the father, "before evening comes, it will rain."

"Has that been revealed to you in a dream, father?" inquired the boy.

"Not so," was the answer—"but I have found, by long experience, that when the dew fails, rain will soon fall."

"But that is singular," replied the boy.

The aged man then raised his voice, and said: "What need is there now of the earthly blessing, when the heavenly blessing is to be poured down in its fulness? The earth bends humbly before the approach of a higher power. She withholds her gifts when the windows of heaven are opened."

Thus spoke the old man, and across the face of heaven the dark thunder-clouds rolled onward from the west. Before the hour of noon, the rain-drops hung upon every flower, and upon every blade of grass.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,

Where a lily had chanced to grow:

"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,

When she of the blue and sparkling eye,

Must sleep in the church-yard low!"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,

And spoke from its shining track:

"I was a worm 'till I won my wings,

And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:

Wouldst thou call the blessed one back?"

ORIGINAL.

## SPRING SONNETS.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

I.

April hath come again, capricious child,  
Half smiles, half tears, of the rejoicing Spring.  
When singing birds return on buoyant wing,  
And pour glad melodies through wood and wild.  
Bright gleams of sunshine, rain-drops brief and mild,  
Make green the pathways 'neath our eager feet,  
And shouts the merry school boy, if he greet  
The first, pale, dewy spring-flower which hath smiled.  
The fair young flowers, they come, half shrinking, up,  
Like timid children, with their soft moist eyes,  
Lifting each tinted leaf and pearly cup,  
In modest beauty to the fitful skies,  
Now wet with hasty and impatient showers,  
Now bathed in sunny light, the fair, young, trembling flowers.

II.

Soft to my casement steals the gentle air,  
Freighted with odors from far southern shores,  
With breath of rose and lily, blooming where  
The glad Spring earliest yields her fragrant stores;  
Unto the rover of the boundless deep,  
It hath a welcome tale of fields and woods,  
And a low cot, round which those breezes sweep,  
His distant home, beyond the surging floods.  
The pale consumptive, drinks its healing balm,  
While Hope, sweet syren, whispers that again  
Shall rosy Health, these throbbing pulses calm,  
And speaks of life and Summer—vain, how vain!  
A few brief days, and fragrant winds are sighing  
Over a grassy mound, where a loved form is lying.

III.

Springtime, sweet harbinger of leaves and flowers,  
When Nature wakes, and earth renews her bloom;  
Why to my heart, with thy returning hours,  
Come the dim, gathering shadows of the tomb?  
Why with thy brightness, doth a dream of sorrow,  
Back to my bosom in its freshness hie?  
Why from the Past, may pensive Memory borrow,  
A fearful grief, a thought of agony?  
Amid thy circling hours, fond eyes were hidden  
From the soft beauty of the smiling day,  
And with thy bloom, sweet Springtime, comes unbidden,  
A thought of death, of darkness, and decay.  
Thy voice from out the dust, pale flowers may bring,  
But not the dead restore, oh fair rejoicing Spring!

ORIGINAL.

## FREEDOM OF OPINION IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

See Engraving.

WE commence the first number of our second volume, with a splendid historical mezzotint engraving, which, in addition to its value as a finished work of art, possesses a deep interest from the historical fact it illustrates. It is the triumph of despotic power over freedom of opinion—the reward conferred by a tyrant on one who had served him faithfully, but who could not sacrifice his integrity on the altar of ambition.

The frowning and low-browed arch, which looks like a fitting entrance to the dungeons of the Tower, is called the Traitor's Gate, and from its portal a group is just emerging, which cannot fail to interest every beholder. The noble and dignified personage in the foreground, around whose neck a female is clinging, in an agony of grief that threatens to destroy life, is a prisoner on his way to execution, surrounded by his guards, armed with halberds, in whose stern countenances an unwonted touch of human feeling is manifest, as they gaze on the affecting scene before them. But for what is that venerable man about to die? Can it be that the air of heroic resignation, of calm trust in God, which mars those fine features, conceals the heart of a criminal who is about to suffer justly the penalty of his evil deeds? The farthest from it possible. That state prisoner is the eminent and excellent Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, under Henry the Eighth, and the crime for which he was condemned to die, was simply differing in opinion from his master on a point in which the passions of the latter were interested. He is represented in the plate, in the act of parting for ever with his favorite daughter, Catherine, a young female whose domestic virtues surpassed even the intellectual acquirements which have shed so bright a lustre on her name through successive generations.

Henry Eighth of England, though his reign commenced

under the fairest auspices, became, in middle life, a licentious, hardened despot, who hesitated at no act of injustice or cruelty, to secure the gratification of his passions, or the indulgence of his capricious desires. He had, in early youth, espoused Catherine of Arragon, fourth daughter of the illustrious Isabella of Castile, who was married to his brother Arthur, Prince of Wales, and left a widow by the death of that young prince soon after the nuptial ceremony. Catherine was six years older than Henry, and not at all suited to his taste, as he was passionately fond of beauty, and himself one of the handsomest men of the age. She was, however, so blameless in her deportment, so devoted to him, and so much beloved for her sweetness and excellence of character, that, for a long time, even Henry dared not openly avow his sentiments toward her. At length, however, he saw among the maids of honor who graced her train, the young and exquisitely beautiful Anne Boleyn, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and became at once so completely fascinated, that finding her utterly regardless of all his dishonorable advances, he conceived the idea of making room for her on the throne of England. For this purpose, he professed pious scruples in regard to the lawfulness of marrying his brother's widow, and declared his opinion that the marriage was invalid, and, consequently, that the Princess Mary, the only living child of Queen Catherine, as illegitimate, could not succeed him, should he die without a male heir. All his counsellors, who well knew the disposition of the king, were, of course, of his opinion; and, after a long series of debates on the question, during which the unhappy Catherine had a mockery of justice accorded her, it was decided that the marriage was unlawful, and therefore annulled, leaving Henry at liberty to marry again, which he immediately did, elevating Anne Boleyn, the daughter of a Kentish knight, to the dignity of Queen of England.

Among those who had been unable to steer their difficult course between the Scylla of kingly wrath, and the Charybdis of Romish displeasure, was the haughty and ambitious primate of England, Cardinal Wolsey, who had so long been the chief favorite and sole minister of Henry. His fall must be dated from the elevation of Queen Anne, who had secret reasons for

the dislike she always manifested towards him, and whose influence with the king was all on the side of his enemies. He was deprived of his high dignities, and the great seal, which marked the office of Lord Chancellor, was given to Sir Thomas More.

This distinguished man, eminent alike for his talents and his virtues, was the son of a judge, born in 1480, in London, and educated in the family of Cardinal Morton, who early predicted his future eminence. While still a youth, he was returned for a seat in Parliament, and became soon known there as a powerful and independent speaker, who could neither be awed or seduced from the path of duty. He was noticed by Henry, who honored him with special attentions, and with as much of his friendship as he ever bestowed on any man who in any particular opposed his violent inclinations. After the disgrace of Wolsey, the office of Lord Chancellor was conferred on Sir Thomas More, who filled this high office for three years with the utmost talent and integrity. He resigned the seals, because he could not conscientiously sanction the measures of Henry with regard to religion, and his divorce from Catherine of Arragon, though so far from opposing these measures, he declined, on several occasions, expressing an opinion concerning the succession to the crown, which, by act of Parliament, had been settled on the heirs of Queen Anne. But the imperious tyrant could not consent that he should, even secretly, entertain sentiments differing from his own. Frequent attempts were made to persuade, and even to inveigle More into the utterance of an opinion favorable to the king's views, but in vain. He was, therefore, committed to the Tower, and, after an imprisonment of many months, beheaded, in the fifty-third year of his age, together with Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who had denied the supremacy of the king in matters pertaining to conscience.

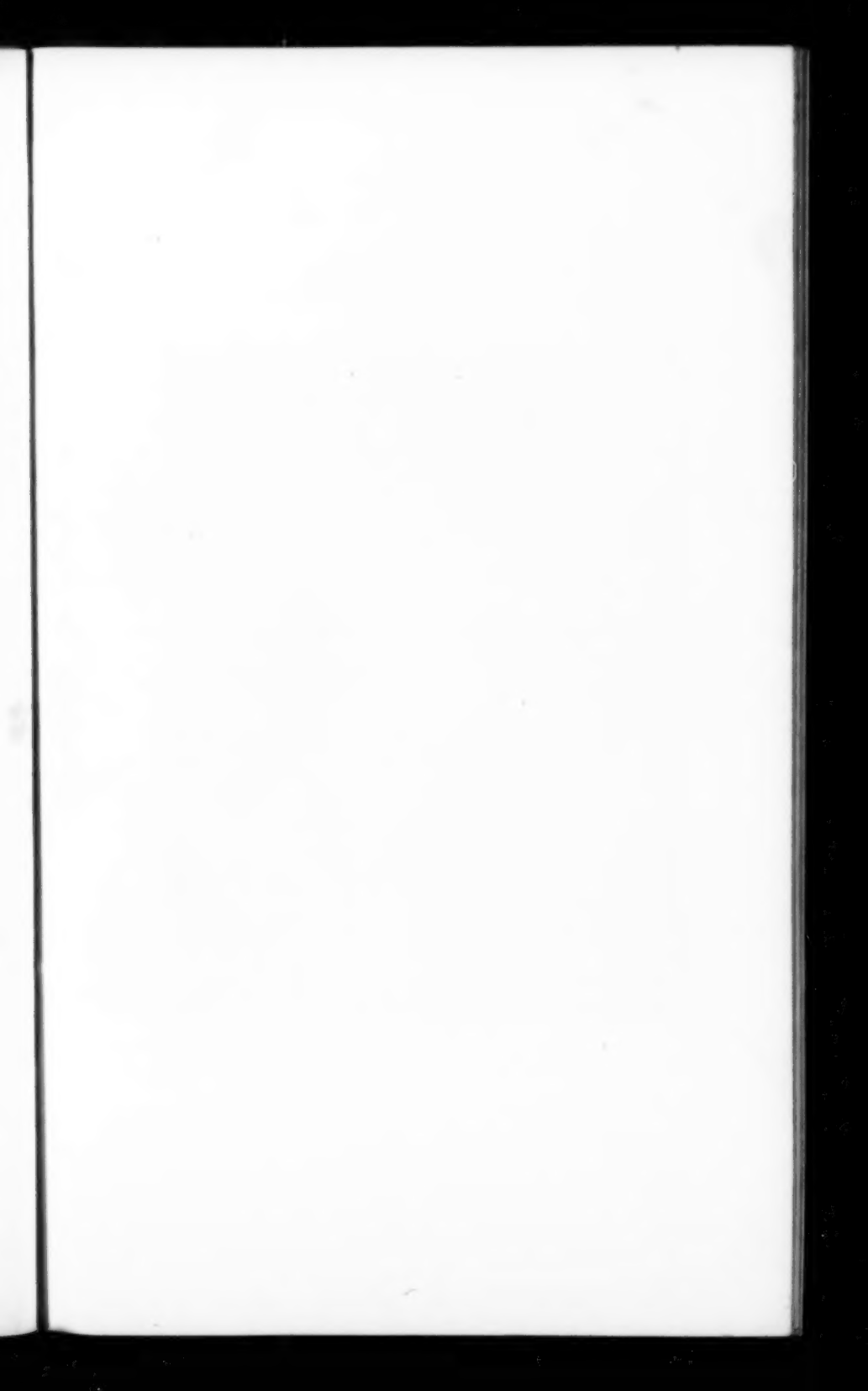
There was not, in England, a man so universally esteemed and beloved as Sir Thomas More, and certainly there was not throughout the kingdom a more united and happy family, than that which was thus deprived of the idolized husband and father, who had been its ornament and support. His leisure hours were always devoted to his children, who, under the

instruction of such a teacher, made uncommon attainments in every department of elegant literature. His eldest daughter, Catherine, is described by historians, as the most learned and accomplished female of her time, and no less admirable as a woman, than as a ripe and finished scholar. The tie that united this father and daughter was one of no ordinary strength. He was her guide and companion in the flowery paths of literature—the friend to whom her heart was always open as the day, and whose unlimited confidence she shared in return. She was proud of his fame, as a tribute due to one whom she regarded as “little lower than the angels,” and when the blow came, which hurled him from his exalted station and consigned him to a prison, the intense agony of her soul threatened to destroy her reason or her life. Day after day found her waiting at the prison gates, until the stern hearts of the keepers melted, and she was permitted to see the object of her filial devotion for a few short hours, full of bitter anguish and of a troubled joy, at once more looking on the features dearest to her in the world. When the day of execution arrived, the fond father hoped to have avoided a parting more dreadful than the doom that awaited him, by keeping from her a knowledge of the hour appointed; but Catherine, with a love stronger than death, took her station outside the Traitor’s Gate, and watched with feverish eagerness for the fatal procession, which was the signal for the destruction of all her earthly happiness. The artist has seized the moment of this agonized meeting and parting, for the subject of his picture, and by his masterly execution of the design, has placed the whole scene, in life-like reality, before us. In the attitude and whole appearance of the daughter, we see the utter abandonment of sorrow, while the victim’s mute appeal to Heaven calls for support and comfort from on high for his suffering child. In looking on this exquisite sketch, we exclaim, with Cowper—

“Blest be the art that can immortalize,”

while, at the same time, we fervently thank God, that, in our happy country, thought and opinion are free and unchained as the breezes that visit our mountain heights, or sweep across our wide and magnificent prairies.







THE SAINTS' TABLET.



Drawn for The Ladies Wreath

*Rosa Multiflora.*

Lith. of Wm. Moorey 140 Nassau St.



ORIGINAL.

## ELLEN CONWAY.

PART SECOND.

BY CLEMENT E. BARR.

THE storm increases—it is a fearful gale—the vessel is dismasted—the waves roll over her—her helm she heeds not, but in the darkness drives on and on, nearer and nearer to that rock-bound coast. She yet may round the point—but no! the lightning flashes on a line of foam, she is in the breakers. All hope is over now. Their winding-sheet is flung before them in the surf, their dirge is howling through the air. What are Edward Newland's thoughts, as he clings to the taffarel of that groaning bark, and strains his gaze to penetrate the gloom, and waits in silent anguish for the final scene—that grinding for an instant on the rocks—that rending of the wreck—that shivering of all, which buoys him from death; when he must struggle, frantically and yet in vain, with those mad elements, when his body, drowned and bruised, will be the plaything of the surges, and his mind—will that drown too? can the waters, with all their rage, put out the light of reason? Or has he indeed a soul, which will rise from its strangled house, and soar away? and if so, whither? He tries to lean upon annihilation—that dreadful possibility in which he has believed, or thought he did, but finds no rest there, and he would not if he could. Expire—go out for ever? no, even in this scene of horror he shudders at the thought. He has faced danger often, but it was always with excitement; the blood was boiling, and he knew no fear. But in this storm, to drift on for hours with death's cold hand upon the heart, freezing and crushing it, what courage would not fail? A poor man, clinging by his side, is whispering something, which seems to wile away his terrors. The skeptic bends his ear, and catches in the gale the broken words, "Lord Jesus, thy will be done—thy chariot in the storm—the star of Bethlehem." "Are these unmeaning

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sounds; a mere delusion? Can fancy fill a soul with peace in such an hour? Or is this real—a faith based upon truth, which will not fail? And have I been, for these long bitter years, but pandering to my pride, to blaspheme God, and be a suicide for ever?" What a thought to plunge beneath the breakers with! Hark! that crash—that shriek—all is over—and the winds and waves dash on, how merciless!

The morning sun is high and bright, the wind has fallen; but the heavy swell, which flings its white arms up the cliff; the wrecks which strew the shore, the corpses they are gathering on the beach, show what a storm has spent its fury there. There is a cabin in the woods behind those cliffs, and cheerfully its smoke curls up in the clear air. For while that tempest wrung so many hearts, then stopped for ever their warm beating, under that low roof has been not only safety, but repose—no, not repose, for the poor fisherman had marked, at sunset, a sail come round the headland, had looked on the lowering sky; and fearing that the storm might drive her in among the breakers, had gathered what help he could, and watched. And when that shriek arose so wildly on the blast, they trimmed their torches, and clambering boldly down the cliff, caught as they came in on the surf, two bodies. They were Edward Newland, and that humble man, who had clung by his side and prayed. They were alone upon the stern, which when the bow struck and was shivered—plunging all upon her at once in a watery grave, had held together a few moments longer and drifted farther in; while, as she sunk at length, a wave had swept those on her to the shore, held them an instant bruised and senseless there; an instant only, ere it would whirl them back in the deep. That instant they were clasped in those strong arms, and carried up the rocks.

From a long dream of frantic struggles, of darkness, numbness, and death, Edward awoke, and looked around, and vaguely wondered where he was; too weak to think or reason. He fancied he had sunk down in a snow drift on Mount Blanc, been rescued by a Chamois hunter, and was in his hut. He closed his eyes again, and dreamed about the sunlight flashing on the glaciers, and what his mother used to tell him of Heaven's gates of pearl and golden streets; and wondered

why God piled that pure eternal ice up there, and what he flung his glorious sunbeams on it for, if not to make men think of heaven. All through his dreams thus twined what he had loved in Nature with what, in childhood, he had learned of Revelation. As he grew stronger, and Memory took her seat again, and brought before his mind those moments on the wreck, and the need then felt of something real to lean upon; he began to ask if the shadows, which had hung about him, were the true horizon of the soul, or but reflections of his doubts; whether, if he could trust, he would not again see clearly. He could not settle back into that chilling unbelief: no, he would rather sink in the cold sea. His pride was gone; weak and helpless as a child, he longed to find a teacher and a guide. But he was doubtless, so he mused, in some far lonely spot, where men knew nothing of those truths sublime for which he panted. He must wait until he could go thence, and find some learned book, some preacher of the word to reason with and to enlighten him.

He turned, at times, from these vain thoughts, to watch the forms which moved around him, and gaze upon the faces which bent over him. There was the husband and father, a weather-beaten man in coarse apparel, but his eye was kind, his voice sunk to a whisper when he spoke, and Edward knew there was beneath that rough exterior, a true and noble soul. The dame, too, was so gentle and so cheerful, that despite her gray hairs and homespun dress, he thought her beautiful; and then the rosy children, of whom the hut was full, were all so kind and quiet, that he wondered. There seemed a sweet spirit in that home, and though its logs were rough, its roof of bark, and its floor of slabs, he felt that happiness was there. And then they were so good to him, so anxious for his comfort, though a stranger, whose name, whose wealth, whose residence they knew not; but only knew his weakness, helplessness, and danger. He thought much on this through the day, but only thought to wonder. At length night came, and when the evening meal was over, and the table cleared away, each sat down silently, some pine was thrown upon the fire, and in its blaze the fisherman opened a large old-fashioned book, and

read aloud. Edward's ear was faint, but he caught enough to recognise the Bible.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

The heavenly mansions—the promised comforter—those truths how new, how simple, and yet how grand they seemed! The reading ended, they all knelt down, and with an earnestness sincere and eloquent, thanked God for the blessings of the day, and for the fellow-beings whom they had rescued from the deep. To His hands they committed themselves in child-like confidence, asking that through the darkness, angels might watch over them, and guard their bodies from disease—their souls from sin. They prayed, too, for the strangers; that if they were not God's children now, this providence might lead them to seek—to love—and trust him.

Then stole over the sick man's mind the clue to all that mystery. It was faith, faith in Jesus Christ, which flung over that lone and rugged spot a peace and joy of such unearthly purity. He thought of Ellen Conway, and of that holy hope which ever brightened in her eye. He thought of the poor man's prayer upon the wreck, and panted to learn more of this faith, which seemed at once so simple and sublime.

As soon as he grew strong enough, he took the Bible from its shelf, and studied it. He tried to pray, he asked those simple christians to lead him in the way of life, and as they talked in the artless eloquence of their full hearts, of Jesus, he listened and believed. They spake of what they knew, this anchor they had tried in many storms, and always found it *sure*. Thus ray by ray did truth break through the darkness and the doubt of years, until that proud skeptic learned to be an humble and a trusting man—to glory in the cross. We must not stop to tell how glad and grateful were that family, or how Edward Newland cheered with his gifts their hearth, and with his love their hearts—we turn again to Wyoming.

How sad the farm house looks to-day! The shutters closed—all still—that solemn air on every side which in the country tells of death. Two of the dwellers here have gone—they have found a new home—a narrow house—ay, a mansion in



the skies ; and Ellen Conway sits in her little parlor all alone. A week they have been buried, and what a week to her ! Such sorrow is too sacred for any eye but the All-seeing one ; and happy they, upon whose solitude and grief *that* ever beams a father's love. The orphan mourned, and felt that it was right and sweet to mourn for those she had so long and fondly loved, but yet she mourned not without hope. She murmured not, but bowed in lowly resignation to the will of God, and blessed him with her bleeding heart, that those dear parents were in a brighter world. A week had passed, she had grown calm, and is thinking what new duties now will claim her care—what strength she had to meet them, when a knock is heard. A voice falls on her ear like an echo from the past—she looks up, and Edward Newland stands before her. But a new light is flashing from his eye, not love nor genius could blaze so. No, 'tis the light of faith. She reads it all before a word is uttered, and reaches out her hand as to a brother. Upon this scene we need not dwell—the true heart would anticipate our pen, and no other could love its holiness of sympathy. We hasten to the end.

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The ship is passing from the bay—the land is fading fast astern—before her heaves that mound of waters, over which in calm or tempest, she must travel for many months. Upon her deck there are two forms familiar to our fancy. They watch that distant headland, as it slowly sinks into the meeting sea and sky. "Farewell home, country, birth-place, and our parents' graves ; thy skies were bright, thy mountains, vales and streams were dear to us, but scenery however grand is not the spirit's home. It here is in the heart ; hereafter in the heavens. Ellen, when last I gazed upon that point, my heart was full of hate. I hated man, and hated God, and tried to hate you too : but wicked as I was, I never could do that. You seemed a bond, gentle yet strong, to hold my wayward heart from utter ruin and despair. It was to throw those links of purity around my festering spirit, God sent me to that valley, and to His blessing on your example and your prayers, I owe this high honor, which thrills and nerves my heart. A missionary of the cross, an ambassador of God to millions ! How

happy we should be ! A world is ours to love. Jesus and the Spirit our co-laborers ; angels will fill the air above us as we toil, and heaven bend down to meet us when we die."

"But Edward, we have much to do and to endure. We have left civilization behind us. We go to plant roses in a desert : and long and patiently must we sow the seed of truth, and water the sterile sand with tears, ere we can hope for flower or fruit. It is sweet to labor and be paid with gratitude. But to toil and pray and trust for those, who disregard, suspect, or hate us ! Oh Edward, we must have God ever with us, or we shall fail. We must always be humble and look to Him, or we shall be wretched, yes, despite our love and mutual confidence—be very wretched."

"True, Ellen, we must not be dreamers now—but active—earnest. We will look down, and all around for duties, but look up, ever up for strength and joy. For he is God, who hath so sweetly said, with human lips and more than human love : 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end.' Who, with such a promise, would not be willing to 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?'"

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### SONG.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Let me perish in the early Spring,  
When thickets all are green ;  
When rosy buds are blossoming  
Amid their tender sheen,  
When the rain-drops and the sunshine,  
Lie sleeping in the leaves ;  
And swallows haunt the thrifty vine,  
That drapes the cottage eaves.  
Let me perish in the early Spring,  
The childhood of the year !  
I would not have a gloomy thing  
Pass o'er my humble bier ;  
For when a broken heart gives way  
In such a world as ours,  
'Tis well to let the humble clay  
Pass gently with the flowers.

ORIGINAL.

## THE MAY MONTH.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

SHE hath come from the winterless land,  
Bright May with her tresses of green,  
With beauty and sweets in her bountiful hand—  
And joy in the flash of her een:  
Oh the bright May month, the glad May month,  
There's none like her I ween!

Old Winter flies back at her name,  
Her reign is too merry for his;—  
The low meadow maples blush ruddy as flame,  
At the touch of her amorous kiss;  
Oh the glad May month, the blithe May month,  
There's none so merry as this.

The violet smiles in the field,  
And lowly as 'tis to the view—  
In the dew-drop kept by its leafy shield  
Is the whole broad arch of blue;  
Oh the rich May month, the sweet May month,  
Her gifts are nor poor nor few.

On the brooklet's greener marge,  
Have the yellow cowslips sprung,  
Whose tender leaves opening, round and large,  
Tempt thither the fair and young;  
They come from the old farm hall,  
They come from the cot on the hill,  
And their laugh, and shout, and answering call,  
Ring merrily over the rill;  
They bare their small white feet,  
And the cooling streamlet ford,  
Plucking the leaves of the cowslip sweet,  
For the Farmer's smoking board.  
Oh the bright May month, the glad May month,  
What joy is around her poured.

The twinkling waves flash up  
Through the green and tender grass,  
Where the spring hath poured, from its tiny cup,  
A stream of liquid glass:

All down by the mossy wall,  
 The "Blood-root's" silver star  
 Peers out, where the earliest dew-drops fall,  
 And the last of the morning are ;  
 Oh the sly May month, the rich May month,  
 Her beauties are everywhere.

The happy child, to whom  
 The flowers are sentient things,—  
 Where the sun-like dandelions bloom,  
 Alone she chatters and sings ;  
 She plucks from their curling stem  
 The golden flowers away,  
 And talks with a sisterly tone to them  
 In her simple, quiet play ;  
 Oh the dear May month, the blithe May month,  
 Was ever a month like May !

The merry and dark-eyed lambs—  
 Led out from their grassless pen,  
 Are away o'er the hills, as their woolly dams  
 Re-visit the fields again ;  
 And swarms of joyous things,  
 On the sun's warm beam that come,  
 With the ceaseless whirl of a million wings,  
 Awake a pleasing hum.  
 Oh the live May month, the sweet May month,  
 What voice to her praise is dumb ?

The orchard's crowded bloom  
 Comes rich, from Winter's waste,  
 Like rosy-winged angels that burst the tomb  
 When the dead of earth are raised ;  
 The birds have a thousand hymns,  
 As they build their homes again,  
 On rock, and bog, and the flowering limbs,  
 Where their earliest flights had been ;  
 Oh the wise May month, the great May month,  
 Best prophet of good to men.

The sky has a softer blue,  
 The stars come nearer the earth ;  
 Young Ocean looks up, with milder hue,  
 From her every bay and firth ;  
 Her lovers rush to her embrace,  
 As her frowning turns to smiles,

And the winds their winged coursers chase  
 Round her giant capes and isles.  
 Oh the warm May month, the strong May month,  
 With deep strength, like a child's.

With joy the world is rife,  
 Through all the long day and night;  
 The soul, awakened to beauty and life,  
 Is crowned with full delight.  
 Songs greet the morning star,  
 And the dying light of even,  
 Goes hence like a spirit that hears from far  
 The welcoming harps of Heaven—  
 Oh the good May month, the full May month,  
 When the holiest gifts are given.

### ROSA MULTIFLORA—JAPAN ROSE.

See Flower Plate.

**GENERIC CHARACTER:**—Calyx, pitcher-shaped, five cleft, fleshy, contracted at the neck; petals, five; seeds, many, hespid and attached to the inner side of the calyx.

**SPECIFIC CHARACTER:**—Germs, ovate; germs and peduncles unarmed, villose; stem and petioles, prickly; branches, generally purple; leaflets, ovate; flowers, small and panicked.

This beautiful flower belongs to the family of climbing roses, and is said to be a native of Japan, where they attain the magnitude of trees. Its flowers, of a rich crimson, hang in irregular bunches, with subdivided branches, and though it requires a sheltered situation from our keen north-westerners, will thrive with ordinary care and attention.

The proper soil for the Rose is strong rich loam, or well decomposed vegetable mould—but if the soil be light, holes must be dug, and loam and manure forked in at the bottom, and the holes filled up with the same mixture, as this is the only way to secure a good growth and bloom. Roses planted in a poor light soil, will never do well. Climbing roses should be planted firmly, and whatever they have to climb upon, should be placed before the rose has grown much, as the roots spread, and if damaged by violence after the growth has begun, will receive a check from which they will not soon recover.

ORIGINAL.

## THE STOLEN WEDDING.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

(See Engraving.)

"Come, I will have thee: but by this light,  
I take thee for pity."

*Measure for Measure.*

PATIENCE Bradford was, beyond dispute, the prettiest girl in all Norrisville. I have heard her features criticised one by one, until she was completely stripped of all pretensions to beauty, and yet those very critics, the next time they saw her, found their hearts melting under the influence of a witchery, which, from whatever source it sprung, was generally felt and acknowledged. When flashing with merriment or with indignation, (for Patience was never found like her namesake, sitting on a monument and smiling at grief,) her eyes seemed to be jet black, but when her soul looked kindly through them, the color melted into a liquid brown, which was perfectly enchanting. Her lips were like rich ripe strawberries, and the melody that came gushing through them, as she tripped about the farm house, or stood in the choir on Sundays, seemed like the warbling of a nest of nightingales. It was well for the singers that a curtain ran across the gallery, which could be drawn at pleasure—otherwise, the warm glances directed towards poor Patience from below, must surely have done fearful execution. Even old Deacon Tubbs, who was reared up under the blue-law system, and regarded it a deadly sin to look at a woman on the Sabbath, was detected in stealing a glance at Patience, who was performing a brilliant fugue, and when rallied on the subject, excused himself by saying—"Truly, the damsel hath a wondrous voice, and she remindeth me of Rebekah at the well, in the great Bible." This was the old man's ideal of female beauty, and higher praise was not in his power to bestow.

It is not to be supposed that Patience Bradford, such as I have imperfectly described her, had reached her nineteenth year, without plenty of lovers, in a place where beautiful girls were by no means every day articles. Almost every marriageable man in Norrisville had been found with his horse tied at farmer Bradford's gate, while its owner was trying to make the agreeable to the fair Patience. But this was by no means an easy task. The golden fruit was guarded, if not exactly by a dragon, yet by two individuals nearly as fierce and as vigilant. Farmer Bradford prided himself on his lineal descent from the voyagers of the *May Flower*, and in virtue of his Puritan ancestry, thought it incumbent on him to be exceedingly strict in the government of his household. He eschewed all kinds of merriment, especially the foolish and vain amusement of song-singing, and though compelled to tolerate the warbling of Patience, would never suffer any of her young companions to join their voices with hers, beneath his roof, unless in singing church music. He knew that his fair Patience was the cynosure of all eyes in Norrisville, and inwardly determining that not one of all who had yet made their appearance should bear off the prize, set himself quietly to work to counteract their operations. In this he was ably assisted by his wife, Aunt Polly, as she was usually termed, who thought Patience, as the only daughter and heiress of the Bradfords, ought to command the very first match in the whole country. She was, therefore, ever on the alert when a young, or good-looking man entered the house, and generally contrived to substitute her own company for that of Patience, who was sent away on various pretences. Then if these obstacles were surmounted, there was the damsel herself—bewitching as a fairy, but if the truth must be told, mischievous as a marmoset, and quite as unwilling to be caught. Wo to the unlucky wight whose suit awakened the displeasure of the provoking Patience. He was sure to meet with a rebuff which effectually cooled his ardor at least for a season, though the worst of all was, that no human being could retain anger against my heroine, for whatever his provocation might have been, the moment he saw her again, one smile would banish all remembrance of injury, and leave him more in love than ever.

A few months previous to the date when my story commences, a singing school had been opened in Norrisville by a young man from Boston, named Walter Clark, who had taken this method of increasing a small income during the winter months when his business was ordinarily dull. Patience was one of his pupils, greatly to her father's annoyance, who was sure that all this fiddling and singing would come to no good, and as a matter of course in that hospitable region, the singing master was invited to her father's house "to take tea." The moment he made his appearance, Mr. Bradford and Aunt Polly set their faces like a flint against him, for the Argus eyes of the latter caught him in the act of looking more than once intently at Patience as she glided about the room making preparations for tea, and in the apprehension of the former, there were two sins lying at his door, either of which would effectually have shut him out from his house and heart. Walter Clark, besides being decidedly good looking, had the dress and manners of a gentleman, and this, in a man who had his own way to make in the world, was utterly unpardonable. He was, moreover, giving instructions in an art for which Mr. Bradford felt nothing but contempt, and had even been heard by Deacon Tubbs singing some glees and catches in the old school house, with Ned Manning and Frank Walker, not long before. All these considerations rendered his reception so frigid, that a less frank and joyous spirit might have been chilled, but Walter Clark seemed utterly unconscious of any thing out of the way, and laughed and chatted with his host, as much at his ease as though he had been an old and familiar friend of the family. It was clearly impossible to put him down by dark looks, or sullen speeches, so there was no remedy but to take care that his visit should not be repeated. Measures were taken accordingly. Patience was strictly forbidden to attend the singing school, or to hold any communication with the offending teacher, and for the first time in his life, her father spoke to her so harshly on the subject, as to draw tears from her eyes. There were those, notwithstanding, who persisted in the belief that Patience Bradford was more than once seen at the singing school, and that it was her voice which was heard at recess, conversing in low tones with the smiling sing-



ing master. However this may be, his name was never mentioned at the farm, and the good dame and her husband rejoiced that their prudent foresight had nipped this evil in the bud.

Just at this critical period, a new actor appeared on the scene. This was no other than Mr. Silas Warner, a man, in his own estimation, of no small importance, for beside a large homestead in a neighboring town where he resided, he owned two farms, and a valuable water privilege in Norrisville. He had attained the sober age of thirty still in a state of celibacy, and though innumerable plans had been laid to deprive him of his liberty, had remained "fancy free," until in an unlucky hour he saw and heard the beautiful Patience, when he chanced to attend church at Norrisville. From that hour, Silas Warner had never known peace. Twice every week his visits were regularly paid at the farm house, and though it was long before he summoned courage to speak his love, if ever woman could have been *stared* into matrimony, Patience was in a fair way of becoming his bride. Like the Laird of Dumbiedikes, in a similar situation, his faculties seemed all concentrated in the one sense of seeing, for he seldom even attempted to converse with his lady love, who, it must be confessed, gave him little encouragement so to do. But if Patience was unmoved by his silent suit, not so with her parents, who, from the time of his introduction to them, had resolved to put a final period to all their difficulties by bestowing upon him the object of his wishes. But Mr. Silas Warner was not the first who has found that the "course of true love never does run smooth." He had obtained the sanction of parental authority, but he was soon made to feel that this was far from being the most difficult part of his undertaking. The more Aunt Polly and her consort smiled upon him, the more perverse and unmanageable became their daughter, until the poor lover was almost beside himself with anxiety and vexation. She refused his attentions, returned his presents, made him the butt of ridicule on all occasions, and when at last he screwed his courage up to the point of asking her the important question, the answer to which was to decide his fate, she replied with much gravity, while her sparkling eyes were running over with mirth,

that she thanked Mr. Silas Warner for his flattering opinion of her, but really she was so happy at home that she could never think of leaving Norrisville. This answer was duly reported to the parents of the refractory damsel, who very coolly advised him to mind nothing that Patience might say. She was a silly girl, and didn't know her own mind, but she had yet to learn who was master at the farm house, and if fair speeches did not conquer her obstinacy, why—something else certainly must.

Things went on in this way for several months, during which time nothing was seen of the quondam singing master in Norrisville, though report said he was doing very well at his trade, (that of a hatter) in a neighboring town. It was said, too, that he was about to be married, and as Patience had become a constant visiter at Miss Lois Strong's, who lived in the house where the post office was kept, she must have heard the news, but she was not a girl to die for love, that was very evident, for her cheek was as rosy, and her eye as bright as ever. At length the perseverance of Master Silas seemed likely to be crowned with success, for suddenly the demeanor of Patience became entirely changed, and she had evidently determined to resign herself to her fate. When, for the first time, he had the felicity of escorting his fair intended to a quilting bee in his "bran new chaise," he was the proudest and happiest of men, though it was certainly rather ungrateful of her to leave him sitting alone in the road for one whole hour, while she was making a call at Col. Timson's. It so happened that Walter Clark was there at that precise time, but how could Patience know any thing of that? When at last she made her appearance, looking so provokingly easy and happy, the enamored swain ventured upon a slight expostulation—"Now, really, Miss Patience, this is a little too bad"—but she cut him short by exclaiming—"Mr. Silas, I am not your wife yet, and if I was, I wish you to understand that I shall come when I please, and go when I please, and stay as long as I please." There was nothing more to be said—so the gentleman humbly begged pardon for daring to be out of humor, and ever after waited in the road as submissively as possible while Patience made her long visits at Col. Timson's.

Winter was rapidly approaching, and our hero, who was weary of his long probation, began to urge upon his Dulcinea the propriety of being "married and settled before cold weather." There was a perfect understanding on the subject between him and farmer Bradford, who had given his daughter unequivocal intimations, that if she refused obedience in this matter, she had no longer a home beneath his roof. It was vain to argue, and still more vain to supplicate, for like most ignorant people, who mistake obstinacy for firmness, John Bradford prided himself on never changing his mind in any thing. There was evidently no way of escape, and Patience submitted to her fate with so good a grace, that she was never seen to shed a single tear on the occasion. It would even seem as if something pleasant were before her by the arch glance of her eye, the roguish smile that played about the corners of her sweet mouth, and the dimples in her cheek.

"If it is to be so, I suppose it must," she said one day when her lover was urging his suit—"but I said long ago I would never have an every day sort of a wedding, and I think so still. If you choose to go to Rhode Island the day before thanksgiving, and have the ceremony there—very well—if not, I am in no hurry to change my condition. We can easily manage the thing by going from home just for a little ride to enjoy this fine sleighing."

The gray eyes of Mr. Silas Warner dilated until they resembled two large saucers at this extraordinary proposal. "What in natur," he said at last, "do you want to run away to get married for, when the old folks is so agreeable to the match? Any body can afford to run off to Rhode Island and get tied, but it isn't every body, I reckon, that can afford to have such a grand weddin' as I had planned out. Why, Patience," he continued, warming with the subject, "I mean to have a real fiddler here at my own expense, and if the girls and boys don't dance, and frolic too, it sha'n't be my fault."

"I hope my father can make a wedding himself for his only daughter," she answered with great appearance of indignation, "and as for your fiddling and dancing and frolic, you know very well, he would have no such things in his house. If I am ever married at all, it shall be in Rhode Island, by good parson

Whitaker, and on the day before thanksgiving, and this I am determined upon." Poor Silas was too much in love to dispute the point, but he was sorely puzzled to understand what the varying humors of the lady meant. Nevertheless, he was on the spot at the time appointed, and while the farmer and his good dame were all anxiety and bustle, preparing for the wedding on thanksgiving evening, he and his smiling bride elect took their departure for the sister State. "Never mind," said Patience, "the preparations will do just as well for the wedding party to-morrow night."

In due time they arrived at their place of destination, and proceeding to a public house, called for a room, into which Patience and a female friend who had joined them by the way, were ushered, while Silas departed in search of the reverend Mr. Whitaker, to perform the important ceremony. All was at last in readiness. The bride looked like a newly-blown rose, in her becoming white dress, the bridesmaid was all smiles and railery—the minister was waiting in the next room, when Patience suddenly exclaimed—"Oh dear, is it possible, I had almost forgotten my positive promise to invite Letty Jones to my wedding whenever I got married, but luckily it is not too late. Silas," she said, turning to him with a winning smile, "will you not take your sleigh and go for her? It is only two miles, and your good horses will go like the wind." The poor man looked blank enough at this unexpected request, and stammered something about the delay, and sending a substitute for the lady, if come she must. But Patience would listen to nothing of the kind. She was sure Letty Jones would not come if any one else went for her, for she would never believe they were in earnest, besides, it would be a grand opportunity to show off his handsome sleigh and horses in the village. This was attacking Silas on his weak point, so he started off, with a rueful countenance, only saying as he went—"Now mind, Miss Patience, when I get back, this business must be settled in less than no time, or my name isn't Silas Warner."

Miss Letty Jones was some time in making her toilet, but there is an end to every thing, and Silas at length had the felicity of driving up to the door of the hotel where he had left his treasure, with the proud consciousness of having deserved the

reward he was about to receive, by the sacrifice he had made in her behalf. He proceeded quickly to the room they had taken, but what a sight met his eyes, as he entered it! There sat his smiling Patience, brimful of happiness, if her face might be trusted, and at her side, glowing with love and joy, and looking handsomer than ever, his detested rival, Walter Clark, who seemed on the best possible terms with his companion. For a moment Silas gazed in utter astonishment, then exclaimed—"In the name of thunder, what does all this mean?" Walter Clark rose, and drawing the hand which he was holding, through his arm, led Patience a step forward, saying with a bow—"Allow me to introduce to you an old friend with a new title. This lady has long been engaged to me. I found her here to-day, alone and disconsolate—the good minister was tired of waiting, and as you were long in coming, I ventured with her consent, to take your place. She is now my wedded wife, and for your kind assistance in the matter, you will please accept my warmest thanks."

He ceased, but no answering sound met his ear. Surprise and vexation deprived poor Silas of the power of speech, and it was not until the smiling bridesmaid tendered him some refreshments, that his astonishment found vent in words.

"Well, if this don't beat all natur'! My weddin' over as slick as a whistle, and I not married! Patience Bradford, who'd a thought you was the girl to play a feller such a trick as this!"

To this pathetic exclamation, Patience replied, "You know very well, Mr. Silas Warner, I always told you I did not love you, and that I did love somebody else, but you thought if you only had the old folks on your side, it was no matter how I felt, and now you see what has come of it. The next time you go courting, let me advise you first to get the consent of the girl herself, and then it will be time enough to ask her parents."

So saying, the happy pair bade Mr. Warner good day, and left him to digest his disappointment as he best might. In the very ecstasy of wonder, he actually whistled a tune for the first time in his life, then after repeatedly rubbing his head, as if to collect his scattered wits, he turned to Letty Jones, who had not taken off her cloak and hood, and said, with the air of

a desperate man—"I've come all the way here to get married, and by jingo, I won't go back with the mitten, if there's any body to have me. What do you say to goin' over to the minister's and standin' up with me, if it's only to show Miss Patience, that she isn't the only girl in the world, for all her tricks?"

Letty, who had for some time been tired of single blessedness, was nothing loath, so in a very short time the two were made one, and Silas drove off in great style, only taking the road to Pumpkin Hollow instead of Norrisville, on his return.

The remainder of this veracious story—how Walter Clark carried his fair bride to his own home, and then departed alone to seek an interview with her parents—how the wrath of Uncle John and Aunt Polly was abated by the fact that Walter Clark had received a legacy of some hundreds from a distant relative, and had forsworn singing in consequence of hoarseness—how, after a time, Patience and her husband came back to the old homestead, where they spent a long and prosperous life; these things are all to be found in the chronicles of Norrisville, where their descendants still dwell, inheriting the singing propensities of Walter, and the good looks and mischief of his fair Patience.

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### THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

We give our readers, this month, a beautiful original engraving by Osborne, illustrative of a scene in "The Stolen Wedding." The plate represents our heroine in the midst of her preparations for the trip to Rhode Island, and from the arch glance of her eye, and the smile lurking about the "bonnie mou," it is easy to imagine what visions are flitting before her fancy. She is evidently thinking of her heart's chosen, and of the daring step which is to unite his destiny with hers forever—and if a mischievous thought of the discomfiture of his rival curls that sweet lip, those who have known what it is to be tortured with the unwelcome attentions of an "auld Robin Gray," when the heart is given to another, will surely forgive her.

ORIGINAL.

## TWO QUESTIONS FOR THE HEARTS OF WOMEN.

BY CAROMAIA.

### I.

Which wouldst thou sooner be? So beautiful,  
That every eye turns with a silent gaze  
On thee, that flatters more than loudest praise;  
So witty, too, that every hand may cull  
Bright flow'rs from the gay garden of thy mind:—  
Or plain in feature, with no outward grace,  
No fascination in thy form or face,  
But that which springs from a heart warm and kind;  
No brilliant talent or accomplishment,  
But a sweet strong desire to do good deeds  
To others, scatt'ring far and near the seeds  
Of joy for others, with a pure intent.  
Which wouldst thou sooner be? The first or last?  
Upon thy answering words, a solemn die is cast.

### II.

Which wouldst thou sooner have? The untold bliss  
Of an approving smile from lips which thou  
Hast long held dear; of feeling on thy brow  
A blessing breathed out in the silent kiss,  
When the kind hand is laid upon thy head;  
Of seeing children's loving, laughing eyes,  
Welcome thee ever with a glad surprise,  
And the poor greet with love thy coming tread:—  
Or the vain joy (which joy should not be called)  
Of hearing thyself praised for talent, wit,  
Or beauty, on whose graceful mouldings sit  
The fatal snares which oft have man enthralled.  
"Favor is" aye "deceitful," and leads but to the grave,  
And "beauty" too "is vain." Which wouldst thou sooner have?

ORIGINAL.

## ISABEL ARCHER.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN, D. D.

"Come in, my dear," said a tremulous voice to a young lady, whose form darkened the door that was left open to receive the warm rays of an April sun.

"How do you do this morning?" said Miss Archer, as she entered, and gave her hand to an aged lady who sat in an arm chair, which was so placed that the rays of the sun through the open door fell at her feet.

"I am pretty well for me; and if I were not, the sight of your sweet face would make me so. I had several hours of sound sleep last night, so that I feel uncommonly smart to-day. I was just trying to thank the Lord for sending this bright and warm sunshine, and before I get through, he sends me one of his dear children. I don't see why I am made the subject of so many mercies. Truly, my cup runneth over. You are well, I hope, my darling?"

"I am perfectly well, I thank you."

"I am glad to see you, but I didn't expect to see you again so soon."

"I am going away for a short time. I thought I couldn't go without seeing you first."

"Going away! and for how long?"

"Only for three or four weeks."

"Three or four weeks! What shall I do while you are gone three or four weeks?"

"My brother will see that you do not want any thing while I am absent. You can rely upon him."

"I was'nt thinking about my bodily wants. I can rely upon the Lord to supply them. I do now, for all you are so kind to me. I was thinking how I could get along for three or four weeks without seeing you, or hearing your voice. There is no music, to an aged person, like the voice of a friend."

"Perhaps I may not be absent so long. My aunt in the city has so often claimed a visit from me, that it is thought best that I should go."



"So, you are going to the city. Well, go and see it, but don't lose your love of the country. I have known the city. It is a place of peril to young hearts; but yours, I trust, is fixed. When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"You do not go alone?"

"Mr. Heywood goes with me."

"Does he?"

These words were uttered in a tone which caused Isabel to make the following remark, in explanation of the fact which had received no comment from the aged lady, except that contained in the utterance of those two simple words.

"Mr. Heywood's business calls him to the city—when he heard of my intention of going there, he offered his services, and as it is impossible for my father to go with me, they were accepted."

Mrs. Clayton preserved silence, while a thoughtful and anxious expression rested upon her countenance. Isabel knew what was passing in her mind. It was this that led her to say, "I assure you Mr. Heywood is to me nothing more than an ordinary acquaintance." Still Mrs. Clayton did not speak.

"May I ask," said Isabel, with a forced smile, "what occupies your mind?"

"As you have asked me, I will tell you. I was thinking whether it were possible that one whom I love almost if not quite as well as I loved my daughter that is with her Saviour, —if it were possible that she may be left to fix her affections unwisely."

"I cannot disapprove the solicitude which I know is prompted by regard for me; but I must say that it runs in advance of all facts and all probabilities."

"If we take counsel of God in the yielding of our affections all will be well. It is not what the young are apt to do. I hope and trust that you will be saved from fixing your affections on an unworthy object, thus rendering them ministers of the keenest sorrow."

"I am not anxious to dispose of my affections. I shall not give them but in exchange for a heart whose capacity transcends that of any one I have yet known. When such a trea-

sure is offered to my acceptance, though unaccompanied by wealth, or rank, or influence, I shall not probably refuse it."

"I am sorry you did not add, 'a heart sanctified by divine grace.'"

"Do you think there is any danger of my becoming interested in an irreligious man?"

"I should hope not—I think not; and yet, having had three score and ten years' experience of the deceitfulness of the human heart, I cannot say I am sure there is not."

At this moment Mr. Heywood presented himself at the door, and was invited to walk in, by the mistress of the humble tenement. He did so with the same politeness with which he would have entered a palace. His person was tall and dignified, and his habitual manners so polished and kindly, as *almost* to make you believe that they were the natural expression of a glowing heart. He had called to make a single inquiry of Isabel relating to her journey. He remained for some time, though his conversation was chiefly addressed to Mrs. Clayton. It was of a character to produce a most favorable impression upon Miss Archer's mind. When he retired, the old lady seemed sad, or at least disinclined to converse. This, together with the fact that much preparation for her departure remained to be made, led Isabel to take her leave. The tears coursed down the cheeks of Mrs. Clayton as she bade her young friend farewell. "May the Lord bless you and keep you," was all she could say. Isabel's eyes were not dry as she left the humble dwelling.

"I hope," said Mrs. Clayton to herself, as soon as she was alone, "that dear child will not listen to the voice of the charmer. Heywood is false and heartless. I know how he treated his mother, though no one else but God does. He can never make a good husband unless renewed by the grace of God. In his heart he despises religion, much as he pretends to respect it when in her presence." After meditating upon it for some time, she arose, and moving with difficulty to the door, closed it, and kneeling with still greater difficulty, she cast this matter of care, as she did all others, upon the Lord.

Ten years had passed away. Let us visit again the same humble dwelling. It was still standing, but weather-beaten

and decayed. Mrs. Clayton still occupied it, though now unable to rise from her chair without assistance. Her countenance, though more deeply furrowed, still wore a cheerful and happy expression.

A thin, careworn looking woman, apparently past the meridian of life, sat by her side, assiduously plying the needle while she listened with grateful reverence to the words of consolation which fell from the lips of her aged friend. Who could have recognised in her the once bright and beautiful Isabel Archer? And yet it was her. The fears of her sagacious friend had been realized. The fascinating manners of a heartless man had won the rich treasure of her heart's affection. SHE TOOK NOT COUNSEL OF GOD in the bestowment of her affections, and reaped the bitter consequences, in a husband unkind, irreligious, ruined. Reduced to poverty by his excesses, her only resource for the scanty supply of her wants was her needle. Her pious parents had been taken away from the evil to come. Her only hours of peace were passed by the side of her to whom, in brighter days, she had ministered, whose friendship was as lasting as that christian love on which its foundation rested.

*Williams' College, April 20, 1847.*

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ORIGINAL.

## SONNET.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

EARTH's mingled sounds, tumultuous and wild,—  
 The cries of Hate and Dread, of Hope and Fear,  
 With their harsh dissonance perplex my ear,  
 Till, mid the din, my soul, like a grieved child,  
 Sobs out its passionate plaint, unreconciled,  
 And doubtful asks, "Can Harmony be born  
 Of this mad discord?" Yet why thus forlorn  
 Of faith, O Soul! To spirits undefiled,  
 And most to God, through all this wild unrest  
 Of jarring sounds, is clearly manifest  
 An undertone of truest melody.  
 Nor shall it cease—but to its own sweet law  
 With gradual force, all jarring discords draw,  
 Till Earth and Heaven in unison shall be.

ORIGINAL.

## THE PET DOVE.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

No blither maiden e'er was seen,  
A few short years ago I ween,  
Than Mary, as we crowned her Queen  
Of happy May ;  
Her silvery laugh rang through the glade,  
Or echoed from the forest's shade,  
The live-long day.

She was an Uncle's only pet,  
An orphan child ; her eyes seemed set  
With living pearls ; her hair of jet  
All beauteous hung  
In clustering ringlets o'er her brow,  
Or back upon her neck of snow  
Was loosely flung.

When last I joined her merry glee,  
I little thought so soon to see  
All sadly bowed in misery,  
So fair a head ;  
But death made desolate her home,  
And forced her o'er the world to roam,  
To earn her bread.

Her cheeks have lost their ruddy glow,  
The curls have vanished from her brow,  
Poor Mary is a seamstress now,  
A needle's bride :  
For her in vain the summer's dawn  
With beauty spreads the fragrant lawn  
Or heather-side.

From her far distant country home,  
The perfumed breezes never come,  
To cheer her murky chamber's gloom ;  
No blessed sun  
Looks in to glad her with his light,  
Yet through the day, and half the night,  
She toileth on.

And though her toil will hardly bring  
Her needful food and covering,  
Still Mary is no blighted thing,  
But has a heart,  
All bright with hope and trust in Him,  
Which nothing outward e'er can dim,  
Or from her part.



"Who knows, thought I, but this may be  
A messenger of love to me,  
To cheer me in my misery ?

I cou'n'd it o'er,  
And as the evening shades crept on,  
Methought I was not half so lone,  
As e'er before !

"And in the watches of the night,  
Instead of phantoms of affright,  
I dreamed of One all pure and bright,  
Who bending o'er  
My couch, said sweetly in my ear,  
'I watch beside thee, banish fear,  
For ever more !'

"My heart was soften'd, and I wept,  
To think I had so often slept  
In safety, by His Spirit kept,  
And never known  
That such a faithful Friend was nigh,  
Who would not leave one poor as I,  
To die alone.

"And when the morning came, I knelt  
And pray'd for grace my heart to melt,  
And teach me all I should have felt  
So long before ;  
Then, as I rose, my little room  
Seem'd to have lost the air of gloom,  
It always wore.

"And ever since that happy morn,  
When I, who had been all forlorn,  
A trusting child of God was born,  
I've never sought  
For other friends than Him I love,  
And my companion, this pet Dove,  
Who won my thought."

Although her cheek has paler grown,  
As thus she toileth on alone,  
Shut up from every human tone  
Of sympathy ;  
Yet He who spares the "bruised reed,"  
Still in her hour of utmost need,  
Bids sorrow flee.

O ye, who ever since your birth,  
Have sat beside your cheerful hearth,  
Crown'd with the luxuries of Earth—  
Would ye might know  
The value of a trust in Him,  
Who can, when earthly hopes grow dim,  
New life bestow.

ORIGINAL.

## THE EYES OF GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

ELI had an only son, upon whom he had placed his hopes, as the joy and support of his old age. But when the boy grew up, he was headstrong, and did not according to the will of his father, and for this reason, his father named him Mora, that is, the Disobedient. The child's wickedness increased with every year, for he had not the fear of God before his eyes. And he often rose in secret from his bed at night, and committed evil, for he said—"Darkness is all around me, and the Most High does not see my iniquities."

But Eli was bowed down with grief, and he often passed the night in tears, thinking of the sins of his son.

Mozal, the wise teacher, who wandered through the land, preaching the justice of the Lord, once came to Eli, for they had long been friends. When Mozal observed Eli's sadness, he inquired after the cause, and when he had learned it, he bethought him how he might soothe the old man's grief by the conversion of his son.

"Follow me!" he said, one evening to Mora, and Mora followed him, and he led him out of the city upon a hill, and bade him sit down and rest. He now began to speak with him of the marvellous structure of the eye, and of its powers, and told him that it was the mirror of the soul. And Mora listened to him with delight, because he spoke kindly to him. Then Mozal bade him look up to the starry heavens, and without farther speech he led him back to Eli's dwelling.

And on the following evening, Mozal led Eli's son upon the hill again, and then spoke of the Maker of the eye, and said to Mora—"He who has formed the eye, shall he not see, and see more than men?" And he bade him look up again to the stars, and without speaking farther, he returned with him to Eli's dwelling. But Mora pondered upon Mozal's words, and he

knew not why it was that he had led him by night upon the hill.

On the third evening, when Mozal asked him to go with him upon the hill, Mora said : " Wherefore dost thou lead me every evening thither ? " The wise teacher promised to give him an answer that same night.

And when they had reached the hill, Mozal lifted up his eyes to the stars, and bade Mora do so likewise, and said—  
" Seest thou that countless host of stars ? *They are the eyes of God.* On whatever side thou dost look, the eyes of God are already there. Whatever thou dost see, that they have seen before thee, and more than thou seest they see. The eyes of God see every thing. They look through thine eyes into thy heart, and even shouldst thou close them, they would read thine inmost thoughts. And if, of the countless eyes of God, not one were visible to thine, if dark clouds veiled them from thy sight, yet thou art not hidden from them with all thy thoughts, all thy actions, for the darkness is not dark to them, and to them the night shineth like the day. The eyes of the Lord are far more piercing than the eyes of men—they see all the work of man's hands, and penetrate into the most secret corners."

At these words, fear and trembling fell upon Mora, and a heavy sigh came from his breast. He remembered the nights in which he had done evil, thinking his wickedness unseen. And Mozal spake farther to him, and said, " Eternal love also, and pardoning grace are mirrored in the eyes of God."

Then the boy fell upon his neck and cried, " I will strive to merit them ! " And he now took heed to his ways, and whatsoever he did, whether by day or by night, he looked up to the eyes of God—and he often rose at night from his bed, not as of old to do evil, but to carry bread to the cottages of the poor, and to make amends in secret for the wickedness which he had done.

And Eli knew not what had happened to the boy, for he was obedient and kind, and needed henceforth not a word of reproof. But he knew not that the boy had been with Mozal upon the hill.



ORIGINAL.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

To my Niece, not three years old, who asked the question—"Am I a rose-bud?"

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

Yes, thou'rt a rose-bud fair,  
A bud of hope to thy fond parent's heart;  
With eyes of hazel and with curling hair,  
And melting glance that speaks devoid of art.

Like a bright budding rose,  
Is the young sweetness of thy tender years;  
O may thy life, ere evening's shade shall close,  
Shed richer fragrance than at dawn appears.

Like roses are thy cheeks,  
With their soft flush of purest carmine dyed;  
And when thine eye its tender language speaks,  
To me thou'rt lovelier than the world beside

Would I might pause at this;  
But e'en the sweetest roses have a thorn;  
And since untainted is no human bliss,  
Thou too must bear the curse in life's young morn.

When the bright rose expands,  
And blooms in beauty on its parent stem;  
Its thorns will only wound the careless hands,  
That seize too roughly on the floral gem.

The thorn upon the rose,  
Mars not its perfume nor its healing power;  
Remains upon its stem in calm repose,  
And only wounds in danger's threatening hour.

Be this thy quiet part—  
Repress thy temper, and thy passions curb;  
Wound not with their excess the loving heart,  
Nor let thy failings others' peace disturb.

And when thou too shalt fall,  
When all that's earthly mingles with the dust;  
May God thy soul,—the life's true essence, call,  
To dwell for ever with the good and just.

ORIGINAL.

## A FATHER'S CHASTISEMENT.

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." REV. 3. 19th.

It is often and truly said that this world is a world of grief, and that our passage through it is but a weary pilgrimage beset with trials and dangers—that from the cradle to the grave we are encompassed by sorrows—that many and grievous are the afflictions which descend upon us, and from which there is no escape. But though these trials cannot be avoided, yet to the Christian they come not without a blessing. It is often appointed to the good in this life to suffer more than the wicked. God's people are sometimes peculiarly afflicted, and undergo the severest chastisements, but they have the consolation of knowing that these trials are sent in kindness, and that God permits them because they are the children of his family, and the sheep of his pasture. They wander from his fold—they yield to the temptations and allurements of the world—they place their affections too much on things below—then God lays upon them his chastening hand—he removes their false foundations, and causes them to recognise their dependence upon Him.

A Christian is possessed of health and affluence. His barns are full, and he has much goods laid up for many years. He rejoices in his prosperity, and in a measure forgets Him from whom these blessings flow. But God puts forth his hand, and he is laid upon a bed of sickness; painful days and wearisome nights are appointed unto him, and his riches take to themselves wings and fly away. Then, amidst his poverty and distress, he recognises the hand that afflicts him, and repents of his backsliding. He sees that he is rebuked in love, and rejoices that he is accounted worthy to suffer.

Reader! Art thou a believer in Christ? And hast thou been made to drink of the cup of sorrow? If so, hast thou not deserved it? Hast thou not forsaken thy Redeemer, or followed him, if at all, afar off? And is not thine affliction sent in mercy to recover thee from thy wanderings, that thou

mayst not be lost? Yes, the chastisement is a proof of his love, for as a father correcteth a son in whom he delighteth, so doth the Lord correct thee.

Christian Mother! Hast thou centered thy hopes in a darling child? Hast thou watched over it with unceasing care from the hour of its birth; hast thou marked with maternal pride its unfolding loveliness and beauty—and has this loved one been snatched from thy grasp? Hath the opening bud of promise faded in thine arms, and been consigned to the darksome grave? Dost thou now weep in agony over thy loss? Oh, lift thine eyes to Heaven and hearken to the soothing words of thy Saviour, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

Orphan! bending over the tomb of those dearest to thee on earth, hast thou chosen God to be the guide of thy youth? Has his hand deprived thee of a fond father's protection, and a mother's tender care, and art thou now a homeless wanderer? Dost thou feel that life is no longer sweet? Despair not. Thy guide hath not forsaken thee. Thy Heavenly Father will protect thee, and lead thee to a home "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, then, repine not at the chastening of the Lord.

Hast thou been a child of misery from thy youth up? Have sickness and poverty always attended thee? Have those in whom thou hast trusted deceived and betrayed thee? Hath a cold world regarded thy sufferings with scorn and neglect, and art thou now mourning alone? Yet if God has ever manifested himself to thee as a forgiving father—if thy heart has been renewed and sanctified—then art thou supremely blest. All thine afflictions are tokens of His mercy, and thou shouldst thank Him even for these.

Is it not, then, a sufficient consolation in all our trials, that the Lord chastens us because he loves us? From the beginning of the world the servants of God have experienced severe rebukes, and have learned to kiss the rod. The Israelites met with the most afflictive dispensations from the hands of the Almighty. He caused them to be enslaved and oppressed by the heathen, and to wander in the wilderness for forty weary years—and yet these were his covenant people—the seed of

Abraham whom he had chosen. Moses, David, all the saints of old, were called to mourn and weep under the chastening of God. Even the perfect, upright man of Uz, was delivered into the power of Satan to be tormented at his will. The devoted Paul did not escape the most painful sufferings. He was 'persecuted, imprisoned, stoned, beaten with rods, shipwrecked, in perils by land and by sea, in weariness and painfulness—in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' And why were these "excellent of the earth" thus afflicted? Why do Christians *now* so often feel the judgments of God? It is to bring them nearer to Christ—to teach them that this world is not their home—to make them zealous in the cause of their master. Whatever, then, may be our lot—whatever may be our trials—whether we struggle with poverty and ignorance, or with physical suffering—whether our hearts bleed at the loss of friends, or we are called to endure the scoffs and contumely of an unbelieving world—still let us hold fast the profession of our faith—let us profit by our trials, and place our reliance on God alone. Then, when our earthly pilgrimage is over—when we have reached those mansions where all tears are wiped away—then shall we rejoice with joy unspeakable, that we were permitted to come out of *great tribulation*, and to wash our robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb.

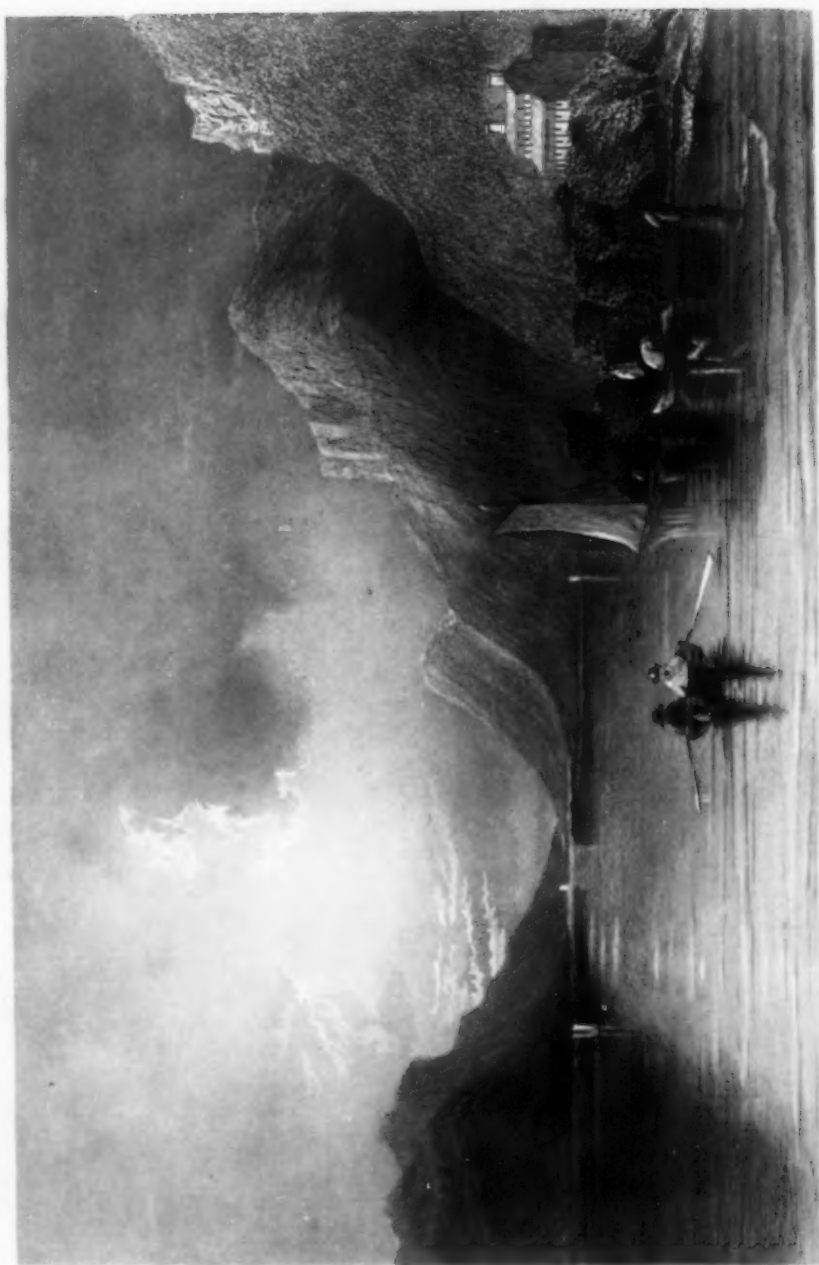
L. A. H.

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#### A MOTHER.

"Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy, guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to the affection of her offspring are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them. Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, or a sister, I would plant the primrose, emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested, for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age."







*Pyrus Japonica*  
Japanese Pear





ORIGINAL.

## THE SPIRIT AND WANTS OF THE AGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

If to the scholar, the philanthropist, or the christian, the question were put—in which period of the world since time began, he would choose that his little span of existence should be allotted to him, we believe the unanimous answer would be—"Let me enjoy the light and warmth of the nineteenth century. Let me share in the noble enterprises, the intellectual improvements, and the benevolent plans that mark the present age, as one of brighter hope and richer promise to the suffering family of man, than any that have preceded it." Other periods there may have been, when from some focal point, the light of science and genius shone with intense, though temporary splendor, but the great principle of brotherhood was unknown, and the darkness which shrouded the masses, was rendered only the more palpable and hideous by this fitful coruscation. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to witness the application of the grand and beneficent principle of the universal diffusion of knowledge among all classes, and the almost startling resurrection of mind, which is its natural result. And though it is doubtless true, that in coming up from its sepulchre, and striving to cast off the ceremonies in which it has so long been bound, the human intellect sometimes takes strange steps, and plays most fantastic tricks the christian philanthropist, far from being dismayed at these signs of activity, should be stimulated to greater diligence in the work of presenting those great elementary truths which alone are able to make men wise unto salvation.

The spirit of the age in which we live, is emphatically one of *progress*. In every department of literature, science, and art—in the private circle and the public Lyceum—the workshop of the mechanic and the study of the philosopher, improvement is the universal watchword. From the mimic ship,

guided by a magnet in the hand of infancy, to the Leviathan of the deep, which, in spite of wind or tide, "walks the waters like a thing of life;" human ingenuity and industry are tasked to their utmost to supply deficiencies, overcome obstacles, and secure the greatest possible results. When the genius of Fulton seized upon an agency so simple that it had hitherto been disregarded, and compelled steam to do his bidding, time and space seemed almost annihilated, by the rapid communication thus effected between sections of country most remote from each other. But human intellect was still unsatisfied. Even steam was a laggard in the race of improvement, and not until the lightning had been imprisoned, and made to serve as a medium for the transmission of thought, so that mind can speak with mind—

"Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star;"

and intercourse between cities separated hundreds of miles, is the work of a few moments only—could she pause in her high career. But her course is still onward—nor can we limit, even in imagination, that spirit of progress, which before the dawn of the millennial Sabbath, shall crown with perfection, the countless devices of human industry and skill.

The spirit of the age is also one of *innovation and free inquiry*. Formerly, mankind were content to walk in the good old ways which their fathers trod, without question or doubting, anxious only that the time-honored customs, and manners, and belief, of their ancestors, should descend unchanged to their posterity. Whatever came to them in the guise of novelty, was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, so that the sententious remark of a learned divine seems almost to have been practically adopted—"Better is an old error, than a new truth." But the state of things is now completely changed. A reaction has taken place which threatens to destroy all the ancient landmarks, and to convulse the whole social system, in the rash attempt to remove at once, evils which have been gathering strength and consolidation for ages. But it is not on the external frame-work of society alone, that the hand of innovation has been laid. The human mind is ever prone to error, and in refusing to adopt principles of belief, solely on the

authority of others, has rushed to the opposite extreme, of doubting every thing which comes to us with the sanction of antiquity. We are told, and that truly, that the world is full of wrongs and evils for which a remedy must be found before man can enjoy his full heritage of blessings; but the speculative reformers who seek to tear down the existing fabric before commencing a new one, have not yet shown us intellectual and moral engines mighty enough to perform the difficult process of renovation. Each enthusiastic dreamer, however, "thinks the discovery is made, and while surveying his own great magazine of expedients, is confident that the work may speedily be done. It is of little consequence what name these projectors assume to themselves or their schemes, it is by their fruits we shall know them. Their work is before them—the scene of moral disorder presents to them the plagues they are to remove, the torrent they are to divert, the desert which they are to clothe in verdure and bloom. Let them make their experiment, and add each his page to the records in which experience condemns the folly of imagination."\*

But spite of the futile projects of visionaries who substitute their own schemes in the place of divine power, the spirit of the age is one of *active, healthful benevolence*. Never before since the fall of our first parents, could it be said of every invention, and project, and association, which claims public attention and favor, that the object of each and all, is the improvement of the condition of man, the endeavor to add to his stock of comfort and happiness. Never before, have the wants of the great human family been so carefully sought out, and so systematically relieved, and never before has the last command of the risen Redeemer, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," been to such an extent, obeyed by his people. True, we hear of war and bloodshed, of violence, oppression, and legalized murder, till the ear is sick and the heart pained,

"with every day's report,"

"Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

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\* *Forster's Essays*

But noise and confusion are necessary elements of evil, as the shallow brook brawls loudly among the stones which line its sterile banks, while the deep, quiet stream of benevolent action glides gently on in its appointed channel, betraying its course only by the freshness and verdure of the fields through which it flows.

If such is the spirit of the age, what then is wanted to meet its exigencies, and carry forward the benevolent operations which form a distinctive feature in its character?

1. We want intelligent, educated men and women, who can properly appreciate, and defend their birth-right. Under a hereditary government, where the supreme power is vested in one individual, and all places of honor and trust filled by the privileged few, the common people may be kept in profound ignorance, without materially disturbing the established order of things. They have nothing to do with laws or government, but to render implicit and unquestioning obedience, and certainly the thrones of despots would be greatly endangered by the prevalence of intellectual light in their dominions. But in a country like our own, where the people constitute the source of power, the safety and permanence of our free institutions must depend, under God, on the general diffusion of knowledge and correct principles throughout the land. The preponderance of intelligence and virtue constitute our only safeguard.

We grant that the mere fact that a man is unable to read and write, is not, of itself, proof that he is not upright, and even intelligent. The ordinary intercourse of life, public political discussions, and the management of his own affairs, will enable an individual to acquire many correct ideas, and to gain some mental discipline. But where the means of education are so generally enjoyed, and the "schoolmaster" so universally "abroad," the fact that he can contentedly remain unable to read a word of his Bible or a line of a newspaper, shows him to be in a very low grade of stupidity and darkness. How long would our liberties be safe in the hands of voters such as this?

But the education demanded by the spirit of the age, is not simply the ability to read and write. Our sons and daughters must be trained for their high duties. Those who are soon to

decide the great questions of state and general policy, of international right and wrong, and to act as legislators, judges, jury and executive, must be taught to read, to think, and to judge intelligently on all matters which may hereafter come under their cognizance. "Those who are to be thrown into the heats and passion of political strife and sectional jealousy, must be trained to rule their passions, and to control themselves by reason, religion, and law. The daughters of the nation, too, must be trained to become the educators of the future statesmen, legislators, and magistrates of this land. For to them are to be committed the minds and habits of every future child, at the time when every impression is indelible, and every influence efficient."

2. We want earnest, practical men and women, to meet the exigencies of the age.

The day of romantic dreams and visionary philanthropy has gone by. Every thing is now in motion, and he who would stamp his impress, either for good or evil, on society, must be at least a practical utilitarian, and adapt himself to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. The voice of the recluse in his solitude, is lost in the din of passing events, though it charm never so wisely, and the rapt idealist who forgets the present, in dreams of the past, or visions of the future, will find few admirers, and still fewer disciples. This state of things, so much more favorable to action, than to reflection, has its advantages and its evils, but such as it is, those "who would leave the world better than they found it," must be guided by its indications, and endeavor to turn into a pure and healthful channel the newly awakened energies which might revolutionize society.

3. But more, far more than all beside, we want devoted, consistent followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, to be co-workers with him in bringing back a revolted world to its allegiance, and to prepare the way for the final triumph of Love over every form of selfishness and sin. Without this "power from on high," every attempt to ameliorate the condition of man by improving his moral nature, will prove but a "splendid failure," and with it, success is certain, for the hand of Omnipotence is put to the work, and his word pledged to its

accomplishment. But the Lord is a jealous God, and will not share his glory with another. When christians substitute the machinery of benevolent effort for the inward fire which alone can give it efficiency ; when in the details of their work they lose the child-like sense of dependence and trust, which takes hold of almighty strength, then, whatever may be their resources or seeming prosperity, the glory is departed, and nothing of importance will be accomplished.

"The noblest of all human means must be that which obtains the exertion of divine power." The individual, therefore, who is fully aware of his entire dependence on God, for success in his enterprises, will be impelled, earnestly, and constantly, to seek that assistance without which all human effort will be vain. "And if the whole, or the greater number of the disciples of christianity, were, with an earnest, unalterable resolution of each, to combine that Heaven should not withhold one single influence which the very utmost effort of conspiring and persevering supplication would obtain, it would be the sign that a revolution of the world is at hand."

Let those, then, who labor and pray for the world's renovation, thank God and take courage. Let them remember that though they have little efficiency in themselves, there is a treasury of might in the hands of One who only waits the best time to interpose like a God in their behalf. Amid the tumults and conflicts of the age—amid the jarring elements and convulsive throes which threaten to destroy the work of his hands, he is steadily carrying forward his own designs, and in the end, will make it manifest to heaven and earth, that though vice may seem to triumph for a while, virtue alone is indestructible and eternal.

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### TO-DAY.

"MAN's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,  
That as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him—  
No going back, the past is an abyss ; no stopping, for the present perisheth ;  
But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.  
Our cares are all To-day—our joys are all To-day—  
And in one little word—our life—what is it, but To-day ?"—TUPPER.

ORIGINAL.

## THE WEAVER.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

CEASELESSLY the weaver, Time,  
Sitting at his mystic loom,  
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying,  
Every thread anears our dying—  
And with melancholy chime,  
Very low and sad withal,  
Sings his solemn madrigal,  
As he weaves our web of doom.

"Mortals!" thus he, weaving, sings,  
"Bright or dark the web shall be,  
As ye will it—all the tissues  
Blending in harmonious issues,  
Or discordant colorings.  
Time the shuttle drives—but you  
Give to every thread its hue,  
And elect your destiny.

"God bestowed the shining warp—  
Fill it with as bright a woof,  
And the whole shall glow divinely,  
As if wrought by Angels finely  
To the music of the harp;—  
And the blended colors be  
Like perfected harmony,  
Keeping evil things aloof.

"Envy, Malice, Pride and Hate—  
Foulest progeny of Sin—  
Let not these the web entangle  
With their blind and furious wrangle,  
Marring your diviner fate—  
But, with love and deeds of good,  
Be the web throughout enlued,  
And the Perfect shall ye win."

Thus he singeth very low,  
 Sitting at his mystic loom,  
 And his shuttle still is flying —  
 Thread by thread anears our dying,  
 Grows our shroud by every throw ;  
 And the hues of Hell or Heaven  
 To each thread by us are given,  
 As he weaves our web of doom.

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ORIGINAL.

## THE CHERUB BROTHERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

AMONG the bright-robed train of Heaven, two cherubs, whose brows seemed a reflection one of the other, were ever seen, side by side. Together, as with one heart, they did the bidding of the Eternal, or drank, hand in hand, that cup of love which is the nurture of seraphs.

Once, they seemed filled with new rapture. From every feature beamed a gladness that mortal eye hath never seen, as they exclaimed, "Joy! joy! he cometh. Welcome, our brother! babe, redeemed from the earth!" And they clasped in their arms a new immortal.

Sweetly they chanted to their golden harps—"Hail! hail! thou shalt grieve no more, neither shall sickness smite thee. For here, there is no death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

At the feet of the Savior they knelt, and as with one voice said, "Praise be unto Thee, who didst take little children in thine arms on earth, and forbid them not to enter the kingdom of heaven. Praise be unto Thee, oh Lord, Most High!"

Then they led the infant guest to the amaranthine bowers, and wreathed around his fair temples, flowers that never fade. They gave him of the fruits of the tree of life, and of the water that gusheth clear as crystal from the throne of God, and of the Lamb.

And the elder born said, "Beautiful brother who didst not



learn the language of earth—how sweet to thee will be the speech of heaven! Words of wrath and hate thou hast never uttered. Easier to thee will be the dialect of love!"

And the younger said—"Lamb of our flock, bringest thou to us no love-token from our home?" And the babe-cherub answered—"I bring our mother's kiss with a tear upon it, and the prayer with which our father gave me back to God."

Tenderly they both murmured, "We remember her love, who lulled us on her bosom—whose eye was open through the long, dark night, if sickness smote us. She taught us the name of Jesus. We remember her love—so like that of angels.

"Sometimes we are near her, though she knows it not. We watch to see whether she smiles or weeps. If she is weary, we fan her with our wings. We drop into her heart a thought of heaven, and swifter than the ray of the morning return thither.

We will watch at the shining gates for her, and for our blessed father, and for the little ones whom they strive to train for God—yea, for their white-haired parents also, whom they honor. We will be the first to welcome them. Behold, when they all come, our joy shall be full."

Thus, they talked long together, folding their radiant pinions, amid the balmy groves. They talked long together, with their music-tones—but the darkness came not, neither the shadow of twilight, for there is no night there.

Then, there burst forth a glorious voice as of many harpers, with choirs of angels, saying—"Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And the lyres of those cherub-brothers joined the high strain, swelling the melody of Heaven.

*Hartford, May 26th, 1847.*

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PLEASURE.—Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

ORIGINAL.

## SPIRIT LOVE.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

I.

I will love thee as the Flowers love,  
That in the summer weather—  
Each standing in its own place—  
Lean rosy lips together,  
And pour their sweet confession  
Through a petal's folded palm ;  
With a breath that only deepens  
The azure-lidded calm  
Of the heavens bending o'er them,  
And the Blue Bells hung before them,  
All whose odor in the silence is a psalm.

II.

I will love thee as the Dew's love,  
In chambers of a Lily ;  
Hung orb-like and unmeeting,  
With their flashes blending stilly ;  
By the white shield of the petals  
Held a little way apart ;  
While all the air is sweeter  
For the yearning of each heart,—  
That yet keep cool and crystal  
Their globed spheres celestial,  
While to and fro, their glimmers ever dart.

III.

I will love thee as the Stars love,  
In sanctity enfolden ;  
That tune in constellations  
Their harps divine and golden,—  
Across the heavens greeting  
Their Sisters from afar ;  
The Pleiades to Mazzaroth—  
Star answering to Star  
With a love as high and holy,  
And apart from all that's lowly—  
Swaying to thee like the Planets without jar.

## IV.

I will love thee as the Spirits love,  
 Who, free of Earth and Heaven,  
 Wreath white and pale blue Flowers  
 For the brows of the Forgiven ;  
 And are dear to one another  
 For the blessings they bestow  
 On the weary, and the wasted,  
 In our wilderness of wo ;  
 By thy good name with the Angels,  
 And thy Human Heart's Evangs,  
 Shall my love from holy Silence to thee go.

## THE JAPAN FIRE.

See Flower Plate.

THIS rich and beautiful flower belongs to the eleventh class, Icosandria ; order, Pentagynia. The genus, *Pyrus*, has the following characteristics : calyx, five-cleft, superior—corolla, five-petalled ; pome, (or pulpy fruit, containing a capsule,) five-celled, many seeded—seeds, compressed, ovate. Among the different species belonging to this family, is found the *Pyrus Communis*, or pear tree. The quince formerly bore the same generic name, but from the fact that the cells of its fruit contain many seeds, it now forms a new genus—*Cydonia*. The common quince is so well known as hardly to require description here. Its downy, deciduous leaves, distinguish it from the other species of the same genus. The seeds are used medicinally, containing in their envelope a thick mucilage, which is extracted by means of boiling water.

The flower in our plate represents the Japan Quince. It blossoms in January, when trained on a south-side wall to secure it from cold, and insure it as much heat as possible. The flowers are scarlet, possessing a peculiar lustre, and presenting, when in full bloom, an appearance truly gorgeous. The "Fairies' Fire," is a name frequently given to the Japan Quince, from the richness and depth of its coloring.

ORIGINAL.

## LITTLE KATE:

A SCENE AMONG THE PIONEERS.

BY CLEMENT E. BARR.

UPON the edge of a small but beautiful prairie, stood an humble frontier home. The dense wild wilderness stretched far away behind it. Those dark and solemn aisles were almost pathless then. Their echoes had not answered yet the woodman's axe or voice, but only the wolf's howl and the panther's cry. A chain of clearings, broken by many a wide marsh or stripe of low and heavily timbered land, had reached from the old settlements out there, but *this* cabin had long been its last link—the outpost of civilization in that quarter. It seemed, indeed, but half redeemed from the forest, and almost rude enough for a barbarian's home. And yet its three glazed windows, though but two feet square, its little yard of flowers, the heavy zig-zag fences, and the stacks of grain which stood among the stumps, all showed that Anglo-Saxon industry and thrift were there—that the decree was out, and in spite of their loftiness and dense array, those trees must fall before the patient toil of their invader, man.

A summer day was near its close. The sun was slowly passing thence to light up with impartial love the Indian hunting grounds, the Rocky Mountains, and the trackless ocean. His long low rays streamed on the golden hair of little Kate, as she stood singing by the cottage door, and watching for her father, who loved, when he came in weary from his work, to meet her there. Her happy face, her merry voice, and the joy with which she ran to welcome him, would while away all memory of his toil. Rough was his farm—lonely and hard he worked to raise a scanty crop, yet he was happy. His child's sweet prattle and his wife's dear smile were his reward at evening. And as he knelt with them in prayer, his heart poured out its

gratitude to God for such a home—so poor, so rude, and yet so beautiful with love.

The early days of the parents of our little Kate were passed with other prospects and in other scenes. Their young hearts twined together amid the noble landscapes and beneath the bright blue sky of a new England Spring. They loved, where they had lived from childhood, and where they wished and hoped to live and die. But scarcely had their hands been clasped and their vows spoken at the altar, when a dark hour came—an hour of sudden disappointment, loss, and change, which drove them from that home so dear to them—so full of memory, love and hope, and sent them forth to seek a new one in the West. They had little to take with them, but trust in each other and in God. And hence they were obliged to go afar into the dreary solitude, and win from the wilderness a dwelling place. Eight years they had been there; and though the world had neglected or forgotten them—though privations had been their only visitors—though the common comforts of the past had been rare luxuries, and its luxuries unknown—though sickness had dwelt with them many a gloomy month, poisoning every well-spring of energy and hope, until the green earth and the blue sky grew dark and hateful to the sight, and the sad heart longed for the rest of the grave—though death had come, and borne from their arms two beautiful boys who had shone like stars upon them in that night of grief, yet they had trusted in God and struggled on.

Trained by such teachers and in such a school, it would have been strange if Kate had been a common child. Her only companions were those parents, whom sorrow had taught to live by faith, and the tall forest trees which all looked up to God. No wonder, then, that she learned to recognise Him in every thing—that she loved to see His eye look on her in the sun—to feel His breath upon her in the breeze—to hear His kind voice in its whisperings. She looked upon the clouds as angels' wings sweeping over the trees, and when the sunset flung its gold and crimson on the sky, she dreamed that she saw an outer court of Heaven. She was never lonely and never sad, for joyous life was all around her, and God was with her whithersoever she went. Thus early, almost insensibly

her heart began to love and lean upon that Savior, of whom her mother told her in her first cradle story, and sang to her in her first evening lullaby.

As little Kate was standing in the door, she saw—a strange sight for that lonely spot—a wagon coming up the road. A rough and ragged man was walking by the team, while on a load of furniture a woman sat holding a baby in her arms. She looked so pale and wretched, and the child moaned all the while so piteously, that Kate ran down and asked them what the matter was. She said the birds were singing and the brooks were laughing, and the little baby must not cry.

"Oh, she is sick, my child," the mother said with tearful eyes, "and we are poor travellers, who have no home. We have spent many nights in the open air, and these damp prairies are a poor place for a sick babe to sleep in. She gets thinner and weaker every day—she suffers dreadfully—oh, my little Jane, my pretty darling! must she die?"

The rough man turned around, and said in fretful tones, "Now hush that whining, I've heard enough of it. I almost wish the little brat was dead, and then we might get on without this foolish fuss."

Kate had never heard such cruel words before, her heart beat strangely in her breast, and with a flash of indignation in her eyes, she said, "Don't talk so, Sir. It's wicked for you to. The woman and the baby both feel very bad, and you ought to be sorry for them, and kind to them. My father wouldn't talk like you for any thing."

"Then," growled the man, "your father never had a squalling child like that."

"Oh, it don't squall, Reuben," said his wife; "dear thing—it tries to be as quiet as it can, and only moans a little now and then, so low and death-like, that it breaks my heart. I wish it would cry out. I then should have some hope of it. But now, oh dear! it's dying—dying, and we here in the woods without a home, without a bed to put her in, or a coffin to bury her when she is stiff and cold."

"Oh! bring her up to mother, ma'am; she'll let you stay with her. She'd help you nurse the baby, too, and I'll give

her my little bed, and watch her all the while. Oh, do come! we all would love to have the baby there."

So earnest was the child, that the rough man's heart began to melt, and the woman sobbed aloud. At length she answered, "You are a dear good child, but perhaps your mother may not feel as you do, and may not like the trouble of a wretched dying baby in her house."

"Oh, yes she will," said Kate; "for when my brother Charley was so sick, she sat there day and night, and held him in her arms, and wouldn't hardly eat or sleep. I know she'll let you come. I'll run and ask her if she wont."

With a glowing heart and glistening eyes, Kate darted to the house, and told so eloquent a tale of the sick baby and its weeping mother, that her parents almost wept to hear her. They had suffered too much themselves to be unfeeling—to hesitate a moment, when such wretchedness was at their door. They hastened down to add their invitation and entreaty to those of their kind-hearted child. And so freely, so feelingly they urged upon the outcasts their aid, their sympathy, and their home, that the poor woman could answer only by fresh tears; and the man himself, with all his stubbornness, was compelled in very shame to yield.

He had won his wife's true heart in happier hours. While prosperity shone around him, and life glided smoothly on, he had been cheerful, if not kind. But when misfortune came—the tempest wrecked him, and he became morose, impatient, and a drunkard. Instead of trying, as he should, to sustain with sympathy that gentle heart which leaned on his, and which he had vowed to cherish, he made her lot of wandering and of want, more desolate, by coldness, rudeness, and abuse. He had left in reckless haste his native home, dragging his wife and babe along. He sought the West—he sought the wilderness, pronouncing in his rage the world all false—pretending that he would build himself a home "out of humanity's reach"—that he would have a den—a lair, to which no man could track him. Much of this was the overboiling of an agitated, angry heart: much was assumed to frighten and fret his wife, who longed for some resting place where her babe

might die in peace. For weeks they travelled on—living upon some old provisions she had brought from their former home—sleeping upon their wagon wherever night overtook them. Their money was all gone. She had no proper food, no cordials for the child. At each of the cabins which they passed, she begged him with tears to stop. But he was always most hasty and impatient then, and would urge his wretched team to their utmost speed. Yet when on some wide barren plain, or some lone wood where the mosquitoes swarmed, he would mope along as lazily as if his only object was to make as little progress as he could, without entirely stopping to give the weary ones a chance to rest. Across that course of cruelty and suffering came little Kate, and with her artless eloquence she cheered the sad, and awed the wicked heart. Yet it was only for an instant that the power of love subdued him. The very next, his bitter nature re-awoke to fierceness. He cursed himself for yielding, and them for urging him. But the babe was in their arms, and they would not give it back. Its mother would not leave it. He too must stop, or else go on alone. Muttering and surly, he turned into the yard, unharnessed with the farmer's help his team, and followed into the house. He sat there like some half-tamed animal, silent and sullen, while kind eyes watched and gentle hands tended his dying child.

\* \* \* \*

A man and child sat together on a fallen tree beside a new-made grave—an infant's grave. Both were weeping, but oh! how differently. The child's tears flowed as gently as the summer rain. The man's sobs heaved his frame, while hot and heavy stood the tear-drops in his eye. The child's grief was that of sympathy, the man's of self-reproach.

"Oh! Sir," said little Kate, at last, "don't cry so! poor little Jane is happy now. She has gone to live with Jesus."

"Hush, Kate, don't talk of her! She is happy, for she is out of her father's reach. Why should I grieve for her, or wish her back? back, that I might crush with cruelty that little heart again. I dragged her through the hot sun and the damp air," (thus he went on musingly,) "until I killed her—killed my babe, and tried to kill my wife. How madly wicked I have been! And here, in this pure spot, with every thing as God

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has made it, without a sin-stained object any where except this bloated body and this wretched heart, here by my baby's grave I sit and weep—for what? This God, whom I have disobeyed and scorned, must hate me. What can I gain, then, by regret? Why stay I here? I am a loathsome thing to all the pure and good, and must remain so—then why not hurry on my dreadful course, and meet like a man its dreadful end?"

Kate, as she listened, first started back with horror, then threw herself before the raving man, and grasped him with convulsive energy, and turned her lovely eyes, all tearful still, upon his face, and cried, "Oh, Sir! don't talk so wicked! God is love."

"Love? yes, love to those who love and honor Him, but hate, and only hate to me."

Kate pressed yet closer to the wretched man, and with a deep and charming sweetness in her voice, exclaimed—"Don't your wife love you, though you were so cruel to her? And we all love you too. I know that you were cross to little Jane, and made her die, and yet I love you. And now, if we all love you, why don't God? See what a bright sun he has made for us—these pretty woods for the birds to sing in—the flowers for the bees, and the grass for the lambs. He is a good God. He loves every thing."

This struck a new chord in his heart. Whence was this human sympathy? Why did his pale wife still cling to him? Why did these good people treat him kindly? Why did the child not dread and shun him? He knew that the wicked hate and fear the wicked; then why should the good love them—why, but because God implanted the impulse in their breasts? And if God taught *them* to love him, would not *He* also love him with his own infinite heart?

The thought was overwhelming. He sank down on the grass and tried to pray, but could only weep. His tears were gentler and less scalding now. The child knelt by him and clasped her little hands and lisped her prayers—those which she said at her mother's knee at night. And when she had finished them, she began in other words, which her own heart prompted, to entreat God's blessing on the man who knelt beside her. Her voice was very low at first, but grew stronger

as she went on, until his ear began to catch its pure and earnest accents, and he listened to them as to an angel's tones. He murmured after her the simple words, and thus they prayed. That soul so sad and penitent seemed borne up on the child's petitions to the Mercy Seat—seemed to gain faith and hope from the guileless presence in which it bowed, and to learn from her the way of life. He arose with new resolutions and new prospects—a new man.

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A year has passed. Another cottage may now be seen a few rods from the one we have described. Another farm has begun its inroads upon the wilderness. Who dwell in that new home we need not tell. And what humble, happy hearts are there, and what blessings are invoked on little Kate, as she trips along the grassy lane which separates the cottages, we need not stop to tell.

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ORIGINAL.

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

Out by thy pure and gentle light I've strayed,  
 Luna, mild cheerer of Night's sullen hours,  
 And many a scene of love and joy have laid  
 Amidst thy silver lakes and fairy bowers :

For I have borne, on fancy's truant wing,  
 The loved whom earth once tenanted, away  
 To dwell with thee, among the joys that spring  
 From an unclouded and unfading day :

And I have longed to break the ties that bind  
 And chafe my spirit, panting to be free,  
 And soaring on some fleecy cloud, to find  
 Myself enfranchised, and at home with thee !

ORIGINAL.

## OUR SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. HARRIET S. HANDY.

On our path there is dancing  
A joyous sunbeam :  
O'er our hearts ever glancing  
Its own sunny gleam.  
It giveth new lightness  
To life's darker hours,  
It addeth new brightness  
To life's fairest flowers.

It cometh in gladness  
To bless and to cheer ;  
It wileth of sadness,  
It drieth each tear ;  
With a holier tie  
It bindeth to earth,  
Yet pointeth on High  
As the home of its birth.

Oh ! a gladness it bringeth  
Like Heaven's own light,  
And its sunshine it flingeth  
As joyous and bright,—  
Our spirits it filleth  
With meekness and prayer,  
And each murmuring stilleth  
By its presence so fair :

It giveth revealings  
All holy and pure,  
And the fountain of feeling  
It openeth, is sure.  
Oh ! a well-spring of hope  
And a Sunbeam of joy,  
To our heart and our path,  
Is our bright Baby-Boy !

ORIGINAL.

## THE THEATRE.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

WE find in our day, an increasing fondness for theatrical amusements, the stage and the exciting scenes of the drama. It would seem that the "Park," and the "Bowery," and others less prominent and imposing, are not sufficient to accommodate those who are disposed to crowd such places of amusement. Hence beautiful and costly edifices must be demolished on the great thoroughfare of our proud metropolis, to make way for this aggressive spirit of the age. Theatres must be built, though the cries of distress are unheeded from abroad, and multitudes perish with hunger beneath the shadows of our own dwellings. All the great and precious interests of humanity and religion, must be sacrificed when placed in competition with this species of pleasure. Churches may languish for the want of the necessary support, but temples consecrated to the god of Sensuality must be sustained. Now we have no desire to raise a crusade against the means of rational enjoyment. We are no ascetics—no enemies to any kind of amusement which leaves the moral feelings untainted and the heart sound. But is such the tendency of the drama? Is the stage, as now conducted, a safe and rational mode of enjoyment? Ought the Theatre to be sustained as a means of public amusement? These inquiries ought certainly to arrest the attention of the philosopher, the moralist, the good citizen. If the Theatre is all that its patrons and votaries assert, if it is a source of high literary gratification, a useful school of morality, a means of awakening the noble, the generous, the sympathizing in man, then let us lay aside our conscientious scruples, and become its warm and admiring supporters.

Let us candidly examine its claims.

It is asserted that the Theatre is a source of high literary gratification.

That the ancient drama was, to some extent, a repository.

of learning and of fine taste—a vehicle of poetic genius and lofty eloquence, and consequently a source of literary refinement and pleasure, cannot perhaps be doubted. *Æschylus*, the Athenian, was as poetic and beautiful in his dramatic compositions, as he was brave and heroic on the plains of Marathon. *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, his successors, did much to purify the language of their times, gave some fine specimens of poetry and eloquence, struck out some beautiful maxims of moral and political wisdom, and shed an attractive halo around the Grecian Stage. A few of our modern tragedians have acquired, by the force of their genius, a high and widespread reputation. Some of *Shakspeare's* plays are magnificent—they are above all praise. He delineates human character with a masterly hand, and often plays upon the cords of the heart as upon a lyre. Yet he was a creature of impulse, and wrote without restraint, scattering beauties and moral defects in wild, irregular profusion around him. *Garrick*, always true to nature, had the most perfect control of his audience, kindling them to rapture, or exciting them to frenzy, as he drew in vivid contrast the charms of virtue or the odiousness of vice. He rendered the stage attractive, and thrilled his hearers with the most intense excitement, as he entered most fully into the spirit of a tale or a tragedy. He was truly a wonderful man, but had he chosen another profession, his name would have gone down to posterity embalmed in more hallowed associations. *Mrs. Siddons* maintained her purity amid all the corruptions of the English drama, and shed a soft and mellow light around scenes of hallowed love and domestic tenderness. But with all these exceptions, and many more, what is the modern Theatre but the hot-bed of vice, the sepulchre of virtue—the grave of the noblest feelings that ever glowed in the heart of man? Are those who throng these gateways of death, such as seek high literary gratification, or such as are capable of appreciating the finest dramatic compositions even if provided for them? Are not those exhibitions which appeal most directly to the senses, and awaken the baser passions, love, jealousy, and revenge, the most popular, and are they not more coveted than the loftiest and purest productions of *Shakspeare*? The truth is, any thing in the form

of a play will be extolled, provided it be stimulating, however low its literary character, or immoral its tendency. And could the feelings of those who seek this species of pleasure be analyzed, it would be found, that not intellectual gratification is their object, but amusement, and the more light, exhilarating, and useless, the better. And could the *effect* be witnessed, it would be seen, not to awaken a love for the chaste, the beautiful, and the true, but a passion for the startling, the strained, the unnatural. Maturin is relished rather than Milton, Byron rather than Cowper, Shelley more than Wordsworth. The loftier forms of composition, both in prose and poetry, are laid aside—a false standard of literary merit is erected, and the mind is left to float in that shadowy region, in that world of imagination, where nothing is solid, nor sure, nor safe. If such be the effect of theatrical amusements, surely they cannot be defended, and ought not to be sustained as means of intellectual refinement or pleasure.

But it is contended, that the Theatre is a useful school of morality.

We do not now institute an inquiry, what the Theatre might be, if divested of all that is offensive to a pure taste and a sound morality. But who can point out the period, when it was in a state of even tolerable purity; when the majority of its pieces, of its doctrines, precepts, maxims, characters, accompanying circumstances and effects, were substantially good and commendable? To talk of possibilities in a matter of such vast importance, without producing facts, after an experiment of more than two thousand years, is strange indeed! Has the Theatre been productive of good? Has it elevated man's views of truth, of purity, of heaven? Has it shed light upon the various relations and duties of life? Has it taught men more wisely to live, or more safely to die? We will not here refer to the frequent wreck of character and hope; to facts palpable and undeniable, proving its fearful and immoral tendency. Admit, if you please, that the Theatre exhibits much that is truly amiable and lovely in human character and conduct, that the highest forms of truth are often presented, and that the noblest specimens of courage and constancy mingle in scenes of dramatic representation; yet who does not

know that it is this unhallowed association of virtue with vice, that gives to temptation its tremendous power? Satan often transforms himself into an angel of light, and sheds a deceptive radiance around the path of his victim. He adroitly conceals his design—the *end in view*, and makes the intervening passage appear like one extended and beautiful lawn, all verdure to the eye, all velvet to the foot. Thus by a refined stroke of policy, the “father of lies” throws us off our guard, and avails himself of the powers and sympathies of our nature. He lays the arts and sciences under contribution, and enlists the creations of painting and sculpture, the dreams of romance, the charms of music, poetry, and eloquence, in his efforts to delude and destroy. Were the Theatre unmixed evil, were this its avowed aim and tendency, it would be condemned by the innate moral sense even of the most abandoned. The truth is, in dramatic scenes, the moral evil is drawn out into such dimensions, and receives so much of interest from nobler qualities, that the auditor is caught in a toil which he had not anticipated, and the foundations of his virtue are sapped ere he is aware. The barriers of moral restraint being gradually swept away, he scorns to be confined within the bounds of virtuous life, and when opportunity tempts, his love becomes romantic, his resentment dreadful, his ambition, Roman. Were every individual, who is but tolerably informed of the effects of the Theatre, to publish to the world the facts which have fallen under his own observation, what a scene would shock the imagination and agonize the heart! Even those who regard the opponents of the stage as enemies of the happiness of mankind, could hardly fail to heave a sigh at the dark and dismal shadows which mingle thus in the picture of their favorite recreation. We have known numbers who have come to this city, youthful, virtuous and happy, the hope of their friends, the pride of their kindred, but unfortunately they have been tempted to the Theatre, and from the Theatre to the gambling-table, and from the gambling-table to the brothel, and we have seen all their once bright and beautiful prospects shrouded by a most fearful moral eclipse.

L. of C.

ORIGINAL.

## THE IMMIGRANT'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. H. B. SMITH.

A moment before, there met his eye  
The cold gray clouds of an April sky,  
And the chilling winds, the driving sleet,  
On that foreign shore his footsteps meet.

The careless glance, and the chilling tone,  
Fell on his shrinking heart alone,  
Still, still on his ear, all harshly rung  
The accents of a foreign tongue.

But he touched the keys—the notes that fell  
Were sounds his boyhood knew full well ;  
Their old familiar accents bear,  
To other scenes, the wanderer.

And softly through the linden trees,  
Stealeth the summer evening breeze.  
And dancing feet, and sparkling eyes,  
Flit through that summer paradise.

And by his side, all low and sweet,  
Soft sister voices in chorus meet—  
While the night bird stills its own sweet lays,  
To list their evening song of praise

'Tis but a dream—and his cheek grows pale  
As by him sweeps the shivering gale,  
And he knows he ne'er but in dreams may see  
The home where his sad heart yearns to be.



ORIGINAL.

## THE TWELFTH BIRTH-DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

ERICH, the son of pious and affectionate parents, kept his twelfth birth-day in the early autumn. His parents had given him many handsome presents, and permitted him to invite a number of his friends to visit him.

They played together in the spacious garden, in a corner of which Erich had a little garden of his own, planted with flowers and fruit trees. A few young peach trees stood by the garden wall, bearing their first fruit. They were just beginning to ripen, and their ruddy sides shone already through the down which covered them. The tempting sight excited the longing appetite of the boys.

But Erich said: "My father has forbidden me to touch these peaches. They are the first fruit of the young trees; besides, I have my own garden, filled with all kinds of fruit. Let us go away; they are too tempting."

The boys then said: "What is there to hinder us from tasting them? You, and no one else, are master of the garden to-day. Is it not your birth-day, and are you not another year older? You would not always be a child, would you, and be kept in leading strings? Only come into our gardens! There is no one there to prevent us." Thus spake the boys.

But Erich said: "Ah, no! come with me; my father has forbidden it." Then the boys answered: "Your father does not see it; how will he find it out? and if he asks, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie!" answered Erich—"then I must lie, and the blush of shame upon my cheeks would soon betray me."

Then the eldest boy said: "Erich is right. Listen! I have another plan. Look, Erich, we will pluck them, and then you can declare that it was not you who did it." Erich and the other boys agreed to this, and they plucked the fruit and ate of it.

Now, when twilight came, the children went to their homes. But Erich still remained in the garden, for he feared to look his father in the face, and when he heard the door of the house opened, he started, and he was afraid in the gloomy twilight.

Then his father came, and when Erich heard his step, he ran quickly to the other side of the garden, where his own garden lay. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped of their fruit; he called to Erich—"Erich, my son, where art thou?" And when the boy heard his name, he was affrighted still more, and trembled.

But his father came to him, and said: "Is this the way thou dost keep thy birth-day? is this the way to thank me? to strip my young trees of their fruit!"

Erich answered and said: "I have not touched the trees, father! Perhaps one of the boys has done it."

His father then led him into the house, and placed Erich so that the light shone upon his face, and said to him: "How! wilt thou still deceive thy father?"

Then the boy grew pale and trembled, and confessed all to his father with tears and supplications.

But his father said: "Henceforth the garden shall be locked against thee."

With these words his father turned from him. But Erich could not sleep during the whole night; he was afraid of the darkness, he heard the beating of his heart, and when he fell into a slight slumber, he was startled out of it by dreams. It was the most unhappy night of his life.

On the following day, Erich looked pale and desponding, and his mother pitied the boy. Therefore she said to his father—"See, Erich mourns and is very sad, and the locked garden is an emblem to him of his father's heart, which is closed against him."

The father answered: "It is right that he should mourn, and it is for this reason that I have locked the garden."

"Alas," said the mother, "why should he begin a new year of his life so sadly?"

"That it may be a happy year to him," answer the father.

After some days, the mother spoke again to the father: "Alas, I fear, Erich may doubt our love!"

"No," replied the father, "his conscience will teach him otherwise. He has enjoyed our love always until now. Let him now learn to value it, that he may strive to gain it anew."

"But will it not appear to him in too serious a guise?" said the mother.

"Yes, in truth," answered the father, "in the guise of justice and of wisdom. But thus, in the consciousness of his guilt, he will learn to honor and revere it. It will then, in time, appear to him in its original shape, and he will without fear call it love again; his present grief assures me that he will do this."

Some days had passed again, when Erich came one morning from his chamber with a calm and cheerful face. He had laid all the gifts which he had received from his parents together in a basket, and now brought it, and placed it before his father and mother.

The father said: "What wouldst thou, Erich?" And the boy said: "I am not worthy of the gifts and love of my parents, therefore I restore the gifts which I have not deserved. But my heart tells me that henceforth I shall live a new life. Oh, forgive me then, and accept as an offering all that I have received from your love!"

Then the father clasped the boy in his arms, and kissed him and wept over him. And his mother did so likewise.

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### BITTER EXPERIENCE.

How often, in this cold and bitter world,  
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!  
Cold, careless are we of another's grief;  
We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness;  
Harsh judging, narrow minded, stern and chill,  
In measuring every action but our own.  
There are who never knew one generous thought:  
Whose heart-pulse never quickened with the joy  
Of kind endeavor, or sweet sympathy.  
There are too many such!

L. E. LONDON

ORIGINAL.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

——— "We paint love as a child,  
When he should sit, a giant on his cloud,  
The great disturbing spirit of the world."—CHOLY.

WOMAN has too long been the victim of mental and moral empiricism, and the sad consequences of this treatment, are visible in the false maxims and dangerous sentiments everywhere prevalent in reference to her interests, her capabilities, and her duties. Among these false sentiments, there are none more pernicious, than those which represent love and marriage not only as essential to the happiness of our sex, but in reality, the only end and aim of our existence. The following remarks, quoted from a fine writer, will illustrate our meaning:—"Love is in reality, the essence of woman's being, and the highest and holiest among her capabilities." "Love is woman's all, her wealth, her power, her very being; she centres all in that one feeling, and in that she lives, or else she has no life." By love here is meant, of course, the peculiar affection existing between the sexes, called *par excellence*, the "tender passion." Is it true, then, that love in this sense, constitutes "the essence of woman's being," that, without which, "she has no life?" Strange consequences would follow this admission.

A large and highly respectable class of women have always been found, who for various reasons, lead a life of single blessedness. Some, perhaps, have never known the passion of love in its full strength—some have been severed from the object of their affection by death, and others by a trial still more severe, have found the beloved one false and unworthy. In all these cases, the result is the same, "Love's young dream" is gone for ever, and the stern realities of life are to be encountered without a protector and guide. By the sentiment we

have quoted, this large class of single women are summarily blotted out of existence. They may continue to vegetate, but cannot be said to live. True, they are social beings still—full of generous emotions and gushing sympathies, and bound by a thousand ties to the great family of mankind; and surrounded by numerous channels in which benevolent feeling and action may expend itself. True, they are intellectual and moral beings still, gifted with noble powers, and allied to angels and to God by a nature capable of unlimited expansion and progression through the endless ages of eternity. But what avails all this, to those who in outliving the heart's first love, have lost "the essence of their being, the very life of life?" Alas for such women as Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau, and we may add, alas for some of our own most gifted and beloved countrywomen, if this proposition be correct! One thing must, however, be conceded by all—that though *dead*, these ladies have done more for society than very many who are *living* in the full enjoyment of happy, and requited affection.

We have referred to Hannah More. For the sake of our youthful readers, we will look at her case a little more in detail.

In early life, her affections were sought and won, by a gentleman whose character and standing in society promised her a settlement in life every way unexceptionable. From what we know of Miss More, we cannot doubt that she truly loved him, for the matter went so far, that the preparations for the marriage were all concluded. From some cause not stated by her biographer, the gentleman at that late hour broke off the negotiation, and declined fulfilling his engagement. Those of our youthful readers who have imbibed the sentiment we are opposing, will consider it the duty of the lady in such a case, to die of a broken heart—or if this is impossible, at least to wear the willow, and ever after to languish in interesting melancholy. Truth obliges us to say, Miss More did neither. Whatever she may at the time have felt, she gave way to no feelings of gloom or sadness, but addressed herself with sober earnestness to the every-day duties of life. Her four sisters, all of them single women, had charge of a seminary for young

ladies, and until she devoted herself entirely to literary pursuits, Miss More was their able assistant. Possessed of an enlarged and highly cultivated mind, a brilliant imagination, a refined taste, and a heart alive to every noble and generous emotion, she soon became an authoress, and her earliest works were received by the literary public with an enthusiasm never before elicited by the first productions of an unknown aspirant for fame. While still a young woman, she took her place among the literati of the land, the friend and associate of such men as Garrick, and Reynolds, and Burke, and Johnson, and of such women as Miss Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Delany, and Mrs. Montagu. At this time she was a stranger to vital godliness, but a few short years sufficed to show her the emptiness and vanity of earthly fame and earthly pleasures, and she turned from them to seek a more durable portion in the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. From that period, this admirable woman, though *in* the great and fashionable world, was not *of* it. She preserved her simplicity of heart, and singleness of purpose, in the midst of fascinations and allurements such as we, in this different state of society, can hardly conceive. The honored and cherished guest of nobility, and even of royalty—the idol of the great and the gay, who read her works and admired her example, though they would not imitate it—she was at the same time, the sympathizing friend, the venerated counsellor and guide of the poor and afflicted among whom she lived, and to whom she was indeed a guardian angel. While her larger works, though full of unwelcome truths, were hailed with delight in the circles of fashion, and were to be found in every drawing room and boudoir in the land, her “Cheap Repository Tracts” were equally welcome at the fireside of the humble cottager, and performed a work of love there which angels might have coveted. During the whole of a long life she was constantly employed in doing good by her conversation, her example, her personal labors, her purse and her pen, and died at the advanced age of eighty, beloved and lamented by all ranks, from the prince to the humblest peasant. And yet Miss More was what is termed “an old maid,” and after her disappointment in youth, probably never felt the passion of love again. Had she no exist-

ence separate from that of the "affections," in this peculiar sense?

Let no one imagine, from what we have said, that we wish to depreciate the passion of love, or the holy relations to which it gives rise. Far from it. He who made the race, and knew best what would conduce to our happiness, instituted the domestic relations, and implanted in our nature the desire of loving and being beloved. There can be no doubt that married life, where there is a union of hearts, and congeniality of temper and sentiment, is productive of a greater amount of happiness, than celibacy can boast. Let our daughters be taught this, and let them be taught to look forward with rational hopes and expectations to this most important and interesting relation. But in the name of all that is valuable in this world and the next, let them be made to feel that love and marriage are not *essential* to their respectability, usefulness, or comfort. Thousands, from the dread of being called "old maids," have rushed into an ill-assorted union, and thus entailed upon themselves wretchedness for life. We who are mothers, owe it to our daughters, to save them, if possible, from a fate like this. Let us teach them that as members of the human family, and creatures of God, there are duties which they owe to themselves, to society, and to Him who died for them, entirely independent of courtship, love, or marriage. Let their minds be fortified and strengthened by sound and practical views of life, instead of being enervated by false sentiment. Above all, let us never rest satisfied until we have the assurance that they are under the guidance of religious principle, and can say from the heart, "Whatever my Father appoints for me, is best." Then should they feel the anguish of disappointed affection, (from which maternal love and vigilance cannot always save them,) they will still be in possession of rich resources,—and while passing alone through the world, may diffuse blessings around them, and find in the various social and domestic relations they sustain, ample exercise for every power and faculty of mind and body with which God has endowed them.

## SABBATH-DAY POINT—LAKE GEORGE.

• See Engraving

THIS singularly beautiful Lake was called, by the Indians Lake Horican, and is still known to the Catholics as Lake Sacrament, probably from the remarkable purity and transparency of its waters, which are carried by them to great distances for consecrated purposes. Its secluded situation, far aside from the great thoroughfares of travel, has assisted to preserve its sacredness of character. The following beautiful description of Lake George, is taken from Willis' *Illustrations of American Scenery*:

"Loch Katrine, at the Trosachs, is a miniature likeness of Lake George. It is the only lake in Europe that has the same style or degree of beauty. The small green islands with their abrupt shores—the emerald depths of the water, overshadowed and tinted by the tenderest moss and foliage—the lofty mountains in the background—and the tranquil character of the lake, over which the wind is arrested and rendered powerless by the peaks of the hills, and the lofty island summits, are all points of singular resemblance. Loch Katrine can scarce be called picturesque however, except at the Trosachs—while Lake George, throughout all the mazes of its three hundred and sixty-five islands, (there are said to be just that number,) preserves the same wild and racy character of beauty. Varying in size from a mile in length, to the circumference of a teatable, these little islets present the most multiplied changes of surface and aspect—upon some only moss and flowers, upon others a miniature forest, with its outer trees leaning over to the pellucid bosom of the lake, as if drawn downwards by the reflection of their own luxuriant beauty."

The scene before us, in the beautiful plate we give our readers this month, presents one of the loveliest views of this lovely lake. It is about twenty-five miles from the head of the lake, and received its name from Lord Amherst, who landed there with his suite to breakfast on a Sabbath morning.







M. C. B. 1850

W. B. B. 1850



1. *Aquilegia Canadensis*. 2. *Borago Officinalis*.

Drawn for the Ladies' Wreath.



ORIGINAL.

## THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

*'There's strength deep bedded in our hearts, of which,  
We reck but little, till the shaft has pierc'd  
Its fragile dwelling—must not earth be rent,  
Before her gems are found!'*

THE little village of Mapleville is one of the greenest and loveliest nooks to be found even in the old Bay State, where charming scenery abounds; and when it rejoiced in the name of Bigelow Hollow, it was one of the most retired and quiet spots imaginable. But the great man of the place, Jonas Bigelow, Esq., discovered that the sparkling brook with its tiny cascade, was good for something beside looking at—and forthwith two factories and a mill took the place of the beautiful maple grove which from time immemorial had been sacred to love-making and Fourth of July pic-nics. All the young people were indignant at this Vandalism, as Miss Julia Bigelow termed it, but as they soon found that what the village had lost in beauty, was more than made up in pecuniary profits, they ceased to murmur, and Miss Julia begged her papa to give the thriving little settlement a new name, which, in honor of the lost grove, she proposed to call Mapleville. The name was adopted accordingly, and declared by all the sentimental young ladies to be one of the sweetest in the world. About the factories, all was bustling enterprise and improvement, but across the little bridge, a shady and pleasant street extended, nearly half a mile in length, in which the sound of the hammer was rarely heard, and all things retained the same quiet appearance they had always worn. Here, beneath the shade of a magnificent elm, stood the modest school-house, in which for many years, the village children had been initiated into the mysterious elements of science. Here, in days gone by, the despots of an hour, "clothed in a little brief authority," had

ruled over their trembling subjects by the strong hand, and the threatening rod. But this was a tale of the past, for the present generation of scholars had known only the gentle sway of one who governed and guided them by the unseen, but resistless force of love. Miss Lucy Grant, or as she was always termed, the "school ma'am," had taught in Mapleville for ten successive years, and not one inhabitant of the village, not even excepting the good Dominie himself, was more universally respected and beloved. She was no longer young, for the abundant hair that was once dark and glossy as the raven's wing, was now threaded with silver, but there was still an indescribable charm in the low broad forehead with its delicately-pencilled eye-brows, the dark gray eyes, shaded by long silken fringes, and the classical contour of those noble features, which made the beholder feel that she was no ordinary woman. Her dress was always plain, but scrupulously neat and well arranged, and if something of maiden precision might be traced in the purely white satin bows that adorned her becoming Dunstable, nothing of it was visible in her lady-like deportment and intelligent conversation. Three beautiful children, a boy of five, and two girls of eight and ten, were the only inmates of her little establishment, which was the most perfect bird's nest ever witnessed. Every kind of rare and fragrant shrub and plant was there collected, for Miss Lucy had a passion for flowers which her friends loved to gratify, and it was really delightful to see her, after school was over, visiting every part of her small, but beautiful domain, and with the tenderest care, ministering to the wants of her inanimate dependants, while the happy children to whom she was in all things a mother, sported by her side, or playfully contended for the honor of waiting upon the beloved "Aunt Lucy," whose lightest wish was to them a law. Could any one have imagined, who looked on her at such times, that this gentle being, who seemed always surrounded with an atmosphere of softened sunshine, was carrying to her grave, a heart blighted in the sweet spring-time of its affections, and closed for ever to every source of merely personal gratification and happiness? Yet such was the fact, and the few who knew her early history, well knew, that but for the trust in God, and the benevolent

interest in others, which formed a part of her very nature, the village schoolmistress would long since have sunk under the pressure of a sorrow, which time alone could never alleviate.

Lucy Grant was the only child of an excellent clergyman in a small town of New England, who, to eke out a scanty income, was in the habit of taking pupils into his house, to prepare them for entrance on their collegiate career. Gifted by nature with an intellect of the highest order, carefully cultivated from her earliest childhood, and possessing uncommon powers of application, it was not strange that the proficiency of the young girl far exceeded that of her companions, who as the sons of wealthy families, had never been made to feel the necessity of tasking all their energies in the acquisition of knowledge. It was a beautiful sight, that fair and delicate girl, seated on a low bench at her father's feet, with her little hand nestling in his, and her sparkling eyes raised to his face, solving some difficult problem in mathematics, or unravelling a knotty point in metaphysics, and anon, assisting her mother in household employments, with the skill and lightness of a fairy, or running a race with Carlo, in quest of violets and buttercups, while her baffled competitors in the school-room were still poring over an unrecited lesson. There was one among them, however, who fairly kept pace with Lucy, and this, not only in the paths of knowledge, but also in the facility with which she won golden opinions from all who knew her. In truth, Robert Melville was a noble boy, and would have made, under right maternal influences, an ornament to society. Unfortunately, however, his father, who was one of the merchant princes of B., devoted himself entirely to business, leaving the sole management of their only son, to his wife, a proud and fashionable woman, anxious mainly that her boy should become a leader in the exclusive circle that formed her world. She had once visited him at Mr. Grant's house, where she professed herself delighted with all she saw, and enchanted with the grace and beauty of the youthful Lucy; but had she dreamed that Robert really felt, what she only said—that his heart was already in the keeping of the clergyman's daughter, her scorn and indignation would have known no bounds. She saw it not, however, for though dearer to him than light

and life, his attentions to Lucy were only those of a brother, and on her part, the young girl was too guileless, too ignorant of his feelings or her own, to read his cherished secret. It was not until he was about leaving for college, that her eyes were opened, and in learning from his own lips, how long and ardently he had loved her, she found that all unconsciously, her own affections, in their young freshness, had been given to him, and that he was now more to her than aught on earth beside. He was sanguine in his expectations of future happiness, for the parents who loved him so well, could not refuse the dearest wish of his heart, and they would in time love his sweet Lucy almost as well as himself. Poor child ! she knew nothing of the ways of the world, and imagining that one so good as her father could have no superiors, thought nothing of her want of wealth as an obstacle to her happiness. She was too right-minded, however, to suffer her parents to remain in ignorance of her bright prospects, and her father, who in devotion to his duties and his books, was nearly as child-like as herself, only exacted from the lover, a promise that while in college, he would not attempt to correspond with Lucy, but wait until he could assure her of the sanction of his parents, to their engagement. Secure in mutual love and confidence, they willingly acceded to this request, and for the ensuing three years, a short, but delightful visit at the parsonage during his vacations, was all the intercourse that existed between them. But this was sufficient for "the food of love," and when Robert Melville left college with the highest honors of his class, his first thought was of Lucy Grant, and the sight of that sweet face, on which smiles and tears were contending for the mastery, well repaid him for all the pangs of absence. Before he left the home of his Lucy, he visited with her, a sequestered dell, which was one of the favorite haunts of their childhood, and there, with sweet memories of the past, all about them, their faith was solemnly plighted, and sealed by an exchange of rings, to be worn until death dissolved the engagement into which they had entered.

In a few weeks, Robert Melville was to return, with the parental sanction to his addresses, and hope whispered that all the bright visions so long indulged, would then be realized.



Lucy Grant was never happier than during those hours of blissful anticipation. The long ordeal was past—her lover was still true, still her own, and was he not in mind and person, one of whom a maiden might well be proud? Her beloved parents, too—what a home of peace and joy it would be her privilege to provide for them in the evening of life, after all their toils and sacrifices for others! It was with a heart full of such reflections as these, that she returned from a visit of mercy one evening, (for Lucy Grant was never selfish even in her happiness,) and found to her surprise, a carriage standing at the gate of the parsonage. On entering the parlor, a lady rose to meet her, in whom she recognised at once, the mother of her beloved Robert. But no answering smile of recognition softened those haughty features—no ray of love or pity lighted the stern countenance on which she gazed. Trembling and motionless, she stood like a statue, until the proud lady pointed to a seat, when she mechanically obeyed, still unable to utter a single syllable. It seemed as though that Gorgon glance were converting her into stone, and it was almost a relief when at last the silence was broken, and a torrent of reproaches poured on the defenceless girl, by the mother of her lover, who declared that she would sooner see him laid in the grave, than married to one so far beneath him, and that the curse of his parents would attend him, unless the engagement were given up at once and for ever. She accused Lucy of meanly stealing into a family above her own, and of drawing her son into an alliance he would never voluntarily have sought. This taunt aroused the poor girl, who had listened hitherto in silence. "You are mistaken, madam," she said with simple dignity, "in supposing that this engagement was sought by me. I only consented to it at the earnest entreaties of one, whom, before I was old enough to know the meaning of the word, I loved with my whole heart. That love has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, for why should I hesitate to own to you, what I have already acknowledged to him? I am solemnly pledged to become his wife, and never, until he demands it himself, shall my troth be broken. But though I cannot consent to perjure myself, neither will I voluntarily enter your family as an intruder, and if Rob-

ert"—her voice faltered for a moment, but recovering herself, she proceeded—"if Robert repents of what he has done, let him say it to me himself, and he is free as air."

Her cruel visitor saw the extreme agitation poor Lucy tried in vain to conceal, but she was only the more confirmed in her purpose of completing the work she had undertaken. "You will soon hear from the lips of my son," she said, as she rose to depart, "that he is heartily sorry for his rash engagement, and only desirous of terminating it as speedily as possible." So saying, without even a parting salutation, she swept from the house, leaving her victim stunned by the terrible blow that had fallen so suddenly upon her. Through the hours of that long night, she had only a confused sense of having passed through some scene of horror, which had almost deprived her of reason, but with morning light came calmer thoughts, and she was enabled to take a clearer view of her trying situation. Not for one moment did she doubt the honor of her lover. Oh no—they might be compelled to separate, but she knew that the stroke which must break her heart, would pierce his to its very centre. There was consolation even in this thought, and deeply did she need it, for her parents were absent from home, and in this hour of agony, she had no earthly arm on which to lean for support.

A few days only had elapsed, though to Lucy they seemed months of anguish, when she was summoned from her room to meet a stranger, who after saluting her kindly and respectfully, announced himself as the elder Mr. Melville. He had come, he said, in place of his son, who was prevented by illness from waiting on Miss Grant, to return the ring once received from her, and to request on her part, a dissolution of the engagement into which he had so hastily entered.

"Does Robert himself request this?" was all poor Lucy could utter; but in a tone of such heart-felt anguish, that the man of the world was startled from his propriety, and answered hurriedly—"Of course it is his own proposition, for however strongly we may feel on the subject, we should use no constraint. I ought perhaps to add, that we have long had in view, a union for Robert, which is in every respect a most advantageous one, and that he is prepared to accede to our wishes."

Despair gave Lucy courage. "Does your son love this lady?" she asked with a touching pathos of look and tone which might have melted a heart of stone, "for oh, Sir, if he does not, her wealth will be dearly purchased with the happiness of his whole life. For myself, it is little matter what I may feel, but do not, I entreat you, doom your noble son to certain wretchedness, by forcing him to marry where he does not love."

The only reply to this appeal was the cold remark, that the happiness of the son was dear to his parents, who could alone judge what would best promote it. With a calmness which was mistaken for want of feeling, Lucy gave to the father of her betrothed, the ring and letters received from him so recently, and pronounced him free from all obligation to her, so far as her consent could release him. When at last, the torturing interview was over, and she found herself once more alone, her over-tasked energies gave way, and she sank half-fainting by her father's chair, where, burying her head in its cushions, she groaned aloud in anguish of spirit, until tears came to her relief, and she wept bitterly, as those only weep, who have seen the light of earth depart, ere yet the sunshine of heaven has beamed upon their darkened pathway.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, they found Lucy on a sick bed, from which she did not rise for many anxious weeks—and when at length she returned to the duties of life, it was with a settled paleness on her cheek, and a calm sadness in those soft, dark eyes, that told—

"Of joys departed, never to return."

But Lucy Grant did not yield to the indulgence of a selfish sorrow. She was still a loving, watchful daughter, an affectionate friend, and a ministering angel to the children of want and sorrow. In little more than a year after her first trial, her venerable father died suddenly of paralysis, and Lucy, to whom a distant relative had left a legacy of some hundreds, removed with her aged and infirm mother to Mapleville, where she purchased a small cottage, and devoted herself to the work of doing good. She was naturally fond of children, and possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of imparting knowledge, so that when the trustees of the village school waited on her

with a formal request that she would take the office of schoolmistress, she dared not refuse.

Thus loving and beloved, calm, if not happy, in the consciousness of peace with God and good will toward men, Lucy Grant became what is termed "an old maid," without one shudder of dread, or one sigh of discontent. Her mother had died, blessing with her last breath, the dutiful daughter, whose filial piety had smoothed her passage to the tomb; but though lonely, Lucy was never sad, for the peace of heaven had descended into her stricken heart, soothing its anguish, and healing its wounds.

The career of Robert Melville was widely different. He loved Lucy with all the fervor of a first, and well-placed affection, and when he left her, hastened to his home, with sanguine expectations of success in his suit. He was totally unprepared, therefore, for the storm which burst upon his head, when he made known to his parents his affection for Lucy, and their recent engagement. The proud and violent mother was almost beside herself with anger, and his father, though more guarded in his expressions, was equally resolved. Nothing, they assured him, could ever induce them to receive as a daughter one so far beneath them in wealth and station, and not only poverty, but a parent's curse would be his portion, should he persist in his present purpose. For some time Robert was unmoved, by threats or entreaties, and declared his fixed determination not to forsake the lovely being whose heart he had won, and whose only crime was the want of that wealth which it would be his pride to bestow upon her. But though naturally generous and noble, Robert Melville was destitute of fixed moral principle. His impulses were usually right, but they were only impulses, and therefore liable to give way when temptation assailed him, or interest beckoned him aside. Had he possessed a Christian mother, whose earliest lessons had taught him a love for the right and the true, had he learned in childhood to reverence and obey the commands of God, how different would have been his conduct and his fate! But under a perverted maternal influence, the seeds of selfishness and pride were sown in the nursery, and they produced a fearful harvest in after years.

While he was hesitating what course to pursue, he met with an accident which for some time confined him to his room, and it was then, that weakly yielding to the artful tears and entreaties of his mother, and the commands of his father, he sanctioned the visit of the latter to her whom he had so cruelly betrayed. This first step taken, it was not difficult to persuade him to give his hand to a rich southern heiress, whose sentiments in his favor had long been known to his friends. But he was from that time a ruined and desperate man. Entirely destitute of affection for the woman he had made his wife, he sought happiness away from his home, and in the fashionable amusements of the day, his fortune and that of his wife, rapidly disappeared. He had gone South soon after his marriage, and his parents, who visited him there, perished in the wreck of the *Pulaski*, on their return, leaving him a princely fortune, which in the course of a few years was all spent at the gaming-table, or squandered by the thoughtless extravagance of his wife. Lucy Grant heard of the death of Mrs. Melville, who fell a victim to yellow-fever during a visit at Havana—but the intelligence hardly quickened one pulsation of her heart, for he was no longer the Robert Melville whom she had loved, and whom her youthful fancy had invested with every perfection of humanity. But some six months after the death of her mother, the deep fountains of feeling were stirred within her, by the reception of a letter from her former lover, written in a hand almost illegible. It ran thus—"I am dying, Lucy, or I should not presume to write you, but angel as you are, I know you will now forgive me, and if possible grant my last request. I have been a reckless and desperate man—may heaven forgive those whose pride made me so—but they have gone to their account, and I will not reproach their memory. It were vain to say by what arts, while I lay on a bed of suffering, I was induced to become a perjured and worthless being, but you have been fully avenged, for from that hour I have never known peace. But enough of this—I am now dying, and I leave three helpless children, without parents, without money, for my fortune was long since spent, and without friends. Will you not, for my sake—(no—not mine, for you ought not to care for me now,) but for the sake of

unfriended innocence, be a mother to my children? They will be sent to the North after my death, by a worthy woman who has consented to take charge of them. I shall die happy, for my heart tells me you will love my orphan children."

There was a deeper shade of sadness on the brow of our gentle Lucy, after the receipt of this letter, but she prepared immediately to meet the orphans at B., from whence she soon returned, bringing to her home and heart, the children of him who had so deeply wronged her. The triumph of love was complete, and Lucy Grant was the honored benefactress of the dependent grandchildren of those who had despised and injured her. She seldom alludes to the past, but with a heart chastened by adversity, and meekly submissive to the will of her Heavenly Father, pursues the even tenor of her way, dignifying by her many virtues the humble office of the village schoolmistress.

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### "BLESSED ARE THE MEEK."

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE bishop Gregory Nazianzen was once pursued by his enemies with stones even to the altar of his church. Theodore, afterwards bishop of Tyane, expressing to him his sense of his composure on the occasion, Gregory replied, "Thou art in the right, but perhaps it would be best to set an example of patience, for most men are less moved by words than deeds. It is well that the wicked should be punished, if others will improve thereby, but it is still better and more god-like to endure;—the one restrains the godless, the other shames and converts them. Let us eagerly embrace such opportunities of subduing our enemies, and win them to the acknowledgment of the truth rather by the correction of their own consciences than by the experience of our revenge. Let us take heed to ourselves, that the devil do not overtake us, and suddenly deprive us of so great an advantage."

ORIGINAL.

## UNSEEN, YET NEAR US.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

"In loving hope, with her unseen,  
Walk as in hallowed air,  
When foes are strong and trials keen,  
Think, what if she be there."

LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

On! are they with us still,  
The loved, the parted, but the unforgot?  
Each silent chamber does their presence fill,  
Although we see them not?

Far in the spirit land,  
From earthly sorrow free, we deem them blest;  
Do they return, that silent, shadowy band,  
To watch o'er our unrest?

Leaving an angel's home,  
If here love's holy vigils still are kept—  
To soothe, to aid, to comfort, do they come,  
Those who too long have wept?

Ay, they are with us yet,  
Albeit we see not all their plumes of light;  
And o'er our path by day their watch is set,  
And o'er our rest by night.

They come to us in dreams—  
When the mind wanders uncontrolled and free;  
Upon our mental vision brightly gleams  
Love's sweetest phantasie.

An earthly form they wear,  
Our eyes were blinded, did the beauty bright  
Of heaven's celestial children, strangely fair,  
Beam on our dazzled sight.

Wherefore they ever come  
 With the same loving faces, from the dead,  
 The same kind voices which made glad our home,  
 The welcome, watched for, tread.

With the same gentle tones,  
 The eyes that beamed with pity, or with mirth,  
 So life-like come they—our departed ones,  
 We think them still of earth.

Hand claspeth hand again,  
 And lip meets lip—and fond arms twine us round;  
 Truth flies afar in Fancy's wild domain,  
 Deeming the lost are found.

Then wake we, but to find,  
 A *dream* hath given the lost ones to our view,  
 Heart-sick we turn us, and the morning wind  
 Murmurs their name anew:

Telling the while, that yet  
 They hover near us with their plumes of light;  
 And o'er our path by day their watch is set,  
 And o'er our rest by night.

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### REUNION WITH THE DEAD.

"Full oft the innocent sufferer sees  
 Too clearly—feels too vividly—and longs  
 To realize the vision with intense  
 And over-constant yearning: there—there lies  
 Th' excess by which the balance is destroyed.  
 All too contracted are these walls of flesh,  
 This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,  
 Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim,  
 For any passion of the soul that leads  
 To ecstasy; and all the crooked paths  
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its course  
 Along the line of limitless desires."

WORDSWORTH.



ORIGINAL.

## WYCOMO'S GRAVE:

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

BY CLEMENT F. BABB.

IN the close and crowded city, with hard dark pavements for the fresh green lawns, with tall red chimneys for the waving tree-tops, and the rumbling of wheels for the song of birds, how fondly goes the fancy forth to some far forest vale or mountain, which memory has enshrined! How rapid and how vivid is the flash of thought! Just now the eye was gazing listlessly down the long street, and on the strip of water which bounds it, and seems to hang there as the mirror of a spacious drawing-room—'tis but an instant, and now, the river and the street are gone—the outer senses are locked up, and the inner eye is gazing on a scene a thousand miles away. The woods are all around me. The wind is sweeping in low and gentle melody across its leafy lyre. The squirrels are bounding from branch to branch, while beneath, the bees are humming of their honey and their home. Each bird is singing its ancestral song; and yonder cat-bird in the alder bush, which has none of its own, mocks each of them by turns.

Upon that knoll there is a grave. A head-stone, without name or date, is all that marks the spot. Yet many tears have fallen on it, and many feet have trodden the grass around it in the days which are past. It is old Wycomo's grave. He wished to be buried here, away from the abodes and tombs of other men. And while in this quiet resting place, his form is crumbling back to dust, let us gather the fading incidents which tradition has preserved thus far—for the tongues which tell them now are few, and soon the last echoes of the simple story will die away amid the din of life.

When white men first penetrated beyond Lake Erie, Wycomo was a warrior. Many were the scalps which

adorned his lodge—some with the long soft hair of woman, and some with the curling locks of childhood. For Wycomó won his trophies not only in the open field, but in the surprise of the unarmed and defenceless, and in the conflagration of the frontier home. He saw that the pale faces were pressing steadily westward, and overrunning the land—that the red men were fading away before them—that the hunting grounds were becoming farms and cities—the trails were widening into highways, and his indignation burned and maddened to a fury beyond control. At length a portion of the territory of his own tribe is surrendered, and a band of pioneers are on their way to commence a settlement on the fertile banks of the Miami. Wycomó has watched their slow and guarded march all day, hovering unseen around them, creeping stealthily from tree to tree, or winding like a snake through the long grass. He has counted them and their arms—listened to their conversation—heard their doubts, their hopes, and their plans. When they encamp at night, he prowls around them still, hoping to find some thoughtless wanderer without the line of sentinels. But those hardy settlers know that they are in a strange and hostile land, and their caution disappoints his murderous purpose. More furious because foiled, Wycomó hastens to his tribe to report the strength and destination of the invaders. Their dark passions burst into a flame of hatred and revenge. An expedition to attack and exterminate the whites is at once resolved on, and they only wait for a favorable moment to accomplish safely and effectually their dread determination. This was early in the spring—and many a bright day through the ensuing summer, did Wycomó watch those devoted pioneers, as they felled the giant trees, built their rude log-houses, and commenced clearing and breaking up the deep soil of the plains: They always worked within sight of their homes, in companies and armed, so that an attack by day light would be extremely hazardous. But they have a palisade around their cluster of cottages, and their watch at night is not so strictly kept. He determines, therefore, that under the veil of darkness the assault shall be made, and examines all the approaches to the spot, that he may know just how and when to steal in with his warriors upon their sleeping victims.

While thus employed one day, he was startled by a voice on the other side of a log behind which he was creeping, and peering cautiously over it, he saw a child—a beautiful little girl, on whom perhaps her tenth summer was shining. She was kneeling by the log, with her hands clasped and her eyes turned up to the sky, while her low sweet voice was breathing a prayer to God. She asked her Heavenly Father to bless her and her parents—to take care of them and all their neighbors in those lonely woods—and then she prayed for the poor Indians, that He would give them kind and gentle hearts—would love them, and make them happy. Wycomó listened until he almost forgot that he was a warrior on a murderous errand. And though his purpose soon returned in all its strength, and hate and cunning glared from his eyes as he crept on, that scene had stolen to his heart, and nestled there, and could not be exorcised. It followed him back to the council fire—it went with him as he marched at the head of his braves through a midnight storm, for the settlement. He thought of it as he lay waiting for the signal whoop, to dash into the nearest home and butcher its quiet sleepers.

Hark! that yell, how shrill it sounds! A hundred answer it, and then what shrieks succeed! The surprise is complete, and dreadful is the slaughter.

The father has fallen beneath the tomahawk; the mother, as she clasps her infant to her breast, is seized by her long dishevelled hair, and butchered with the knife—the babe is dashed against the logs. A bright young boy has shared his father's fate. A daughter, in the dawn of womanhood, is the next victim. And now the last is grasped—it is a lovely girl. Why does the blood-thirsty reveller pause? His weapon falls, his furious eyes grow soft, he trembles as he looks upon that young sad face. It is the child who prayed for the Indians, and Wycomó, even in the heat and revelry of carnage, cannot slay her. He takes his five scalps and the girl whom he has made an orphan, fires the cabin, and joins his band. Each warrior has done the same. And as the blaze of thirty homes is flashing up into the sky, the victors raise a whoop of triumph, and dash upon their homeward trail. Wycomó bore little Lucy to his lodge, and treated her so kindly that at length

he calmed her fears, and won her confidence. The tragedy of that night she never could forget ; but the spirits of youth are elastic, and grief will seldom wear deep channels in the childish heart. He loved to talk with her, and asked her often about the God she prayed to—for every day he saw her steal out by herself and kneel down in some lonely place, and clasp her hands and raise her eyes just as when first he met her. She told him in her artless manner, that there was only one Great Spirit—that he was everywhere, and loved all men, no matter where their home, or what their color was. Wycomó could not think at first that the white men's God was his, and that he and they were brethren, and Lucy tried in a childish way to prove it to him. They were sitting in the forest. A thousand violets were bending their blue heads around them. She plucked one, and said: "Is not this pretty?" He assented. "What made it grow here? God. And now away off by the Connecticut, these little flowers grow just as they do here—the same God made them there. And my grandmother used to tell me, that across the ocean on the Avon's banks, where she was born, there were such violets every spring. Did not the same God make them too? Yes—and he made the white people in Old and in New England, and the red people in the West. He loves them all, and wants them to love each other." And then she raised her hand and pointed over the plain, which stretched away without a hill or tree, save here and there a gnarled burr-oak, as far as the eye could see. It was early June, and the level earth was richly carpeted with flowers, Nature's garden broad and beautiful—lychnidias, lupines, foxgloves, daisies, harebells, and many sisters of the wilderness were blooming there in a profusion—a richness of color and variety of form, which defies the pen, but which, when seen, enchants the heart. "Oh look at them! What do they grow there for? Why are they all so beautiful? Can the God who made them love cruel men—love those who hate, and hunt, and kill each other? And see those spotted fawns, which steal out from the woods to feed among the flowers! how mild they look! and how kindly the broad trees shade them from the sun! and how that little brook comes singing by, for them and the daisies both to drink at! Oh!

what a pretty world this is ! and how good and kind and happy we should be." Thus, with a chain of simple eloquence, she led that stern dark heart along, until he began to see a moral beauty in the teachings of her faith ; and often thought that he would gladly give all his scalps and deeds of prowess, to have a heart as gentle and as joyful as the child's. We talk of power as if it were lodged only in the muscles or in the brain ; as if breathing thoughts, and burning words, and daring deeds, were its only exponents. But we mistake—there is a might in innocence and truth, which will often most strangely steal upon, and bow the strong and terrible, and conquer them as arms or reason never could. Such was the influence which day by day was twining around the warrior's passions, until they were fettered and subdued, and yet he knew not when nor how. His spirit thirsted to learn more of the Christian's God ; and Lucy told him the touching story of his incarnation—of the life of Jesus with the fishermen of Galilee—of his wandering without a home—praying in the desert—visiting the poor—healing the sick—raising the dead, and at last dying on the cross for sinners. Wycomo wept as he heard this story. It touched every generous feeling of his soul, and he longed to do something for that kind Savior. She tried to lead him in the way of faith. But she found it much easier to kindle emotion in that untutored mind, than to instruct it in spiritual things. All his associations and trains of thought clustered about the visible, hence those unseen objects of faith—that intimate communion with an invisible God was very strange to him. He seemed to make some progress, and yet doubts were ever thronging upon him. At times he said that he "could almost see Jesus—could hear him talking in his heart, and telling love to him ;" then all would grow dark again, and he would fancy as of old, that "the white man's God could never love poor Indian." In trying to cheer him once in such a mood, this scene among her memories, occurred to Lucy as an illustration.

'One afternoon, soon after we came out into the woods to live, I went to gather berries from the bank across the stream. I was so busy that I went on among the bushes without ever looking up, until I got around the hill, and did not know it.

When the sun set, I started to go home, but went the wrong way. As I walked on, every thing looked wilder and wilder, and I could see nothing of the brook or of the houses, and then I knew that I was lost. At first I was frightened, and ran as hard as I could without thinking where : then I sat down and cried : and then I thought of God, and prayed to Him. My fear all went away at once. I saw that I was by a hill. I went up to the top, and looked around ; and away off in the woods there was a little light, which twinkled through the trees just like a star. I thought it was the candle shining from my home, and that I would go to it and see. I started. The moment I got among the bushes I lost the light, but I knew it was there yet, and ran on. From the next hill I saw it nearer and brighter, and so all the way. Down in the valleys it was very dark, and only for a moment on the hills I saw that single light. And yet those moments cheered me, and I hurried on. The rough rocks cut my feet, the briars scratched my face and arms—I heard the frogs croak on the marsh, the wolves howl in the woods, and the snakes hiss in the grass ; yet on towards the light I went, and in an hour was lying tired and bleeding in my mother's arms. So, when I pray to Jesus, I think of that far-off light—that I must get nearer and nearer every day, and at last he will take me in his arms to heaven." She spoke thus merely to chase away his doubts and to encourage him, little anticipating the result to which it would lead. The warrior, when she ceased, sat in deep thought awhile, then spake as follows :

" Daughter of the pale faces, thou hast showed Wycomo a far-off light—he loves it ; he will run over the hills and through the valleys to it. We will seek to-morrow some Christian settlement. We will hear good people sing and pray and talk of God together. We will get his Holy Book, and I will learn to read it. The lonely Lily would be glad to be again among her people."

Those words filled Lucy's heart with joy. She had been two years amid savage scenes which shocked her gentle nature. And though she knew that she was a stranger in the world, that all the kindred she had ever known had perished in that night of blood and fire, and that her only friend was the

savage who had slain them, yet she was anxious to go where there were churches, and schools, and sabbaths—for she was sure that people who loved God, would be kind to a poor friendless orphan. And then she wanted her protector to be away from all the wicked associations of the past, where those older and abler than she was, could instruct him in that gospel which he longed more fully to understand. Their preparations were soon made—and when the Indians of the encampment woke next morning, Wycom's lodge was empty.

The warrior and his captive journeyed on until they came to a village where a church spire pointed to the sky, and there they stopped and told their tale. The massacre was fresh yet in the memory of all who dwelt on the frontier. Sympathy for Lucy's sufferings and friendlessness, and admiration of her character, as the grateful Indian painted it in the glowing rhetoric of the heart, soon won her friends and a pleasant home. Wycom then, having obtained a Bible and learned to read it, and having professed his faith in the God of whom it taught him, would not stay longer in the village. He went forth several miles into the forest, built him a wigwam, and dwelt there; saying, though he loved his pale brothers very much, he could not live as they did. But he often visited his "lily daughter," as he still called Lucy; and seldom was there a meeting in the church by day or night, in sunshine or in storm, but the Indian was there. Rapidly he grew in knowledge and in faith. His lonely lodge was almost always vocal with the voice of prayer or praise, and many loved to spend an hour with that pious red man in the woods. He often visited his tribe, to talk to them about the one Great God. Some fruit of these love-labors cheered his aged heart, and doubtless some is ripening even now upon the prairies. He died at length, a gray-haired man, gently and joyfully. They buried him, where he had lived so long, upon that quiet sunny hillock. A generation has since passed away, and few who gaze in wonder now upon the lonely stone, know that it marks—"Wycom's Grave."

*New York, July, 1847.*

ORIGINAL.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY CAROMAIA.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. 17: 17.

TRUE friends will love at all times: not alone  
When spring-like days sweet thoughts of gladness shed;  
When youth and hope, with songs of joy have thrown  
Sweet-smelling flow'rs about the path we tread.

And not alone, when all the world speaks well  
Of our deeds, words, and ways, our heart and mind,  
Though we, who inward look, can never tell  
Why the great world should be so strangely kind.

And not alone, when with a lightsome heart,  
We walk with head erect; when glad content  
Is most unfeigned, and it requires no art  
To deck the face with smiles the soul has sent.

And not alone, when we are strong to serve  
With healthful hands the prompting love within,  
By kind and generous acts; straining each nerve  
To bless the friends we were so blessed to win.

But a true friend will love when cold and bleak  
The storms of winter beat into our face;  
When it were vain for youth and hope to seek,  
Beneath the snows that fill their former place.

When the world frowns on us with slighter cause  
That that which gained for us its worthless smiles  
Too happy if its arbitrary laws  
Can reach a soul superior to its wiles.

When the heart feeds on its own bitterness,  
A secret diet known to none but God;  
When quick sighs deeper grow, though tears flow less;  
And song, or laughter, is almost a fraud.



And when the health is gone, that made the will  
To bless, a ready action kind and swift ;  
When we are weak and pain-worn, *to be still*  
Our only kindness—*prayer* our only gift.

Oh ! thus, in joy and grief, in youth and age,  
In glory and disgrace, a friend will love,  
Whose heart is true ; and death will but engage  
That heart for nobler ties in worlds above.

"A friend" who loves "at all times," is the best  
Of all the various blessings God has sent ;  
Could such be mine for ever, I would rest,  
With all the various ills of life content.

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ORIGINAL.

## "WHAT ARE THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN?"

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

"The rights of woman"—what are they ?  
The right to labor and to pray,  
The right to watch while others sleep,  
The right o'er others' woes to weep ;  
The right to succor in distress,  
The right, while others curse, to bless ;  
The right to love whom others scorn,  
The right to comfort all that mourn ;  
The right to shed new joy on earth,  
The right to feel the soul's high worth ;  
The right to lead that soul to God,  
Along the path her Savior trod—  
The path of meekness and of love,  
The path of faith that leads above ;  
The path of patience under wrong,  
The path in which the weak grow strong.  
Such woman's rights, and God will bless  
And crown their champions with success.

ORIGINAL.

## THE CHILD'S FIRST SORROW.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

I remember as though it were but yesterday, the time when first the idea of death came into my heart, wakening there the deepest sorrow I had ever yet felt, and wringing out tears, the bitterest I had then ever shed. I had heard of the King of Terrors, as an awful and invisible foe whose ravages no mortal hand might stay; and when one of my schoolmates wore mourning for the loss of her mother, I looked on her almost with awe, as one who had experienced a fearful and mysterious visitation of Providence. But the dear little circle of which I was a member, was unbroken, and images of darkness and decay flitted across my mind without making any more permanent impression than do the clouds that pass across the noon-tide sun.

One cold morning in winter, just as I had attained my tenth year, there came to our door a little stranger, who had probably strayed from his master, while the latter was passing through the village on a journey, as we could never obtain any trace of him, though we learned afterwards that a traveller had been through the street making inquiries after his missing favorite. The new comer was a small water-spaniel of a rare breed, and one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld. His soft curly hair was jet black, tipped with white, on the toes, forehead, neck and tail. He seemed from the first, to feel himself perfectly at home; and when after repeated trials of a name, we found him answering readily to that of Trip, our delight was unbounded. I had just commenced the study of French, and wished very much to call my pet Mignonne, but the more staid and homely appellation of Trip, secured the majority of votes, and I loved the little creature so well, that even this name soon became music to my ear. In the early days of spring, when we could leave the house and roam

through the woods, Trip became our constant companion, and we wondered how we had ever contrived to enjoy ourselves without him, his playful antics afforded us such an endless variety of amusement. Often have we stood for hours, my little sister, brothers, and myself, by the side of a sparkling brook that ran through the meadow, throwing things into the clear water, for the sake of witnessing Trip's dexterity in bringing them out. He would lay the rescued treasure at our feet, shake his glossy coat, and looking up anxiously to our faces, wait the signal to jump into the water and seize the article just thrown in, when the same process was repeated, until wearied with the sport, our youngest darling, "wee Georgie," would throw himself on the velvet turf, and with Trip, whose paws were closely folded about his neck, enjoy a mimic slumber, while we gazed on the charming tableau with admiration and delight.

But pleasant as were these seasons, they were far from being our happiest ones. Sometimes our beloved parents would accompany us to a beautiful grove near the village, and Trip, who on such occasions always chose the 'post of honor by my father, was almost wild with overflowing gaiety and frolic. He seemed to know that the little household was then all united, and his mute expressions of affection for each, were full of eloquence. Those blessed hours of domestic felicity, how brightly they stand out in the foreground of memory's picture, as I gaze upon the past, until the present fades away, and I am again a light-hearted, joyous child, ignorant of care or sorrow, and dreaming of a pathway strewn with bright and fadeless flowers. With all these visions of the future, Trip was intimately associated, for I could not conceive of happiness unconnected with my little favorite, and whenever any thing occurred to give me pleasure, it was never half enjoyed, until I had imparted it to him, while the look of intelligence, and the playful caresses with which my words were received, seemed to assure me that he understood and shared my enjoyment. Let those who have never known what it is to look upon a faithful and affectionate dog as a friend, a companion, until a sympathy is established between the two natures so widely differing, which almost annihilates the distance that separates them—

let such smile at my fond remembrances of my childhood's favorite. There are others who will comprehend my feelings, and properly appreciate them. My little spaniel had been some two years a member of our household, when the peaceful village in which we resided, became the theatre of a warm contest between the friends and enemies of temperance, which created an excitement such as I had never before witnessed. My dear father had long been known as an ardent advocate of total abstinence, and on this occasion his whole influence was exerted to save the town from the disgrace and misery entailed by the license system, and to secure the triumph of the temperance cause. The defeated partizans of alcohol, regarded him, therefore, with peculiar hatred, and loud threats of vengeance were uttered by them, which were too soon realized.

It was a bright morning in summer, and my sister and myself were dressing with many an exclamation of wonder that Trip had not yet made his appearance to rouse us from our slumbers, when my father entered the room, looking so pale and sorrowful, that we instantly took the alarm, and hurriedly asked—"Was our dear mother ill?" "Had any thing happened to darling Georgie?" To both these questions a negative was returned, but our father added—"Come with me, my children; I have sad news for you, which I would gladly spare you were it possible." Trembling, we knew not wherefore, we each took a hand of our beloved parent, and were led by him to the green in front of the house, where, stretched out on a piece of carpeting, lay our dear little Trip, in the fixed repose of death. At first I could not comprehend the sight, and thought it only a feigned sleep, from which my voice would rouse him, but my father's evident grief, and the loud weeping of my brothers, who with my mother had now joined us, convinced me of the painful reality of the scene. For words I could not have spoken, for my heart was full almost to suffocation, but my look of wondering inquiry was answered by my father; who told us that during the night previous, he heard Trip, who to his other good qualities joined that of an excellent watch-dog, growling fiercely, as though foes were lurking about the dwelling. Soon the report of a gun alarmed

him for the safety of the faithful animal, and hastening out, he saw the poor creature attempting to reach the house, and caught him just as he was falling to the ground. With one earnest and appealing look in the face of his master, with one groan of anguish all was over, and the lifeless form of poor Trip alone remained in his arms. The cruel and cowardly wretches who dared not wreak their vengeance on the object of their hatred personally, had not hesitated in cold blood, to destroy the harmless and playful little animal whose beauty, excellence, and fidelity, had won for him so deep a place in our affections. It was with a sensation of agony, the remembrance of which even now thrills my heart, that I threw myself beside my murdered favorite, and gave full vent to the first grief I had ever known. There were no cold faces, no dry eyes looking on that burst of childish sorrow, for the dear parents to whom we instinctively turned for consolation, sympathized deeply in our affliction, and I loved them the more for the evidence of fellow-feeling thus afforded. Are parents sufficiently aware of the eagerness with which children look for these exhibitions of sympathy on their part, and the pain which their too frequent absence occasions?

We buried poor Trip in a pleasant and retired spot in the garden, and strewed the little mound with flowers, which were kept fresh, and for many days, watered with the tears shed over his grave. He has never been forgotten by us, and if any thing could add to my horror and detestation of the vice of intemperance, it is the recollection that to this demoniac influence I owe the loss of my little favorite, and the well-remembered bitterness of my first sorrow.

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#### A SIMILE.

"Our feelings and our thoughts,  
Tend ever on, and rest not in the present;  
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter,  
And their mysterious echo reaches us."

ORIGINAL.

## SONNETS TO JENNY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

### I.

Thou wert an infant on thy mother's knee,  
Blue-eyed and golden-haired, and with a smile  
Soft as the light of morn, yet full of glee,  
The weary heart from sorrow to beguile,  
A dear babe, "beautiful exceedingly,"  
Girded with love and guarded all the while,  
When first I knew thee. Thou didst then become  
Dearer than words can speak, or thou canst know—  
And through long years my heart hath kept thee so,  
Shrined in its inner temple—though my home  
Hath been afar from thine, and in my dreams  
Only, could I behold thee—ever pure,  
And ever young—my spirit's cynosure!  
Thus still distinct thine infant image seems.

### II.

Yet now I meet thee in the blushing bloom  
Of happy girlhood—only half a child,  
A woman half—exempted from the gloom  
That care too often brings, yet not so wild  
With kindling joy, as ere thou knew'st the doom  
That waits us all. Still gentle, loving, mild,  
With so much of thy childhood's loveliness  
Around thee yet—and with the sweeter grace  
Of spirit, beaming from thy radiant face,—  
Though thou art changed, I cannot love thee less;  
For thou hast kept the freshness of thy heart  
Untainted by the world. Oh, evermore  
Guard thou that treasure, till thy life is o'er,  
And be as pure and gentle as thou art.

### III.

Sweet Friend! for thee of Heaven I ask a boon—  
'Tis not that wealth or beauty may be thine—  
One oft corrupts, the other fades, how soon!  
'Tis not that Science on thy path may shine—  
That light may set in darkness long ere noon—  
But oh, be knowledge, beauty, wealth divine  
Shed on thy soul—Virtue's immortal dower!  
So shall thy heart with sweet affections glow,  
Thy hand be prompt to minister to woe,  
Thy soul be strong to spurn unholy Power!  
Then shall thy life in sunshine glide away,  
Love, Joy, and Peace, thy true companions be;  
And when Death comes, thy spirit to set free,  
Angels shall bear thee to Eternal Day!

ORIGINAL.

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD REWARDED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the little village of ———, lived a widow with five children, who was very poor, and supported herself with difficulty by the labor of her hands. At first she succeeded very well, and reaped something every year from her little field, while she did not entirely want for other household necessities. One year, however, the crop failed, and to add to her misfortunes, she lost her only cow. Thus she sat in the midst of her five children, with nothing in the house to satisfy their hunger. Becoming morose, she said in the impatience of her heart, "I must not beg; labor and diligence avail me nothing—it would be better for me to die." As she sat there in her grief, she heard from the village the distant sound of a bell, and its tones were quite refreshing as the thought occurred to her, that thus they would soon toll her to the grave. Just then her little daughter entered the room, saying, "Mother, the village bell is ringing; wilt thou not go to church? I will take good care of the house." The well-meaning child said this, because her mother went to church every Sunday, and was wont to return home more cheerful than she went. At the words of her child, the mother thought, "Wherefore should I not also go to church in the evil days as I have gone in the good ones?" So she went, though with a heavy heart, to the church, and seated herself behind a pillar, for she was ashamed of her dejection. When the psalm began, she could hardly sing for secret weeping, and had great difficulty in concealing her tears. The minister spoke of the love and goodness of God, and every word was sweet and tranquilizing to her, for her heart was softened by misfortune like a well-prepared field which is torn up by the plough before it receives the seed. When church was out, she went home with an humbled and comforted heart, saying, "If I have done my part, then the Father of the

widow and the orphan will well perform his." One sentence from the sermon was, above all, impressed on her mind—"Through quietness and hope ye shall be strong." "The Lord," said she, "has seen my tears; he will surely wipe them away in his own time."

A wealthy man of the parish had remarked the widow and her trouble, saying to himself, "She has a secret grief, therefore she can only reflect with tears upon the love of God, and cannot go to the house of the Lord so cheerfully as thou." He immediately inquired about her and her circumstances.

As the widow was sitting with her children at evening by the light of a dim lamp, and they were comforting each other and pledging themselves to labor diligently, the mother said, "We will rear a kid, and perhaps we may even come to have a cow once more." Just as she uttered these words, she heard at the door a lowing like that of a cow; then she became melancholy, for it reminded her of the one she had lost. She was startled as some one knocked lightly at the door, which was opened, and a man entered, saying, "See here, a good friend sends thee this cow and this sack, with his friendly greeting." The widow was amazed, but before she was able to utter inquiries or thanks, the man had already disappeared with his companions: the cow, however, stood there bound to a tree; she was spotted with black and white, and far better than the one she had lost. The next day came the donor himself to the widow, and said, "Yesterday, in church, you offered your tears to God, therefore he has comforted you. I have long owed him a thank-offering for his rich blessings; be so good as to accept it without thanks, as a debt which I gladly discharge; I thank the Lord, that he stirred up my heart in church to help you."

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### PROOFS OF FOLLY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Six things there be, whereby a fool we know:  
 Idly to talk, for nought with anger glow;  
 Change without cause, inquire without concern,  
 Believe what each one says, and ne'er his friend discern.



## PEEKSKILL LANDING.

See Engraving.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, this month, one of the most beautiful of the many charming views on the Hudson River, engraved by Osborne, the gifted artist whose works we have so frequently had occasion to commend. The scene of bustle and activity at the Landing—the noble river, studded with white sails—and the lofty mountains in the background, form a picture on which the eye gazes with ever fresh delight.

Peekskill is fifty miles from New York, and trading sloops here receive the produce from the country around—for which an equivalent is returned in goods from the city. At such a point, a town naturally springs up, and the village of Peekskill is, we believe, quite as prosperous and thriving as others of the same class.

The neighborhood of the Landing is interesting from its connection with the events of the Revolutionary war. At Verplank's Point, a short distance below, were the head-quarters of General Washington, and the town of Peekskill, half a mile back from the river, was the depot of military stores, burnt by General Howe, in 1777. A French nobleman, who visited Washington, in 1782, at Verplank's Point, gives the following description of the scene:

"The American camp presented the most beautiful and picturesque appearance. It extended along the plain, on the neck of land formed by the winding of the Hudson, and had a view of this river to the south. Behind it, the lofty mountains covered with wood, formed the most sublime background that painting could express. In front of the tents was a regular continued portico, formed by the boughs of the trees in full verdure, decorated with much taste and fancy. Opposite the camp, and on distinct eminences, stood the tents of some of the general officers, over which towered that of Washington. I had seen all the camps in England, from which drawings and engravings have been taken, but truly this was a subject worthy the pencil of the first artist."

BORAGO OFFICINALIS—BORAGE. AQUILEGIA  
CANADENSIS—WILD COLUMBINE.

See Flower Plate.

**BORAGO OFFICINALIS.** Class, Pentandria; Order, Monogynia. Corolla, rotate; throat, closed with rays; leaves, alternate; spreading calyx.

The Borage is an annual plant, from one to two feet in height, full of juice, and covered with fur or down in great quantities. It is a native of Great Britain, where it is much used in making a pleasant summer beverage called cool tankard. It blossoms in July, and is cultivated in almost every garden for the beauty of its blue, star-shaped flowers, which have procured for it the distinction of the emblem of Talent.

**AQUILEGIA CANADENSIS, (*Wild Columbine*).** Class, Polyandria; Order, Pentagynia. *Gen. Char.*:—Five petals; no calyx; nectaries, five-horned between the petals; capsules, five, distinct; stamens, exsert; leaves, decomposed; horns, straight.

This genus of plants takes its name from the shape of its leaves, which retain water, (from aqua, water, and lego to gather). It is a climbing, herbaceous plant, frequently growing in the crevices of rocks, and containing an acid juice. It is perennial, and flowers in April and May. The scarlet flowers are of an exceedingly rich and brilliant hue, with head pendulous, the style and stamens projecting from the sheath, and forming one of the most beautiful and showy ornaments of the flower border, or of the woods. The Wild Columbine is earlier, as well as more delicate in its habits and colors than the cultivated species—and its whole expression is one of cheerful, animated beauty.

# THE HEART.

WORDS BY ELIZA COOK.

COMPOSED BY GEO. W. CLARK,  
FOR THE LADIES' WREATH.

MODERATO.

Slow and tender.

The heart! the heart, O let it be, A true and bounteous thing! As

kindly warm, as nobly free, As eagle's nestling wing. O shut it not like  
The heart, the heart that's

miser's gold, From all the world be - side, But let its precious  
truly blest, Is never all its own, No ray of glory

stores unfold, In mercy far and wide.  
lights the breast, That beats for self a - lone.

The heart—the heart—O! let it spare  
A sigh for other's pain;  
The breath that soothes a brother's care  
Is never spent in vain  
And though it throb at gentlest touch,  
Of sorrow's faintest call,  
'Twere better it should ache too much,  
Than never ache at all.  
The heart, the heart that's truly blest,  
Is never all its own;  
No ray of glory lights the breast,  
That beats for self alone.





THE WIFE

Illustration by J. H. Stoddard



1. *Blue Periwinkle*  
2. *Lily of the Valley*





ORIGINAL.

## A CHAPTER ON BEAUTY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"Beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence  
The rich, delicious cup, to make all else forgotten ;  
She also is the zest unto all things, enhancing every presence  
The rare and precious ambergris to quicken each perfume "

*Proverbial Philosophy.*

HOWEVER we may define the term, or analyze the elements of that assemblage of pleasing properties which we call beauty, one thing is certain, that all mankind are endowed by the Creator with a certain degree of sensibility to its influence. Some, it is true, have so far succeeded in trampling down and destroying every finer feeling of the heart, as to boast, and that truly, of utter indifference to the beautiful in nature and art. But, the number of such is small—while uncounted millions worship with passionate devotion at the shrine of that mysterious principle of grace and beauty which pervades the material universe. They see it in every thing—from the tiny forest flower, with its delicate pencilling of rainbow hues, up to the broad arch on which the same gorgeous dyes, painted by an Almighty hand, shine from age to age, as a token of the faithfulness of God, in his covenant of mercy with offending man. In the ever-varying music of nature—in the roar of the water-fall—the mountain echo—the hum of insects, and the gushing melody of birds—the soul rejoices in the abstract beauty of harmonious sounds ; while, in the speed of the antelope, the eddying of the clouds, and the sailing of the noble vessel, as "she walks the waters like a thing of life," the beauty of motion steals over every faculty, with a sense of exquisite enjoyment. So, too, in the summer landscape, where the eye wanders with ever fresh delight, over grove and field, hill and valley, rock and stream, rich in verdure and glittering in sunshine, the soul is penetrated, softened, subdued, by an emotion for which it has no name, and which reason and philosophy are alike powerless to resist.

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But, lovely as is nature in all her varied aspects, there is a higher species of beauty than any she can boast. Man was created in the image of his God—and in the beauty of the human countenance, though marred and distorted by the fall, we can still trace something of the lineaments of the Divine original. In every age and every clime, the all-pervading, all-conquering power of personal beauty has been felt by the peasant and the prince, the fool and the philosopher, mocking human regulations, and spurning human control. Who can count the victories of beauty, or reckon up her achievements, when “the lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph,” when the monarch on his throne, the hero on the battle-field, and the anchorite in his cell, alike confess her potent influence, and bow beneath her sway? Where is the individual with soul so dead, that it does not thrill with a strange delight, as he gazes on some beautiful countenance, where symmetry of form and features is combined with an expression of intellect and feeling which speaks through and irradiates the whole? Disguise it as we may—deny it if we will—there is in every human heart, not only a natural sensibility to beauty, but the desire of possessing it, at least in such a degree as to render us pleasing to those with whom we are intimately associated.

It is this view of the subject on which we shall dwell, in offering some remarks to our youthful readers on personal beauty. We do not say to them, that external appearance is of no consequence; because if we could so far do violence to our own convictions as to utter the sentiment, we should have no hope of convincing one among them of its truth. The wish to appear well in the eyes of others, is, to a certain extent, not only a natural but an innocent feeling; and it is only when it assumes the form of vanity, and becomes the absorbing passion of the soul, that it is to be deprecated or condemned. But, while we make this admission, we would carefully guard against an error which is no less common than pernicious, in relation to this subject. It is not the mere beauty of form, features, or complexion, that constitutes true loveliness in woman. These are accidental advantages, given comparatively but to few, which may captivate the imagination, but cannot, of themselves, fix the affections and satisfy the heart. All the nobler

and more enduring attributes of beauty are such as may be cultivated by all who desire to possess them. The face in which health, intelligence, virtue and cheerfulness are shining, must always please, and it will retain its attractions long after mere external loveliness has faded and passed away. The best cosmetic in the world is health; the most valuable beautifiers are intelligence and good temper, which throw a never-failing charm around the plainest countenance, and often win the heart which has successfully resisted all the artillery of ruby lips and sparkling eyes.

A few suggestions in reference to these important attributes of beauty, may not be inappropriate here, though so much has been said to females on the subject of health, that we cannot hope to throw any additional light upon it. It is a subject of such vital importance, however, that repetition may well be forgiven, if it serve to impress more strongly, one forgotten or neglected truth, on the mind of our readers. To those who regard delicacy of constitution and languor as essential to fine ladyism, we have nothing to say. There is a class, (we hope, by far the larger one,) who prefer the rose of health to the pallor of disease, and yet are thoughtlessly sacrificing this priceless treasure on the altar of imperious fashion. Do such never reflect, that while they turn with trembling horror from the thought of suicide, they are as truly abridging the term of their existence, by many of the customs they so blindly adopt, as though the dagger, the cord, or the pistol were the means by which it was accomplished? Yet such is the fact, as many a youthful martyr to vanity and fashion could testify with her latest breath. In our severe and variable climate, sudden changes of clothing are eminently injurious to health, yet how often do we see the comfortable garment worn through a winter's day, thrown by at evening, and a robe of gossamer assumed in its stead, while a large portion of the chest and shoulders is left exposed, with the thermometer below zero!

In this guise, the youthful devotee of fashion goes to the party, or the assembly—becomes excited by conversation and music, and perhaps heated by the dance—then, very imperfectly guarded, she encounters the chilling cold of a winter night, with the system so exhausted by unnatural excitement as to be

more than usually susceptible to any injurious impression. A slight cold succeeds—attended by a cough, which, if it does not carry its victim to the grave, in the form of consumption, leaves her an invalid for life, while relatives and friends lament over the mysterious dispensation of Providence, in depriving one so young and lovely of health, or perhaps, of life! When will mothers feel the duty of controlling and regulating the dress of their daughters in reference to the laws of health and life?

Another point of vital importance in dress, is, the preserving of the feet in a healthful and equable temperature. Silk stockings and satin slippers in December, may exhibit to advantage a foot and ankle of exquisite symmetry, but gratified vanity will be dearly purchased by days and nights of suffering and disease, if the penalty of such imprudence be not death itself.—We have seen with pain, and almost with indignation, a delicate female, walking in thin stockings and French kid slippers in the depth of winter, while costly furs enveloped the neck and bust, though had fashion demanded the sacrifice, the whole person would doubtless have shared the exposure of the feet. The females of Great Britain, who consider thick substantial shoes as an essential requisite of out-door dress, look with astonishment on the habits of our fair countrywomen in this respect, and the robust health generally found among all classes there, forms a striking contrast to the sickliness, (if we may be allowed the expression,) of our American females.

But there is another error in dress, still more universal and pernicious than those we have already mentioned. We shudder when we hear of the Hindoo widow, burning on the funeral pile of her dead husband, in obedience to the dictates of a degrading superstition—but how rare are such cases of self-immolation, compared with the multitudes annually sacrificed by the custom of *tight lacing*!

A celebrated physician asserts from unquestionable authority, that “greater numbers annually die among the female sex in consequence of tight lacing, than are destroyed among the other sex, by the use of spiritous liquors, in the same time.” Whatever tends to diminish the capacity of the chest, tends also to produce organic disease of the heart and lungs. Now the direct object of compression, is to diminish the size of the

chest, thus producing a constant and severe pressure on the liver, heart, and lungs, by which these important organs are impeded in their functions, and compelled to labor like a galley slave, in fetters. All the nameless evils of obstructed circulation follow. The blood which should flow freely through the lungs, to renew its exhausted vitality, becomes imperfectly oxygenated, and a poisonous fluid is distributed through the arteries, which imparts a dark, cadaverous hue, to the complexion, instead of the brilliant bloom which naturally characterizes youth and health. Dr. Todd, formerly principal of the "Retreat for the Insane," remarks upon this subject in a lecture to young ladies:—

"Has it ever occurred to you, that your own sex, even the most delicate and tender part of it, exceed the ancient stoics in the voluntary infliction of pain, and extinction of pity? I trust to prove to you, that the ancient and sublime stoics were very tyroes in comparison of many a lady of our own times. In degree of suffering, in extent of endurance, and in perfection of concealment, they must yield the palm. I do assure you, that its most illustrious masters, fruitful as they were in tests to try the body, never invented, imagined, or would have been able to sustain that torture of tight-lacing, which the modern belle steadily inflicts without shrinking, and bears without repining, sometimes to her very grave. True, they might sometimes have broken a bone, or plucked out an eye, and been silent. But they never grappled iron and whalebone into the very nerves and life-blood of their system. They might possibly have passed a dagger too deeply into the heart and died: but they never drew a ligature of suffocation around it, and *expected to live*. They never tied up the mouths of the millions of air-vessels in the lungs, and then taxed them to the full measure of action and respiration. Even Pharaoh only demanded brick without straw for a short time. But the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years."

It is one of the worst features of this pernicious habit, that its victims can never be convinced of their danger, or brought to confess that they have either part or lot in the matter. They are aware that there is such a thing as compression in the world, but know nothing of it from experience—when at the

same time the bystander is painfully conscious, from the most unequivocal symptoms, that they are suffering tortures of which the ancient stoics never even conceived. The veriest tyro in anatomy understands that the extensive derangement of structure, and adhesion of parts, consequent on tight lacing, cannot take place without severe and long-continued suffering; yet in obedience to the dictates of fashion, this is borne not only without a murmur, but with reckless gaiety, even "to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."

Where health and life are thus freely sacrificed, it may well seem utterly vain to adduce any considerations on the score of beauty; and yet there are those who would feel an argument drawn from this source, when all others fail to affect them. To such we say, in the words of another,—“Few circumstances are more injurious to beauty, than the constrained movement, suffused complexion, and labored respiration, that betray tight lacing. The play of intelligence and varied emotion, that throw such a charm over the brow of youth, are impeded by whatever obstructs the flow of blood from the heart to its many organs. In Greece, where the elements of beauty and grace were earliest comprehended and most happily illustrated, the fine symmetry of the form was left untutored.” The modern belle, cased in steel and whalebone, so tightly girded that her waist resembles an inverted cone, while the heaving chest, swelling veins, and darkened complexion, betray the tortures to which heart and lungs are subjected—parts with her beauty, as well as comfort, in the process of self-destruction. The unobstructed movement of the internal viscera are not more essential to health, than the free play of every muscle is to personal grace and beauty; and she who values the latter, must beware of sacrificing the former on the shrine of compression. *Exercise* and *early rising* are requisites of health, which ought not to be omitted in treating of personal beauty. The young lady who comes to the breakfast-table from the morning walk, or from domestic employments, with glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, and smiling countenance, commands our warmest admiration; while we feel only pity or disgust for the indolent being who has just crept from her pillow, pale, listless, and inanimate, until by artificial excite-

ment she is prepared for some scene of evening display, where the old proverb, "All is not gold that glitters," may be truly applied to her and most of her companions. The fact is everywhere apparent, that the modern systems of female education are radically defective on the essential points of which we speak. Young ladies are trained up in indolence, listlessness, and ignorance of every useful employment, even by mothers who are themselves models of industry and good housewifery. The consequences of this error are visible in the physical as well as moral degeneracy everywhere prevalent through the land. Let our daughters but return to the active and industrious habits of their great grandmothers—let them rise with the lark, and learn the true value of the hours they are now idly wasting, and we should soon see a generation who might safely compare with the noble matrons of '76—the Mary and Martha Washingtons, the Adams', and the Shermans', of the period "that tried men's souls."

We have said, that intelligence and cheerfulness are attributes of beauty, which may be cultivated by any who desire to please. No one who has seen plain, and even repulsive features, lighted up with mind and soul, until he has found "something than beauty dearer," and more subduing, in the magic charm of intellect and feeling, can doubt the truth of our assertion. What avail

*"Love-tinctured lips, and tresses like the morn."*

if the former give utterance only to vapid and senseless nothings, and the latter, shadow a brow deformed by sullenness and discontent? Lesbia has the dignity and grace of a Juno; her face is classically perfect in outline, and her eyes are like living diamonds, flashing beneath eyebrows of darkest jet. These personal charms, united with a highly-cultivated mind, enchant the beholder, and would win every heart, but for the dark frown which almost habitually contracts the snowy brow, and the angry glances which often dart from those brilliant eyes. Lesbia regards good temper and cheerfulness as common-place qualities quite beneath her attention, and far better suited to her sister Myrtilla, whose face is redeemed from absolute plainness only by the expression of unaffected kindness and intelligence it constantly wears. The lovers who are

attracted by the beauty of Lesbia, soon become disgusted with her caprice and ill-humor, and gladly turn from the chilling atmosphere of these repellant qualities, to sun themselves in the beaming smile of the amiable Myrtilla. True, her eyes have not the sparkling lustre of Lesbia's—but a heart full of all generous and womanly impulses and affections is always speaking through them. Her complexion boasts not the blended rose and lily—but the glow of feeling, and the mantling blush of modesty, give it a more endearing charm. Her lips are never compared to rubies—but in them dwells continually the law of kindness, and they utter high and noble thoughts, in tones of richest music. What wonder, then, that those who at first sought her society simply as a refuge from their own discontent, soon learn to consider her as even more beautiful than her sister—since that is truest loveliness in woman, which commends itself alike to the understanding and the heart. There are many Lesbias in the circle of our acquaintance; would that there were more Myrtillas!

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ORIGINAL.

## THE JOURNEY WITH THE DEAD.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

——— "Let me sleep,  
Where those I love are sleeping."

Ay, bear her back to her childhood's home,  
The fair, the early dead;  
Ay, bear her back, ye have brows of gloom,  
And a sad and solemn tread:  
But late she left us, a happy bride,  
A thing of love and mirth—  
Ye are bearing back our household's pride,  
To sleep in her native earth.



Oh, slowly move ye by dale and down,  
And slow by the glancing stream ;  
She loved its murmuring music once,  
And joyed in its flashing gleam :  
Yet pause not now by its silver side  
Each wave hath a plaintive tone,  
For she who roamed by the glassy tide,  
To a brighter world hath gone.

The skies were blue in the springtime gay,  
When she left her own sweet clime,  
And still as blue is their sapphire hue,  
In the summer's golden prime—  
But oh! the light of a dazzling world,  
Is about her spirit now ;  
For our loved one looketh on fairer skies,  
With their glory on her brow.

Ye have gained the hill, and ye look beyond,  
With a swelling heart and eye ;  
Ye mark the home of her young heart's love  
In the tranquil sunshine lie—  
The rose is blooming around the spot,  
And her own fair, favorite flowers ;  
But she looks on a holier home than this,  
And a better land than ours.

Lay back the veil from her pallid face,  
As ye pause 'neath the roof-tree boughs ;  
There are those who press for a parting gaze,  
And a tress from her gentle brows—  
The hands that tended her childish steps,  
Are smoothing her siken hair ;  
And sobs come up from the strong man's breast,  
And startle the mourners there.

Bear on, bear on, it is over now,  
Ye may shroud her fair young face ;  
And lay her form in the old church-yard,  
Her father's burial place—  
Ye bore the rose of our household bower  
As a joyous bride away ;  
And ye bring us back the withered flower,  
In her native earth to lay.

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ORIGINAL.

## "THE SHADES OF DEATH."

BY CLEMENT E. BABB.

ON the highest point of Campbell's Ledge, a thousand feet above the Susquehanna, I stand, and gaze upon a scene which has thus far defied the pencil and the pen. The thoughts, however vague, which come thronging in upon the brain in this high spot and quiet hour, will fill these pages.

Inanimate Nature! There may be philosophical accuracy in this term, but there are scenes when the heart proclaims it a sad misnomer. When the eye wanders from some eminence over a landscape of groves and streams, of gentle slopes with their golden grain, of plains with their emerald verdure, and marks the shadows sweeping across the fields, the tree-tops trembling and the wheat heads bending to the breeze, and the sunlight flashing on the water, we feel that something beyond mere forms of matter is before us—we recognise life—a spirit breathing over the prospect, looking forth from its hill-tops and its valleys—a voice low and yet full of music comes whispering to our ear, telling of beauty, of purity, and of God. Sweet teachers are such scenes, communing with the heart, of things which human tongues may have talked about in Eden, but have long since forgotten to utter. Nature fell not when man sinned. There are indeed deserts which seem to have grown dark and waste in sympathy with our wrecked joys and hopes, but there are likewise spots over which the loveliness of primeval times is glowing yet.

The Creator was not without a witness before the prophets wrote, nor in those lands to which their revelations never came. His impress was upon his works. His purity was mirrored in the still lake which slumbered in the moonlight, and in the white clouds which hung like stainless snow along the sky. The valleys with their rivers, islands, plains, and groves and flowers, so picturesque in the grouping of their varied beauties,

so rich in their varied products, told of his goodness. The mountain towering above the clouds, piercing with its majestic head the thunder's home, told of his greatness, and the ocean sweeping with its myriad waves around the globe, endless, restless, fathomless, told of his Eternity. We cannot estimate the effect of these lessons on the universal human heart, for they have never been silent since the deluge. They have stolen with a steady, unperceived current, over emotion, thought, and passion, in every hour. And though we find degradation everywhere, though the trail of the serpent is upon all Earth's landscapes, even the loveliest, yet scenery has doubtless greatly modified the development of the darker tendencies of our fallen nature. Why was the Greek a poet, a philosopher, a being of refined manners and of written laws, while the Scythian was a wanderer, a robber, a dweller in tents and in caves? The Grecian drank inspiration from the scenery amidst which he was reared; the Scythian had a barbarian land, rude as his manners, and wild as his heart. In modern times, we find a remarkable sympathy between the Swiss and his mountain home, between the Scot and his glens and cairns, between the Italian and his volaptuous sky. Character is determined by the predominant trains and habits of thought—thoughts are suggested by the prospects which meet the eye—and thus gradually, but surely, may a landscape, lovely or grand, steal point by point into the mind until it has changed it into harmony with its own spirit until it has softened a stern, or elevated and nerved a base and craven heart. The volume of nature is one of the most pleasant and profitable of the thousands which solicit our attention. And if the others were studied less, and this were studied more, the world might be wiser and better. It gives us a system of theology purer and truer than any that schoolmen have ever devised. It gives us a system of ethics and of manners, at least more impressive than those of men, for instead of abstract rules to regulate the conduct, it seizes at once upon the susceptibilities and the affections, and moulds them to a *naturalness* which is the highest style of refinement. Were it required of me to attempt the moral elevation of a heart, which had scorned all that is good and true in the teachings of men, and even the revelation of

God, I would bring him to a spot like this. I would take him through Wyoming. I would gather around him the historical and traditionary associations of the scene. I would have him live upon the beauty of the present and the eloquence of the past, until admiration should deepen into love; until love should strengthen into faith; and until faith should bear his spirit up to God.

This world is full of contrasts. Its most fertile plains are on the margin of its deserts. Its loveliest valleys lie in the midst of barren rocks and trackless wilds. From the summit of yonder mountain there stretches away almost to the Delaware, a wilderness so lone and desolate, that it is called "The Shades of Death." And while the eye is filled with beauty here, the memory flashes back to a dark scene there. It was the night of the 3d of July, 1778. Wyoming was in flames. The blood of her sons had been poured out like rain to shield their homes from the tomahawk and the torch, but in vain. Overpowered by a resistless tide, they had fallen, on the plains, in the woods, in the river to which they had rushed, and upon the islands to which they had swam, and over their corpses the dark torrent rolled on to the trembling wives and weeping children, who were awaiting at home the issue of the strife. Soon messengers rushed in, weary and wounded from the field, and fearful were their tidings. "All is lost—our army butchered—few have escaped the bullet and the knife—the Indians, drunk with blood, are coming here—they will spare neither youth nor beauty nor gray hairs." And the war-whoop ringing nearer every moment, the yells of triumph mingling with the groans of death, confirmed the news, and spread the panic. What could the wretched women do but fly? and there was no way of flight but by the gloomy path, which led across the wilderness. Thither they crowded in the darkness, with no one to protect or guide them—a company of widows and of orphans, with murder and fire behind, and the "Shades of Death" before them.

By the margin of a marsh, at early dawn, was seated a young mother with a sick babe at her breast, and a tired and crying child at either knee. Five years before, she had been a bright and happy maiden in Connecticut. No cloud had

ever passed over the clear sky of her girlish days. Her figure was slight but symmetrical, and her face was so fair and joyous, her eyes so dark and yet so merry, that she seemed formed to dwell in sunshine, and to make it where she found it not. A lover came. He was one of the band who were about to emigrate to Wyoming, that fairy valley of the then "far west." His young and enterprising heart was glowing with anticipations of his new home. His tongue was eloquent upon the theme. His frank and earnest spirit she had admired from childhood, for they had grown up together. How could she then, when he came and asked her to go with him, to share the perils of his frontier life, to be the light of his lonely cabin, the idol of his home and heart, oh, how could she refuse! All the enthusiasm, and all the deep affections of her nature, were aroused. She placed her delicate hand in his, and became his bride. She left with tearful eyes, but a hopeful heart, the spot which happy years had hallowed, and went forth with him to that forest paradise of their romantic dreams. It was their fifth summer there when the cloud of war burst on the valley.

The Indians and Tories had taken Fort Wintermoot, had cruelly butchered several families, had burned their homes and their crops, and the council of war in Forty Fort had resolved to march forth, and give them battle. He clasped his children for an instant to his heart, pressed one kiss upon his wife's pale brow, and went forth with his neighbors to meet the foe. Moments were ages to her that day. The afternoon passed slowly by—the sun set, and yet he came not. The roar of musketry reverberated for a time along the river. It ceased, and savage yells and dying groans succeeded. Soon, breathless fugitives from that bloody field came in, and passed on hastily, spreading doubt and terror as they ran. But *he* came not. No one had seen him since the rout began, and when last seen, he was fighting, wounded and almost surrounded. He must have fallen. Hoping to learn more, she waited hour after hour of that dreadful night, but in vain; and then she started up to rush out into the carnage which was raging yet, and search for him among the dying and the dead. She looked upon her helpless babes; she thought what would be their fate if she too should fall; the instinct of the mother triumphed over the devotion of

the wife. She caught the infant in her arms, took her little daughter's hand, bade her son, not five years old, come with her, and ran from her home into the forest. That night they climbed the mountain. They took no food, but fear gave them strength, and when the morning dawned they were several miles beyond the valley, in the dreary "Shades of Death." They were weary and hungry, but there was no resting place for them but the rocks, no food but the wild berries of the mountain. The baby too was very sick, and convulsions wrung its frame. She looked into its sunk and leaden eye, and saw that the last struggle had begun. She pressed it wildly to her breast, and frantically prayed for it. Her words and manner were so strange and phrensied, that the other children screamed in terror. The baby died there in her arms; against her bursting heart it lay and breathed its spirit out on the damp air of the wilderness. When it was cold and stiff, a new horror seized her. What should she do with the corpse? She had no means of burying it. She could not cast it down there for the wolves to banquet on. So, weak and tired as she was, she rose up with the body in her arms, and with her two yet living babes journeyed slowly on. It was twenty miles to the nearest house, and by that way so rough and desolate, fasting and faint she carried her dead child. And when she reached, next day, a little cabin in the woods, she sunk down with her burden by the door, unable either to speak or weep. The family, though poor, were kind. They had heard of the carnage in the valley, and read her story at a glance. They gave them of their homely food, made a rude pine coffin for the corpse, dug a grave, and then in sad procession those two families bore the baby to its quiet resting place, and heaped the earth upon it. By the mound its mother sat and wept. They were the first tears she had shed, and their free flow relieved the pressure on her heart. She mourned not for the buried babe. She knew that it was happy in a world of peace. She mourned for her living orphans, for who could tell what clouds and terrors might be before them yet. She thanked the strangers for their sympathy, and then they turned to resume their slow and lonely journey to the Connecticut, across the wilderness, a way of forest, mountain, and morass, for several

hundred miles. But as they turned, there met them as suddenly as a spectre and as pale, the father of the buried babe, the husband of the broken-hearted mother.

He had fought bravely to the last. He stood his ground yet when his neighbors fled, and hence the great body of the savages rushed by him, and soon were chasing and scalping far in his rear. He killed the warrior with whom he was fighting, but weak with the loss of blood, fell by his side. He lay there as one dead for several hours, and when he awoke, the stillness of night was on that field of strife and blood. He crawled to the river, washed the clotted gore from his wounds, bound them as he could, then swam the stream, and with the earliest dawn stole down to his home. He found it empty. There were no indications of savage violence about it. Every thing was just as he had left it on the previous morning. Even the provisions in the cupboard seemed to have been untouched since their last melancholy breakfast there together. He concluded that his wife had fled in haste and terror. For him to tarry there was not only useless, but full of danger. He took such food as his weakness would suffer him to carry, and hurried away upon the trail which led through the "Shades of Death." Evidences of heart-rending wretchedness there met his eye at every step. Old men and women, sick wives and starving children, were crowding on together in wild and terrible confusion. He only glanced through the several groups for his wife and babes, and not finding them, hurried on. He could not aid that host of sufferers. He could give them no tidings of the sons and brothers, the husbands and fathers, for whom they frantically asked. For when all was blood and fire, no one could tell who had escaped or who had fallen. He hurried on. But one group, even in that tide of wo, arrested his attention and wrung his heart.

When the alarm came down across the river, that the valley was given up to the Indians, a mother had started up from her sick bed, gathered her six children around her, and led them to the mountain path. She forgot her fever in her anxiety for them. For more than ten miles the excitement nerved her, and she dragged herself along with them. But she was dying as she walked, or rather climbed, for it was a steep and rugged

way. She would not stop, and at length she fell. Upon the mountain side, beneath a cypress tree, she fell, and there expired. The frightened children gathered about the corpse, to scare the vultures and the wolves away. It was all that they could do. He gazed a moment on the scene and wept, and then he thought perhaps his wife was lying so. He steeled his breast against the cry of these helpless mourners, and struggled faint and almost frenzied on his way. By his baby's grave, he found his own sad group, and many dreary days and nights they spent in that wilderness, carrying their children over the steep rocks or across the miry swamps, ere they arrived among the hills and valleys of their native State again.

Though many changes have passed since then, over Wyoming and the surrounding scenery, though peace and plenty now smile in the valley, and the very mountains are becoming farms, the "Shades of Death," are lone and desolate still. And as the traveller passes through their dark aisles, and recalls the events of that hour of flight, let him give one tear to the memory of the past. Let him meditate awhile, amid the sad associations of that solemn place, upon the frailty of human hopes and joys. Then let him hasten on to gaze upon the matchless loveliness of the scene before him—to break from that wilderness upon Wyoming, lying like a flashing gem in the granite of the mountains, and when in after years he would be vain, or proud, or too self-confident, let him recall these scenes of the olden time, and remember how near to this valley's lovely landscape and happy homes, lie the desolate "Shades of Death."

*Wyoming Valley, July, 1847.*

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#### VIRTUE.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would,  
By her own radiant light, though sun and stars  
Were in the flat sea sunk—and wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where with her best nurse, contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."



ORIGINAL.

## THE IRISH MOTHER'S CHOICE.

"Better to bide here and be killed, than go home to starve."—*Vide the Hibernian's news*

BY J. E. S.

Thus shrieked an Irish mother, one of a frenzied crowd,  
Who had prest upon the market, with riot clamor loud;  
While clung to her shrunk bosom, where long it clung in vain,  
A helpless little sufferer—one of a famished twain!

Dost marvel that she uttered these words so fierce and dread,  
Defying e'en the Police, in her madness after bread?  
All care for life was banished, and her thoughts had homeward flown,  
Where those whom God had given her, were uttering hunger's groan.

Oh, strong are woman's sympathies—enduring is her love,  
On whatsoever centered—unworthy tho' it prove;  
But not in this we witness the fulness of that power,  
Which is woman's leading soul-trait—her highest moral dower.

'Tis only for her children, bone of her very bone,  
Amid such scenes of trial, as Famine hath made known,  
That the power of strong affection is fully shadowed forth,  
In deeds which well exemplify her true heroic worth!

Ye mothers of America—so blessed with plenty's store,  
Can ye ponder scenes so fearful on yonder foreign shore,  
Borne by your common sisterhood, and feel not that to you,  
This cry of famished millions has come again anew?

Arouse from your indifference! Give your woman nature room—  
Send quickly new donations, with blessings for perfume—  
And thus in feeding others, who are praying leave to live,  
You'll realize the blessedness of having bread to give!

Baltimore, June 12th, 1847.

ORIGINAL.

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS LITTLE ANGEL.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

### PART I.

OLD Jacob Foster was an ill-natured man—an Arab out of his desert—who, for the loss of his proper element, was the more restless, and out-ishmaeled Ishmael in his indiscriminating warfare on every body. "Old Jake," the whole town called him, if now and then some more stung than the rest, retorted not with a bitterer epithet. He was the parish conscience, one might think, or parish beadle—which bears about the same relation to a township, which conscience does to a passionate man; and never was a crime, a folly, or a meanness perpetrated by any one, but the keen rat's eye of old Jacob saw it, or his quick ear heard it, and the two-edged sword of his shrill, snarling tongue, cut and thrust it in to the very quick of the unlucky doers.

He knew all the base things that all his neighbors had done from their youth, and all their ancestors had done; and, with more than the faithfulness of conscience, took the field of all their predecessors, to find food for his vindictive nature; visiting the iniquities of the father upon every branch of his descendants to the latest generations. What was the most trying of all, and a singular fact indeed, the harsh old fellow was scrupulously attached to truth, the naked facts as they seemed to him, though such a nature must mis-interpret every doubtful circumstance. So wide a circle of ill had the bitter old man made around him—so wholly did he repulse the best—that he walked the ways of men like an evil thought; and none passed him even silently, that did not feel a grain of trust in God and man slide from their souls, and a grain of doubt slip in. And more often a little spark of hell would flash off from the electric tongue of "Old Jake," and ignite their hearts, which had grown "tinder" (pity it were not the Irish "*tinder*") toward

him; and men would go on, ruffled and out of tune, even when they were hardly conscious of it.

All the boys would stone his geese, and dog his cow, and kill his ducks, at every opportunity; for the man was poor and idle, and his little pasture was ill fenced, and the common road was made to supply the want its poverty created; and the seed of his thistle-nature was sown far, and grew fast in the neighborhood. Alas, the unwise neighbors knew not how much cheaper it would have been to have done many and costly kindnesses even, if they might have changed that man into a gentle and obliging neighbor. They could give good wages to a village schoolmaster, to teach them letters, for they had learned the power of knowledge; they grudged no dollar or kind gift to their pastor, for they felt that even human neighborhood was pleasanter for his ministration. Could they have given the costless yet invaluable gifts of perpetual kindness and gentle bearing to that sour old man, they would have saved themselves from many a noteless blight, which in the years was much, and their pupil children from the contagious malice and revengeful acts which early showed the poison of the old man's presence.

It was a sad thing to see the faith of men narrowed by the sight of such a man; sad to see his old gray hairs flout the wind as his head vibrated with anger and his shrivelled hand shook some bitter taunt in the face of a wincing neighbor. But old Jacob had not lived in the world's smile, nor been caressed by the soothing hand of fortune. In his youth, he was no sourer than his fellows, nor idler; and haply, close in his heart lay noble aspirations and generous desires, which only needed favoring breeze and sun, to bring forth into manly deeds. But, his lot was humble, and his mind impatient; so that his efforts, in whatever path he took, were fruitless, for the want of time to strike deep root, and ripen into success.

He had hard trials too, which, when conquered, make the heart strong, and the soul more regal—but which themselves victorious, crush the bosom, and make rough the heart. A daughter and a son grew up to lighten the cares of his married life, by increasing its joys, and to bless his patient wife

with their artless love, when failures and growing want made life less pleasant to her; and for a few years their home was cheered, though their wants were multiplied, by those little ones. But, when the son grew to manhood, a great misfortune, disappointed love, drove him to the bottle, and the father's heart was wrung to ungentleness, for it had no patience to conquer sorrow in a great endurance. Then his only remaining joy was withdrawn from his side, by his daughter's marriage, and left no wall of conciliation between his roughening heart and the world.

About this time too, he became involved in litigations with several of his neighbors; with one, for debts unpaid; with another, for blows given in angry dispute; and with a third, for the mortgage held against his little farm; the last of which ended in ejecting him from the humble home which had known all his hopes, joys, wants, and sorrows—things which hallow in rudest minds the spot where they have lived. For years succeeding he removed from place to place with his few goods, and lived mainly by the toil of his industrious wife, who never in misfortune let her heart grow bitter, or her courage faint. At length, after being stung by his poverty, ill-fortune, and growing impatience, into enmity with all around him, making the path of his wanderings a highway of passions, resentments, and petty quarrels, the embittered man settled down again in a rough cabin abandoned by fishermen, and kept off hunger and nakedness by a little work, a little gunning, and a little fishing, which were not much; but the busy loom of his wife wrought more substantial comfort, and her Christian heart bore meekly the growing restlessness of her husband's spirit.

To crown the cup of their sorrows and deprivations with its last drop, in the midst of this poverty and toil, this Arab warfare on all men, and of all men on him, the old man's daughter came back from her faithless and unkind husband, a helpless, restless, incurable victim of insanity, from whose shattered mind came nothing but a thousand-fold broken gleams of the infidelity which shivered it, and these in gross, profane, and ribald terms, with maniac laughter mingled, that repulsed and sickened all who heard her. A bright blue-eyed girl of eight years was by her side—a sweet and artless creature—

who wept when her wild mother pealed her insane laughter, but was glad when the poor woman, for a season quiet, but never rational, would deck her in uncouth ruffles, and gaudy and brilliant colors wildly mixed, (the work of her guideless hand,) then hug the little creature to her arms and kiss her, and shake her round rudely, but never to harm her.

Busily the good grandmother of sweet Minnie Woodman (Minerva they called her at the font, but love clipt it to Minnie,) in her room shot the quick shuttle, and brought down the beam that drove the thread to its place, while a brief smile answered the prattling Minnie, or a hot tear came slowly down her old cheek, as her own soul-shivered daughter gibbered beside her, or passed in the beauty of young girlhood again before her fading eye, and mingled all the memories of former joy and pride, and silent love, with the wild wreck that strewed its fragments of a soul around her.

Old Jacob's jangled heart, and quick irascible nature, could not bear the inevitable provocations of his daughter; and his attempts to control her speech and conduct only maddened the unreasoning lunatic, till the raging and cursing, and bitter retorts, and cruel threats, if blows themselves were spared, made that poor shed a hell of suffering and passion, though patience toiled on un murmuring there, and artless innocence wept and smiled by turns, winning in both.

The neighbors, some of them, who had caught most of the old man's spirit, were cruel enough to taunt him with this, his severest trial—his daughter's fate—and double in his bosom the hate and passion which a life gone awry had roused, till his stormy heart was ruffled all the day, and haply in his very dreams; at least, his stung and re-stinging neighbors knew not that any one star of peace ever shone in the turbid pool of his nature.

To be continued.

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HAPPINESS.—“Happiness is a very common plant, a native of every soil, yet is some skill required in gathering it; for many poisonous weeds look like it, and deceive the unwary to their ruin.”

ORIGINAL

## WOMAN'S CROWN.

BY MRS. S. H. B. SMITH.

The bridal wreath—'tis woman's crown—  
Whether 'mid royal gems 'tis gleaming,  
Or crowns some lowly maiden's brow,  
Its snowy hue through tear-drops beaming.

O'er the heart's world, o'er hearth and home,  
It crowns her queen; her potent sway,  
In lordly hall, or peasant's bower,  
The loftiest, lowliest—all obey.

Well may her trembling heart enquire—  
Shall such high power to me be given?  
And Israel's youthful monarch's prayer,  
Rise, from her inmost heart, to heaven.

So, wisdom shining from above,  
Shall light, and bless her untried way  
And fruits of goodness and of love,  
Smile in its mild and heavenly ray.

And earth—a savage waste before—  
Beneath blest woman's gentle reign,  
Redeemed from pride and passion's sway,  
Shall bloom, a paradise again.

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## COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

—————"Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy—for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of evil men  
Shall e'er prevail against us, nor disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee; and in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matur'd  
Into a sober pleasure, then thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."—*Wordsworth.*

ORIGINAL.

## THE WIFE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

See Engraving.

*From the Portfolio of a "Bachelor."*

"Poor Ned Graham! With his noble mind, generous heart, and brilliant prospects, to throw himself away after this fashion, on a village blue-stocking! I can see her with my mind's eye—tall, gawky, and absent—solving a problem in Euclid, when she should be darning a stocking; extracting a Hebrew root, when she should be making a pudding; and writing an essay, instead of looking after her children or domestics. Poor fellow! he is greatly to be pitied, though he might have taken warning by the fate of others, without trying the rash experiment himself." Such, I candidly confess, gentle reader, was the soliloquy with which I folded up a letter from the individual in question, urging me to come and visit him at his delightful country seat on the banks of the Delaware. Edward Graham was my college friend—bound to me by a thousand ties—and five years had elapsed since our separation, most of which time had been spent by me at a foreign university. Hardly had I set foot on my native shore, when a letter was handed me from him, full of the warm affection of other days, and containing an urgent invitation to spend some weeks with him at L—. My heart was full of pleasant and tender remembrances as I read the letter; yet I hesitated long, before writing my acceptance of the invitation: and why? Simply because some four years previous to its date, my friend had married a lady who was not only decidedly literary, but who had actually published a volume of poems which had been widely circulated and greatly admired. Now, if I had from my cradle one aversion stronger than all others, it was for a "blue-stocking," as I was taught to call a literary lady; and my good mother unconsciously strengthened the feeling, by

always speaking of "book-learning" as a thing that pertained exclusively to the stronger sex. There was but one specimen of the genus *scribendi* in our immediate neighborhood, and that was certainly an unfavorable one, as the house of Mrs. Fritter was a miniature Bedlam, and her rude, ill-mannered, and unwashed children, were the objects of general terror and dislike among the juveniles of the community. It is true, the literary tastes of Mrs. Fritter were not very extensive or refined, being chiefly confined to the contents of a circulating library, composed of novels and romances; but, as her time was spent in reading and scribbling, she was looked upon as a literary woman, and the whole fraternity suffered accordingly. It was impossible that Edward Graham—so refined and even fastidious as I had known him—could marry a woman like this; but the fact was clearly proved, that she read several languages, and had written a book—and this was enough, in my estimation, to spoil her as a wife and housekeeper. I resolved, however, to see with my own eyes the domestic happiness of which he boasted—and accordingly found myself, a few weeks after the reception of his letter, at a public-house where Mr. Graham's carriage was to meet and take me to his residence. It was a lovely evening in summer—and, as we drove through the noble avenue of elms which led to the hall, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the perfume of innumerable flowers, the song of birds, and the hum of myriads of insects on the wing, all stole over me with a sense of quiet enjoyment such as I had seldom experienced. Shouts of childish glee roused me from the reverie into which I was falling—and, looking from the carriage, I saw in a grape-arbor near me a beautiful girl of some three or four summers, playfully endeavoring to crown with flowers a young lady, from whose head she had stolen the comb, while her dishevelled hair fell in rich masses about her neck and shoulders. While I was gazing at the charming picture, the carriage stopped, and a manly voice, whose tones thrilled to my heart, gave me a cordial welcome. When the first salutations had been exchanged, my friend caught sight of the group in the arbor, and exclaimed, laughingly, "Come, Thornton, let me introduce you to a lady who has long been impatient to make your acquaint-



ance, as the friend and correspondent of her husband." So saying, he entered the arbor, and formally presented me to Mrs. Graham, who, as she threw back the dark tresses that partly concealed her features, met me with a frank hospitality which lost nothing from the enchanting blush that accompanied it. "You have caught me," she said, "in a game of romps with my little Agnes—who must make her own apology for the freedom she has taken with mama's hair;" and, as she spoke, she put the hand of the sweet child in mine, with a smile that dissolved at once the ice of ceremony, and placed us on the footing of old and familiar friendship. Could it be possible that this lovely and graceful woman, in whose countenance and manner dignity and simplicity were so beautifully blended, was the dreaded "blue-stocking" of my imagination? Where were the stiffness, pedantry, and self-conceit, with which my fancy had invested her? Clearly, there was nothing of all this visible in her appearance or language—and thus far I had been greatly mistaken; but I should undoubtedly find the expected deficiency somewhere. At all events, I would not yield my long-cherished opinions until I had narrowly watched her in the various relations of wife, mother, and mistress of the family.

This resolution, during a stay of some weeks, was fully carried out—and truth obliges me say, that never in the whole course of my life have I seen the inspired description of a virtuous wife contained in *Proverbs xxxi.* so fully exemplified as in the case of this admirable woman. Order, regularity, and industry, were the laws of her household—and so perfect were her domestic arrangements, that every movement seemed governed by some invisible spring, actuating and controlling the whole. She was the intelligent, sympathizing friend, the judicious adviser and active assistant of her husband, whose heart safely trusted in her—the playful companion and instructor of her child—the considerate and vigilant guardian of her domestics, by whom she was beloved almost to idolatry. At the head of her elegant establishment, and dispensing its hospitalities to her numerous and distinguished guests, she was ever the same—kind, courteous, and dignified—always encouraging modest merit, and frowning on vice in all its

manifestations. In short, I had not been two weeks at the Hall, before my prejudices were vanquished, and my admiration and esteem for my fair hostess were fully proportioned to their previous strength. And yet it could not be denied, that Mrs. Graham was not only a literary, but a learned woman—for though nothing like pedantry or an attempt at display was visible in her conversation, I had accidentally discovered, on several occasions, the depth and variety of her attainments. But, she bore her honors so meekly—was so truly feminine in her whole deportment—and withal so fully realized my ideal of excellence as the mistress of a household, that before leaving the Hall, I was compelled to “make a clean breast,” (to use an ordinary but expressive term,) and confess to my friend the misgivings with which I had approached his house, and the entire revolution that had taken place in my feelings and opinions. “You do not yet half know Ellen,” was his calm reply; “there is a mine of wealth concealed in that gentle heart, of which you have no idea, and which circumstances alone will ever bring to light.” How prophetic was this speech!

For several years after this, I was located far from my friend Graham; and though, for a time, frequent communications passed between us, these became gradually fewer, until they ceased entirely, and, in the busy whirl of life, I lost sight of him altogether. At length, strange and afflicting tidings reached my ears—of sickness, treachery, destitution, and departure from his beautiful home, no one knew whither. He had fallen from an unfinished building, and broken a limb, beside receiving other severe injuries, which long confined him, a helpless sufferer, to his couch. During this time, the failure of the — Bank, in which he was a large stockholder, and the dishonesty of his principal agent, had greatly deranged his affairs, which, from his continued illness, became more and more disordered, until a complete failure was the consequence. He was a man of strict integrity—and every thing he could command was freely given up to his creditors, till every demand was fully satisfied. With his wife and children, he had then left the happy home endeared to them by so many fond recollections, to earn a subsistence as they best

might, by their own personal exertions. I was greatly shocked at this intelligence, and mentally inquired—"How will Ellen Graham bear this terrible reverse? How can she, with her elegant tastes, and habits of ease and refinement, encounter the evils of poverty, from which even a husband's love cannot now shield her?" I own, that notwithstanding my admiration of her character, I trembled for the result of such a test; and, when business led me again into my native state, prepared eagerly, though not without many misgivings, to search out the abode of my friend. After long and diligent inquiry, I found him at last in a small but pleasant cottage in the suburbs of P—, a confirmed invalid for life, pale and somewhat emaciated, but calm and even cheerful, while the warm pressure of the hand with which I was welcomed, spoke a heart still untouched by the frosts of adversity or time. Every thing about him was arranged with exquisite neatness and taste, though with the exception of a rosewood piano, all the furniture was of the simplest kind. A few valuable books lay upon the table, and the windows were full of choice plants carefully tended, whose perfume filled the humble apartment. When the first gush of feeling had subsided, I inquired for Mrs. Graham. She was absent on an errand of benevolence, but would soon return, he said—and then, as he spoke of her, the emotions of the husband, hitherto repressed, burst forth beyond control. "Thornton," he said, while tears choked his utterance, "words are too poor to tell you what I owe to that noble woman. In our darkest seasons of adversity, she has been an angel of consolation—utterly forgetful of self, and anxious only to comfort and sustain me; and never in our happiest days has she seemed so full of animation and cheerfulness, as during those scenes of trial, in which, but for her, I must have yielded to despair. She planned every thing—superintended the sale and removal of all our effects—gave up her splendid establishment without one tear—and when we left the mansion to which I had brought her a young and happy bride a few years before, only turned to me with a smile, and said—'Now, Edward, we will be all the world to each other;' and well has she fulfilled her part of the promise. By the constant exertion of her various talents and acquirements, she

has hitherto provided for our wants, beside constant attendance on a sick husband, and educating our children, who have no other instructress."

"But this is not all," he continued, as he saw in my countenance the expression of the interest I felt in his narration—"my noble Ellen has made greater sacrifices than any of which I have yet spoken. In giving up house, and equipage, and fortune, the very magnitude of the sacrifice helps to sustain the soul, but she who can descend, from ease and affluence, to the petty details of penurious housekeeping, not only patiently, but cheerfully, is no ordinary woman. Yet this, and more, my Ellen has done, for of all our former servants, we retain but one, our faithful Dinah, who positively refused to leave her beloved mistress, and as she is advanced in years much of the positive labor of the family has been performed by my wife, on whom until now, the winds of heaven were never permitted to blow too roughly. Often, as I have seen her, in her neat calico wrapper, and her beautiful hair closely folded under a simple cap, engaged in domestic duties, while her beaming eye and glowing cheek spoke peace within, I have blessed God for the affliction that revealed her priceless worth, and felt that while such a treasure was spared me, I might well dispense with the dross of earthly riches. But my friend," he added, as the glow of emotion faded from his pallid cheek, "it is for her sake only that I would wish for wealth, or repine at the misfortune that buries in obscurity one so fitted to adorn and ennoble the most elevated station." While he was yet speaking, the door opened, and the wife to whom this full hearted tribute was paid, made her appearance. She was but little changed since I last saw her, though her form had lost something of its rounded fulness, and a slight shade of care, or it might be, of thought, had fallen across the snowy brow, but her eye was as bright, her smile as glad, and her voice as musical, as in the palmy days of her prosperity. She greeted me with evident delight, for she saw that the excitement had improved her beloved invalid, and for myself, I looked upon her with a feeling of reverence, which no earthly dignity or station could have commanded.

"You will not leave us to-day," she said, as she seated

herself by the arm-chair of her husband—"though our establishment is small, we have room for a friend, and Edward will have much to say to you about auld lang syne." I could not refuse an invitation so kindly given, and in mutual questions and replies, the hours flew swiftly, until we were summoned to dinner by my charming hostess, who preceded us, playfully remarking, that if I had formerly sinned in undervaluing her domestic qualities, I was now about to atone for it, by partaking such unskillful cookery as she could furnish. If this were so, my punishment was indeed disproportioned to the offence, for the dinner, though simple, was exquisitely prepared, and might have tempted a more delicate appetite than I could boast. Never, when presiding at her sumptuous table in other days, had I seen Ellen Graham more at her ease, or more truly fascinating, and as she strove in every winning way to amuse and interest the desponding invalid, I felt the truth of the declaration—"Better is a dinner of herbs where (such) love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The afternoon was spent in talking over the past, and laying plans for the future. Mrs. Graham already had some engagements as a writer, which promised to be profitable, and I was enabled to make for her a permanent arrangement, which with her other resources, secured them a moderate support. At evening, three fine children, two boys and a girl, who had been spending the day with a friend, came just in time to revive our somewhat saddened spirits; and to me, who had so often been disgusted with miniature gentlemen and ladies, in the hot-house plants forced on my notice, it was really refreshing to see these young creatures, so full of life and animation, gay without rudeness, and intelligent without affectation or display. "You are a happy man," I said to my friend, as I shook hands with him the following morning, at parting, "in spite of sickness and adversity, ay, and a rich one too, for you have domestic treasures which the mines of Peru are too poor to purchase."

I never saw him more, for after lingering in increased debility for a few years, he died, thanking God with his latest breath, for the devoted love which had made the sunshine of his life, and smoothed his pathway to the tomb. Ellen Graham, as she stood by the cold remains of the being she had cherished with

such untiring affection, solemnly promised in her own heart to live henceforth for his orphan children, and nobly has she redeemed the pledge of that hour. Still youthful, and eminently attractive, she has had many offers which might have tempted an ordinary woman, but her answer to all is the same—"My heart is buried with my husband—I have nothing to do with the world, but to train my children for usefulness, and prepare for the reunion which faith so confidently anticipates."

By her contributions to the various departments of our literature, she is doing much for the cause of general education, helping to elevate the standard of public morals, and to form the character of the future wives and mothers of our land, upon whose influence, the prosperity of our free institutions, and the destinies of the world, so eminently depend.

There are few, among the many who read with delight whatever comes from her pen, who know how deeply the heart of the gifted writer has been wrung, or how nobly she has struggled on, amid trials and discouragements, which, but for the support of an Almighty arm, must have crushed her to the earth. If her example shall remove one unfounded prejudice against "literary ladies," or help to sustain one sinking spirit on which the storms of life are beating, it will not be in vain that we have drawn this imperfect sketch of the wife.

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#### LIGHT WITHIN.

"He that hath light within his own clear breast,  
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day—  
But he that bides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,  
Himself is his own dungeon."—*Milton*.

ORIGINAL.

## THE STAR, AND THE DYING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE WAS a room of sickness—

Muffled steps,

And voices hush'd to whispers, told how dear

The gentle being, who in beauty's bloom

Lay blighted there.

But while the watcher smooth'd

The fever'd pillow, and with thoughtful care

Prepared the cordial—hark ! a low, faint tone—

While toward the casement, an emaciate hand

Wav'd feebly:

“ Draw yon curtain. I would see

A star, that fixeth on me its pure eye,

Night after night. I love its holy beam.”

Long wrapp'd in silence, with a speaking gaze

Bent on that heavenly visitant, she lay,—

The peaceful smile upon her brow, that marks

Friendship with Him, who calls the starry host

Forth by their names.

’Twas beautiful to see

Her sublimated hope. We may not tell

What thoughts that tireless watcher of the skies,

Breath'd in that mystic converse, hour by hour,

While slumber fell on others.

But we know,

That tranquil as its beam, she pass'd away,

From her youth's chosen partner, from the babe

That twin'd strong tendrils round her yearning heart ;

From tender parents, and the fond embrace

Of loving ones, who from the cradle shar'd

Her inmost thought. From all that earth could give,

Without a shadow o'er her faith, she rose,

Calm as the star she lov'd.

Oh, friends ! who sit

In solitary mourning, when ye mark

That same pure star look on you from above,

List for the echo of their harps, who pour

Unresting praise, and think ye catch her smile

Whose home is with the angels.



## WILD LILY OF THE VALLEY—BLUE PERIWINKLE.

See Flower Plate.

*CLINTONIA Borealis*—Wild Lily of the Valley.

GENERIC CHAR.: Perianth, sub-campanulate, six-parted; berry, two-celled.

SPECIFIC CHAR.: Scape, umbellate; leaves, broad, oval, lanceolate; flowers, cernuous; berries, blue.

This beautiful flower is found in the mountainous or hilly woods of New England, and as far west as the Mississippi. It flowers in June, and is a general favorite, for the delicacy and purity of its umbellate blossoms, and the beauty of the smooth glossy leaves with which they are partially concealed.

*VINCA MAJOR*—*Greater Periwinkle*.

GEN. CHAR.: Corolla, hypocrateriform, contorted; border, five-cleft, with the lobes oblique; orifice, five-angled; two glands at the base of the ovary; capsule, erect, fusiform; seed, oblong.

SPEC. CHAR.: *Stems*, nearly erect; *leaves*, ovate, ciliate; *flowers*, pedunculate; *sepals*, setaceous, elongated.

The Periwinkle is a native of Europe, and flowers in May and June. It has numerous slender, straggling branches, is very leafy, and forms light masses of evergreen foliage, which flourish best beneath the shade of other plants. It grows from one to two feet in height, and though a tender plant, may with care be successfully cultivated, and forms a beautiful ornament of the parterre.

The cultivation of flowers is an employment well suited to the amusement of females, who may, with some slight assistance in the preparation of the ground, thus convert a barren waste into a blooming, delightful flower-garden, with their own hands. "Sowing the seeds, watering, transplanting, and training the plants—tying them to sticks as props—leading them over trellis-work—and gathering their seed;" these are all occupations adapted to feminine taste and skill, and, from the motives to daily exercise in the open air which they afford, are greatly conducive to health and mental tranquillity. Sentiment of the Lily of the Valley—"Humility;" that of the Blue Periwinkle—"Recollection of the past."







View



*Trillium Pendulum or Nodding Wake Robin.*



ORIGINAL.

## NOVEL READING.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

The morals of a people, as well as their intellectual character, are affected by the literature of a people. This is true of individuals and of nations. Alexander's character was moulded and shaped very much, by the constant reading of Homer. He is said to have carried continually with him the Iliad, that by contemplating the life and character of Achilles, the great ideal hero of the poem, he might himself become truly heroic. Our Puritan fathers were truly brave, as well as good men, but they had drank in the spirit of Milton, Howe and Baxter, the great authors of their age and nation.

He who said "Let me write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws," meant to state a great principle. He meant to state, that the morals of society are more affected by works, which address the imagination, than by philosophy or legislative enactments. The young especially, whose passions are ardent, whose imagination is ever on the wing, love to dwell in an *ideal* world, rather than in a world of reality. They crave the romantic, the strained, the startling. Works of fiction are eminently adapted to feed and fire this natural propensity.

We have only then to multiply works of this character, and scatter them broad-cast over the land, and the minds of the young receive an effectual bias which may fit them to move in some ideal world, but not in this world of toil and trial, and moral responsibility. To do this—to make the mind robust and healthy—to fit moral agents for their high duties and destinies, the mind and the moral feelings must undergo a severe and rigid discipline, which it is not the province of fiction to impart. From the multiplication of works of fiction, from their cheapness, from their universal diffusion, we see the danger to which the youth of our country are exposed. Indeed, we have

experienced, to some extent, the fascinating power of this species of literature; we have stood within the charmed circle, and our imagination has reeled beneath the intoxicating influence. And now, that we have retreated from the enchanted ground, we see the danger of those over whom the sorceress is still weaving her spell, and breathing her incantations. May we not then be permitted to lift up the voice of warning—to speak, very briefly, of the effects upon the intellect and the heart, of indiscriminate novel reading?

That this species of excitement affects injuriously the *intellectual* character, there can be no doubt. All the powers of the mind should be duly exercised to secure a happy and harmonious development—the reason, the conscience, the memory, as well as the imagination. But it is the peculiar design of works of fiction, to address and stimulate to excess, this latter faculty. The reasoning power, which is the chief glory of man, is not called into exercise; the conscience finds little or nothing to awaken its energies, but is rather blinded by the deceptive radiance shed around it; the memory is taxed in following the intricacies of a plot, rather than the actings of principle, the exaggerated development of an exciting story, rather than the truthful representations of incident and character. The exercise is consequently morbid and unhealthy.—The harmony of the mind, by such a process, is destroyed, and the imagination is left to travel wildly and without restraint over a false and fairy land. A love for the excitement of romance imparts a disrelish for works of a positive and practical utility. Science, philosophy, and history, are laid aside, as requiring too much thought and study. An habitual novel reader is like an epicure, who lives to eat, and does not eat to live, and who has no appetite for plain food, unless accompanied with wines and stimulating cordials. With what utter disgust would he turn away from the lofty conceptions of a Dugald Stewart, the reasonings of a Butler, or the eloquence of a Bates, or a Barrows. He denounces these, as characterized by unendurable dulness and stupidity. Excitement, *mere excitement*, is the luxury of his life and the ultimatum of his reading. And what has produced this mental distortion, this excessive and absorbing love of the fabulous, *the ideal*.

rather than the true and the useful? There must have been brought to bear the arts of fascination and sorcery. The enchantress who mingles the wine-cup and wreathes the dance, must have been with the deluded victim, beguiling him with the music of her blandishment, and inducing him to sacrifice all that is lofty and noble in mind, at the shrine of her own idolatry.

But the effects of *novel reading* are perhaps more marked upon the *moral* character. Most professed novel writers are, we believe, no great sticklers for morality. A very low standard satisfies them. A romantic love, a reckless daring, an uncomplaining patience under the imaginary evils of life, fealty and fortitude, are among the loftiest of their delineated virtues; while positive vices, such as treachery and intrigue, seduction and murder, are not unfrequently made the theme of eulogy. The pirate, the duellist, the debauchee, are often made the admired heroes of a tale or a tragedy. The downward path to ruin is crowded with scenes and incidents the most enchanting and the most seductive. False views of life and character are presented. The prominent pictures or persons, in the ideal scene, are generally too highly colored—the lights are too strong—the shadows too deep—the heroes and heroines too brave or beautiful—the villains too interesting—the incidents and exploits too unlike the average realities of life. Can such a representation fail to affect the interested and excited reader? Will not his mind receive a bias prejudicial to his highest interests? And will not the heart drink in the false sentiments inculcated, as the earth drinketh in the dew? If the morals and religion of our country are in danger from the rapid influx of foreign population, *the dregs of European society*, far greater is the danger from the popular literature that is flooding our country and sweeping away the high barriers of truth and virtue. Every good man, every patriot, every parent, has a vital interest in this matter. To the sons and daughters of our land must soon be committed its social interests; for the right management and guardianship of which, they will be miserably prepared by their growing familiarity with the enervating and depraving pictures of foreign fashionable licentiousness, which everywhere abound in the popular literature of the day. Those

who live in a world of dreams and visions, who are accustomed to follow the fabulous vicissitudes—the extatic joys and sorrows, the romantic exploits of some fancied hero or heroine, will find the sober realities and duties of life quite uncongenial to their excited sensibilities. They may have wept over the sorrows of a Werter, or over some tale of imaginary suffering, but for hearts really crushed under the heavy burdens of life, they can have little or no sympathy.

Their whole moral nature is sadly perverted, soured and alienated from the true ends and aims of human existence. In the works with which they have been familiar, their minds have found no true and unchanging standard of moral excellence—their passions and impulses no rightful and authoritative law,—hence their moral derangement, and indeed the debasement of their entire being. While we are thus free to express the opinion, that the fictitious literature of all ages, from Boccaccio down to Bulwer, has, in the main, exerted a pernicious influence intellectually and morally upon society, we cannot say this of all works of the imagination. Some have exerted a decidedly moral and elevating influence, and the most important and wholesome truth has been conveyed under the garb of fictitious narrative.

The Great Teacher himself employed allegories and parables to represent the truths of his own system. If our censure were unqualified, then to be consistent, we must discard the parables of Scripture, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and many other works which are an ornament to our literature, and an honor to the men who wrote them. Some works of the imagination are beautiful—they are magnificent and above all praise. They present religion in the most evangelical and attractive aspect. The mind of the reader is carried along in an ecstasy of interest, over hallowed yet enchanted ground, and is constantly impressed with a sense both of the power and preciousness of religion. Full of exquisite imagery—of noble thoughts happily expressed, and of high and holy principles, they will shed their bright and blessed influence around many a fire-side, imparting courage and constancy to the weak and the wavering.



ORIGINAL.

## SPIRIT UNION.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

I will love thee as the Cloud loves—  
The soft cloud of the Summer,  
That winds its pearly arms round  
The rosy-tinted comer,  
Interwreathing till but one cloud  
Hangs dove-like in the blue,  
And throws no shadow earthward,  
But only nectar dew  
For the roses blushing under,—  
And, purified from thunder,  
Floats onward with the rich light melting through.

I will love thee as the Rays love  
That quiver down the ether,  
That, many-hued in solitude,  
Are pure white, knit together;  
And, if the heavens darken,  
Yet faint not, to despair,  
But bend their Bow hope-shafted  
To glorify the air,—  
That do their simple duty,  
Light-warm with love and beauty,  
Not scorning any low plant anywhere.

I will love thee as the Sweets love,  
From dewy Rose and Lily,  
That fold together cloud-like,  
On Zephyrs riding stilly,  
Till charmed Bard and Lover,  
Drunk with the scented gales,  
Name one Sweet and another,  
Not knowing which prevails;  
The winged airs caress them,  
The hearts of all things bless them,  
So will we float in love that never fails.

ORIGINAL.

## THE WINGS OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES FRANZ—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

WHEN the creation of the world was finished, and man, wrapped in slumber, welcomed the delights of his existence, for the first time, in happy dreams, three glorious angels, who had followed the Creator to gaze upon the works of his omnipotence, approached the couch of the sleeper, hailing the Lord of the new creation with feelings of love and joy.

And as they bent over him, they were amazed at the beauty and the perfect form of the new-created being, and they said one to another: "Truly, man stands but little lower than the angels, if his soul accords with the purity and dignity of his outward comeliness."

"But still," said one of them, whose brow shone with a more earnest and lofty brightness than those of the others, "but still one ornament of a resident of heaven is denied to the son of earth; for, behold, he is without the emblem of freedom, the shining pinions!"

The angels gazed mournfully upon the sleeper, when they saw that it was indeed so, and they whispered softly: "Was it the purpose of the Divine Architect to teach us by this, that the child of the dust is not yet worthy to soar freely to the joyful domain of light?"

An eagle now rose from an adjacent bush, and cleaving the air with his broad wings, disappeared in the blue heavens. And the angels looked after him, and began anew: "Behold the bird of the mountains! Is he not freer and more highly favored than the lord of the earth? and will man gaze without envy upon the happy bird as he soars aloft to the sun?"

One of the angels whose face was mild as the light of heaven, and fair as the beams of morning, then said: "Let us present ourselves before Jehovah, and pray for man, that, like us, he may receive the gift of freedom, and no longer be

chained to earth like the beasts of the wood and the creeping worm."

"Yea, we will enter the presence of our Divine Master, and he will listen to our prayers," said the third, raising his clear eyes aloft,—and the angels soared upward upon the wings of the morning.

But when Jehovah had heard their prayer, his divine glance rested approvingly upon those fair forms of light, all glowing with loving care for the young and helpless child of earth. "Ye ask that the son of the dust may enjoy the happy lot of those who dwell in light," he said, "but the happiness of freedom lies as yet beyond the reach of his powers. It is the purpose of his being to prepare him for this, and the desire after this happiness, which is, as yet, denied him, is the tie which unites him to the world of spirits. But if you, you, who view the new-created one with such careful love, if you, when his strength is wearied, would lend him your wings, it shall be henceforth permitted you to lighten the lot of the mortal. Descend and become his guides upon the path of life, and by your presence grant him a foretaste of future happiness."

And the angels lifted up their voices in joy, and hand in hand descended to earth, and alighted at the couch of the sleeper. With tears of happiness in their eyes, they laid their hands upon the bosom of the first man, as if uttering a silent vow: "Oh, thou, who now liest in the arms of sleep," began the youngest of the angels, "think, when upon the path of life, thou meetest many a hindrance, many a stone of stumbling, think of my words. Raise thine eyes confidently to me, and I will lend unto thee my wings, for the wings of Hope will waft thee gently over the thorns of the present moment, and bear thee to the fields of Light."

"And when the toils of the day weigh too heavily upon thee," began the second, with mild and placid face, "come then to me, and I will make thy burden light!—the strong, bold wings of Love will give thee wondrous strength, for the tasks and duties of this life below."

"And when those hours draw nigh," said the third angel, with the shining form, "when earthly wo, or even deserved misfortune, threatens to disturb the joy and happiness of thy

existence ; when entangled in bands which thou art unable to cast off, and lost in the labyrinth of life, thou dost long for help and rescue, repair then, Oh mortal, repair with confidence to me!—the hallowed wings of Faith will bear thee beyond the power of earth, from night and darkness, up to the bosom of the eternal, merciful Father. My heaven shall in that moment be thine, and thou wilt return purified and consoled to thy mother earth."

Thus spoke the angels, and each clasped the other's hand, as if in an everlasting bond. And Jehovah looked down upon them with love, and appointed them the guardian angels of mortals.

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### INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee.  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak, had power to move thee :  
But I can let thee now alone  
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thee sweet, yet find  
Thou'rt such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favors are but like the wind,  
That kisseth every thing it meets :  
And since thou canst by more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning Rose, that untouched stands,  
Armed with briars, how sweetly smells !  
But plucked and strained thro' ruder hands,  
Her sweet no longer with her dwells.  
Her scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been awhile !  
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,  
And I shall sigh, and some will smile  
To see thy love to every one  
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

ORIGINAL.

## HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY J. HAGEN

PILGRIM on life's toilsome journey,  
Searching for the good and true,  
Be thou not in haste to turn thee  
From what first offends thy view.

In the most unheard-of places,  
Richest treasures thou may'st find ;  
Forms that never knew the Graces,  
Have the loftiest souls enshrined !

Gems of price are deeply hidden,  
'Neath the rugged rocks concealed ;  
What would ne'er come forth unbidden  
To thy search may be revealed.

While the fading flowers of pleasure,  
Spring spontaneous from the soil,  
Thou wilt find the harvest's treasure,  
Yields alone to patient toil !

Of thy trial ne'er grow weary,  
Child-like seek from all to learn ;  
And in after years to cheer thee,  
Thou wilt reap a rich return.

And it is a thought most cheering,  
That our labors day by day,  
Are the rugged pathway clearing,  
For those following on the way.

Pilgrim on life's toilsome journey,  
Searching for the good and true,  
Be then not in haste to turn thee  
From what first offends thy view.

ORIGINAL.

## MORAL COURAGE.

BY MISS S. L. MARTYN.

To the writer of the following Essay, the PRIZE, (A SPLENDID GOLD MEDAL,) was awarded by the Committee appointed to examine the compositions of the First Department of Rutgers' Female Institute, N. Y., at their commencement, July 9th, 1847. It is inserted in the WREATH by the request of many of our readers.

Courage, as it is generally understood, is that quality of mind, which enables men to encounter difficulties and dangers without fear, or depression of spirits; to act with firmness and valor, even with death pending over them.

It is of two kinds, physical and moral. Physical courage enables its possessor to act fearlessly, and to perform chivalric and heroic deeds, regardless of their moral character, the law of God, or the rights of their fellow-men. The courage displayed on the battle-field is mostly of this kind, and is shared in common with many of the brute creation. Hyenas and tigers, have contended as fiercely, and have displayed as much physical daring in their assaults upon their foes, as did Cæsar or Napoleon.

Moral courage, arises from a sense of duty; and enables men to conform their actions to the law of right, without respect to the evils they may draw upon themselves by so doing. It is the maintenance of principle, the daring *to do right*, under all circumstances, and at all hazards. That moral courage is superior to physical, seems hardly to need proof, inasmuch as all men pronounce intellectual and moral qualities, superior to mere animal instincts. And yet, the names that have figured most conspicuously on the pages of the world's history; that have gained the admiration of mankind, and have come down to us covered with imperishable renown, are names associated with blood and carnage. But, where in the daring exploits, and heroic achievements of their possessors, are we able to find a solitary example of moral courage, without which, there

can be no true greatness of soul, and nothing really sublime in human character, or human actions. Where, in all the brilliant achievements of Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon, do we find any regard to moral principle, or any acknowledgment of moral obligation? They had courage, courage to face danger in its most appalling forms,—courage to plan and execute schemes which destroyed empires; but they had not the *moral courage* to dare to do right. Moral obligation and duty, were things to them unknown. They respected no right, but their own assumed right, to render the world tributary to their pleasure and renown. They knew no law but the law of their own will. Their fellow-beings generally, they regarded as mere things; in the expressive language of Napoleon, as “food for cannon.” To the same class of heroes, belong Charlemagne, Frederic the Great, and a host of other military conquerors, renowned for their courage and daring enterprises.—But when measured by the true standard of greatness, what is their worth, and what are their claims to the respect and homage of mankind? They were courageous and daring. So is the lion of the forest; and not only daring, but generous, for he seldom destroys farther than to satisfy his immediate wants; which is more than can be said of most of the military chieftains, whose prowess has been celebrated in history, in painting, in poesy and song.

One of the most brilliant examples of physical courage ever known, was displayed in the conduct of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi. It was regarded by himself as one of the most dazzling adventures of his life. He called it “the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi.”

With three of his generals, he rushed upon the bridge, in the face of a tempest of fire, poured upon him from the cannon of the enemy. A column of his brave grenadiers followed him, shouting, “Vive la Republique.” The Austrians, unable to withstand his resistless charge, became involved in inextricable confusion, and fled.

This daring exploit filled all Europe with amazement, and has been regarded as one of the most celebrated acts of courage on record, either in ancient or modern times. But what was there in this bold adventure, worthy of commendation?

Was there any duty performed, any obligation met, or any principle asserted? In all this heroic daring, we search in vain, for any exhibition of a truly great and noble soul. How does this, and every other passage in the career of Napoleon, sink into insignificance when contrasted with the self-denying, and magnanimous conduct of Peter, the Emperor of Russia; who, though a semi-barbarian, laid aside his crown, and all the luxuries of an imperial palace, and disguised as a common peasant, alone, and on foot, travelled through foreign lands, that he might teach his subjects the arts of civilization. For years he banished himself from his country, applying himself assiduously to any trade, which he deemed important for the good of his people.

This was conduct worthy of an Emperor. Here was true greatness of mind, true nobleness of soul. He who had been reared in the lap of luxury, accustomed from earliest infancy to the gratification of every wish, and possessed of that most highly prized of all earthly treasures, unlimited power, descended from his throne, and endured the hardships and privations of a common laborer, that he might introduce among his subjects, arts and sciences, and make them a happier and better people. He thus laid the foundation for the greatness to which Russia has since attained, and rendered his name immortal, as a wise and good sovereign.

Some of the noblest examples of moral courage the world has ever witnessed, are recorded in the Scriptures. We there read of men, whom all the terrors that earth could present, could not intimidate, or induce in a single instance to violate their consciences, or disobey the will of God.

The moral heroism of the three Hebrew captives at Babylon, can find no parallel in the annals of worldly and selfish men, however elevated their station, or commanding their genius. Nebuchadnezzar, to display his power and greatness, made an image of gold, to be worshipped by all nations under his dominion. The royal decree was issued. Heralds went forth into every province. All were summoned to meet on an appointed day, to render homage to the idol. The high officers of the Empire—Princes, Governors and Rulers, together with countless multitudes of people of every clime and lan-



guage, were assembled on the vast plains of Dura. All stood in the presence of their sovereign. Suddenly the voice of music met the ear of the assembled host—the mingled tones of the trumpet and the cornet, the flute, the harp and the psaltery. At this signal all were prostrate before the idol god. Nebuchadnezzar, seated upon his kingly throne, gazed with conscious pride upon the scene before him. Not one of this vast assembly had dared to disobey the royal command. Who so mighty as Nebuchadnezzar? Who should dare to dispute his authority! But why leans he forward; why looks he with anxiety afar off. Surely not one remains upright. Ah, yes; three of his own officers have refused to bow before the golden shrine. The expression of gratified pride, which a moment before rested on his countenance, is changed to one of anger and wrath. He gazed with astonishment, seemingly expecting them to bow to the ground. But no! they stand calm and undisturbed, with no fear in their hearts, save that of dishonoring their God. His guard instantly seize and bring them before the king. “Who are ye, that ye do not serve my gods, nor worship the image which I have set up? Know ye, that if ye worship not, ye shall be cast that same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace, and who shall deliver you out of my hand?” The reply of these young men to the haughty demand of the monarch, was worthy of the religion they professed, and will be as imperishable as the inspired page which contains it. “We are not careful to answer thee, O King. Our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and will deliver us out of thy hand. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship thine image which thou hast set up.”

Here is an example of moral courage, which places these young captive Israelites as far above the heroes of the battle-fields, as the morally sublime in human conduct is superior to mere physical bravery. The command of the king was an invasion of the right of conscience. It was also an invasion of divine prerogatives. It required them to give to an idol, the homage due to God alone. Obedience to this command, would

have been the surrender of an inalienable right, and an act of high treason against the divine throne. Instead, therefore, of seeking a refuge from the wrath of the king, under the plea of inexpediency, they boldly trampled his impious decree under their feet; nor could all the terrors of the fiery furnace, cause them to surrender their rights, or violate their obligations.

The same moral heroism was displayed by Daniel, under the reign of Darius; and by Peter and John, before the Jewish Sanhedrim.

The opening of the Christian dispensation, was an era for the exhibition of moral courage. Christianity gave to the human soul the elements of a new life. It brought it up from its thralldom of error and superstition, into the pure atmosphere of truth, when its moral powers had been cramped and smothered for ages, and it began immediately to manifest its original dignity. Reason and conscience asserted their supremacy, and moral courage took the place of physical daring and brute force. Under this new impulse, unlettered men, and timid maidens, who, generation after generation, had been the obsequious and subservient tools of power, became moral heroes and heroines. The thunder of imperial edicts, or the terrors of the rack and gibbet, could not intimidate them. Though the fires of persecution blazed around them on every side, they maintained their principles and performed their duties. This to their persecutors seemed obstinacy, but it was far from it. It was the action of the human soul, under the influence of high principle; the display of that moral courage which prompts its possessor to do right—to obey God rather than man, leaving the consequences with Him.

As an element of character, moral courage is essential to true excellence. Without it we can neither meet our obligations to God, nor our fellow-men. Without the courage fearlessly to announce the convictions of our understanding, and to follow the dictates of conscience, what respect can we have for ourselves, or what claims can we put forth to the respect of others? The man who wants the courage to do right, is destitute of virtue, and unfit for any noble enterprise. He cannot in-

spire the confidence of others, nor can he feel confidence in himself. In the day of trial, he may cowardly desert his post, and betray the cause which he has espoused.

It becomes, therefore, an object of the first importance, if we would possess true moral excellence, or aspire to any great or noble achievements, that we form the habit of acting in all things, on fixed principles; that we never deviate from the true and right, however brilliant the seductions, or splendid the bribe, that would tempt us to forsake the path of honor and integrity. We may lose the smiles and the approbation of some whose friendship we esteem desirable, but we shall secure the confidence of those whose respect is truly valuable, and above all, the approbation of our consciences, and the approving smile of our final Judge.

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ORIGINAL.

### THE SYBIL, OR WOMAN'S TRUST.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

"Down, ruthless insurer, I trust not the tale!"

*Campbell.*

LIFT thine eye-lids, merry girl,  
 Turn thy blue orbs to the light;  
 From thy cheek press back the curl,  
 Falling o'er thy forehead white—  
 Fate's dark page I would unrol,  
 Searching all the mystic scroll,  
 What thy lot in life must be,  
 Glancing through futurity,  
 Maiden, thus I read to thee.

Stay kind Sybil—art thou reading  
 All that I am fain to know?  
 Tell me if a bark is speeding  
 Homeward with advancing prow.  
 Tell me, if a dark-eyed stranger,  
 Long, too long an ocean strand,  
 Cometh from a foreign strand,  
 Safely to his native land.

List thee, lady—this I mark,  
Traced upon the mystic scroll,  
Homeward comes the bounding bark,  
True as needle to the pole;  
But the dark-eyed stranger—ah!  
He is lingering still afar—  
Like a dream of summer day—  
Like the wind-harp's idle lay,  
So his love hath passed away.

Never, dreaming Sybil—never—  
False the tale thou would'st reveal;  
Friends may alter, ties may sever,  
But his love, no time shall steal  
Like the polar beam above me,  
So unchanged he still doth love me,  
So unchanged his truth will be,  
Doubt I not his constancy.

Ah! poor maiden, bright eyes gleam,  
And awaken tender fancies—  
Truth in man is but a dream,  
Framed in girlhood's wild romances:  
Round thy lover soft eyes play,  
Stealing all his heart away;  
Think not that I wish to grieve thee,  
Deem not that I would deceive thee,  
But alas—alas—believe me.

Go—thy words are idly spoken—  
Vainly falling on mine ear:  
Sybil, see the true love token,  
As a talisman I wear.  
Pure the azure gem's reflection,  
Emblem of undimmed affection—  
When it changes—shall the giver,  
But till then, ah! never, never!

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ORIGINAL.

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS LITTLE ANGEL.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

### PART II.

ONE morning, old Jacob sat sullenly apart in his little cabin, with soured face leaned on one clenched fist, his surly dog—a companion of his morose moods, wont to harass his neighbors' fowls and cattle—crouching by his feet, with his red eyes half open to catch the first movement of his master, while the ever-sounding loom beat its regular pulsation, the sole life-pulse of that house, almost—for it gave bread and clothes, and many little comforts, things whereby they lived.

The old man's shrill voice had rung through the neighborhood all the morning, with sharp accusations and stinging retorts; flinging bitter taunts, and warding off ill-tempered gibes; and now his whole spirit was tremulous with the spent thunder, and a savage scowl lurked under his gray hairs, like a tiger in its jungle. His insane daughter pinched his cheek with a provoking twist, and asked him, with real solicitude, but insane rudeness,

"What's the matter, old Hunks?"

He was in an ill mood to endure it, and hurled the poor creature with one sweep of his arm into the corner of the room, where she lay howling and cursing, with no notice but a look of bitter anguish from her mother, to whom such scenes had grown too familiar, and from which she had too feeble means to restore peace, to warrant a suspension of her toil. The restless loom only beat with a deader stroke; and the old man settled his knotted face on his clenched fist again.

But the darling Minnie, who trembled always to see her troubled grandfather, felt her young heart of love too strong

for her fears, and ran to the old man, and threw her small white arms about his old neck, exclaiming,

"Oh, grandfather, *she* is my mother—my poor, dear mother; I love her, and it scares me to see her so. Grandmother loves me, and don't strike *her*. Won't you love me, grandpa, and be good to my mother?"

The little creature put a warm kiss between the furrows of his brown cheek, as the old man was giving a convulsive fling to throw her off; but that kiss reached to the centre—and one hard hand relaxed, to brush a tear from his eye, while the other patted the cheek and smoothed the hair of the blue-eyed girl, as he told her, softly, to go and sooth her mother. The gladdened girl saw that she had prevailed, and slipped from his knee, to which she had climbed, to run on her new mission; but, by ill luck, stepped on the tail of the dog as she came down, and the cross brute snapped his jaws and wounded her soft flesh. Now the loom stopped at *her* cry of distress, and the ready hands of her good grandmother dressed the wound, and her words of homely comfort soothed the frightened girl.

The old man arose without a word, gave a low whistle, which the dog knew well and obeyed, and they passed sullenly forth into the fields. A neighbor, who was sore with the frequent gibes of old Jacob Foster, shouted as he passed,

"Hey, Old Jake! going to kill geese, eh? Lord only knows which is the meanest, you or your dog!"

A hundred venomous taunts which had the bitter edge of truth to make them cutting, flashed into Jacob's mind and trembled on his tongue, at this unkind greeting—taunts that bit through erring relatives, and personal flaws, to the tenderest nerve of that neighbor's bosom; but some strange purpose smothered them, and the old man went by in silence; a snarl from the dog was the only answer the mocking salute received. When Jacob returned to his house, the dog was not with him, nor was it ever seen again; but he brought in his hand a large red apple, and a cluster of delicious grapes, and calling Minnie to his chair as he sat down, gave them to her, and she was happy, not in the gifts only, but in the thought that her severe old grandfather was the giver. The patient weaver glancing

from her loom, saw it, and was inly glad, for the old man had taken no kind notice of the child before.

That night the happy Minnie slept on the old man's arm, and did not tremble at his rough look. Ever before, she had curled to her grandmother's side, for they could not trust her to the care of her wild mother—and two beds were all that poverty allowed them. The next day, and the next, and till the fields were bare, Jacob went forth to harvest, for such men as would employ him, and brought home the silver coin, or silver corn, at night—a sight unwonted for many months; so that when coming winter, that had sent many forebodings to the heart of his industrious wife, shook his initial terrors around them, they had ceased to terrify, for bright corn covered the floor of the unfinished garret, new shingles patched the leaky roof, and boards battened the cracks of the unfinished sides—for the poverty they were in would never aspire to clapboards, and shingles had covered but two sides of their cabin from the storm.

The better part of his neighbors saw his silent improvement, and wondered why it was; and if they had no faith in its continuance, they were mute—determined to let him make the first assault. But many of them, heartless as he had been, thrust their thorny speech into his ears, and made a sharp conflict in his bosom between the old revenge, and the new, silent purpose, which that little child had planted there, or haply that new resurrection of some old purpose long smothered, and now raised again by the sweet influence of the artless Minnie.

Many years before, as was the custom even with the gravest of New-Englanders, the family of Jacob Foster would furnish their Thanksgiving feast, and a few friends would sit at his board, and make a joyous oasis in the desert of the winter. For years they had not marked the day, or only to bemoan their wants, or, on the part of the spurned old man, to sneer at his luckier neighbors, while the wife ate her crust in silent thanksgiving that it was not less. But now, Jacob, without any words of explanation, but the simple declaration, said, they would have a Thanksgiving supper, and applied himself to labor to procure the necessary luxuries for the occasion.

The old wife was glad, for she saw some token of renewing peace, the hope of a happy sunset at the last, after a long and stormy day; and Minnie was delighted, for she had seen how glad the season made all the children round her, and longed to enjoy it as they did; and even "Crazy Kate," her mother, not now abused, saw their preparations with sympathetic joy, and quietly let them work on, and sometimes gave a helping hand, as the humble, but, for them, large preparations went forward. On the bright, clear morning of the promiseful day, old Jacob came trudging to his home, with a fat turkey, dressed for the oven, in his hand—the crowning glory of the great feast—when he met the same spiteful man who had tempted him to mar his new purpose oftenest of all his neighbors, and who indeed had most provocation to be revengeful in the memory of former quarrels.

"Well, Old Jake, where'd ye steal that, eh?" was the first greeting he received.

"I don't steal," replied the old man, with a little warmth. Another's insult checked him, as he was passing on, to make another reply, which brought a more cruel attack from his neighborhood, who began to jeer him for cowardice, and tell him his wife had made a Methodist of him; and even was so brutal as to mock him for the love of that little girl, with the base taunts that soonest sting low minds, ashamed of their virtues, so long have they been smothered. At this, the indignant old man forgot his better purpose, and, flinging down his fowl, reeled off a blistering catalogue of crimes and disgraces which clung to his neighbor's family, with a sharp scorn, that turned the insulter, wincing, to his home. But the charm of the day was broken; the wretched old man went to his home, bubbling with the overflow of his passions, cursed his crazy daughter for her irrational demonstrations of interest in the preparations, scolded his meek wife for the slightest cause, and pushed the darling Minnie from his knee, when she came to caress him. The turkey was roasted, but it was ill done; the pies were worthless, though he thought them very good the day before; and every thing was amiss. A richer supper they had not spread for years—a more cheerless one they never tasted—and the old man went to his bed that night



with no blithe angel to sweeten his dreams; and his anger had well nigh quenched the last spark of re-kindling goodness, so nearly did one evil word from an unkind man put out the blessed hope of a soul, itself just flickering in the cold airs of the tomb.

The next day, little Minnie recovered from her repulse—laid siege to his heart again, with caresses that would not be put away, and winning words of child-like love and simple-heartedness; and though she found him harder to win back now than before, at last he yielded to her importunity of sweetness; and though his proud spirit gave no words to testify its kneeling, the very child knew, by the atoning kiss he gave, that she had come again into the soft corner of his shrivelled heart—and she was happy. There she kept her throne—young queen of gentleness—and widened her realm till it could let in all the neighborhood, and the world, even that cruellest scoffer, who had well nigh ruined the old man's rejuvenating soul. He was forgiven, and forgave; and when old Jacob Foster bowed his gray head in death, he had no enemy, and many mourned, at least in sympathy, as the weeping Minnie, who had re-lit his heart, bent, a fair young maiden, over his grave.

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#### KINDNESS.

"The blessings which the poor and weak can scatter  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honor'd death bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels."—*Serjeant Tulfourd.*

ORIGINAL.

## TO NATURE.

BY CAROMAILA.

Rocks, and woods, and water,  
I am now with ye !  
What a grateful daughter  
Ought I not to be !  
Alone with Nature—oh ! what bliss,  
What a privilege is this !

Give me now a blessing,  
Help my tongue to speak  
The feelings, that are pressing  
Till my heart grows weak,—  
Faint with the strange influence  
Of this wild magnificence.

I shut my eyes a minute,  
Listening to the sound ;  
Music is there in it,  
Stirring and profound !  
Wild-voiced waters, babbling breeze,  
Telling tales of aged trees ;

And the echoes—hearken !  
There they chiefly dwell—  
Where those huge rocks darken  
That green woody dell ;  
Hearken with what joy they spring,  
When the village church-bells ring !

Up I look, and follow  
With my eyes the sound,  
Fading in the hollow  
Of the hills around ;  
Then I clasp my hands, and sigh  
That so soon the echoes die.

And I think how fleetly  
Pleasures that we prize,  
Like the echoes, sweetly  
Fade before our eyes.  
But 'tis well, 'tis well for me,  
Prone to earth-idolatry.

Oh! ye kingly mountains,  
With your cedar woods;  
Closing diamond fountains  
In their solitudes;—  
In my very soul ye dwell,  
Can I love ye then too well?

Oh! ye clouds of glory,  
That your crimson throw  
On the old rocks hoary,  
While the stream below  
Sleeps in an unbroken shade;—  
Can too much of ye be made?

Can I love to linger  
In this quiet nook,  
Tracing Nature's finger  
Reading Nature's book,  
Till such lingering be wrong,  
Reading—tracing there too long?

If so, 'tis no pity;  
For too soon, alas!  
To the imprisoning city  
From these haunts I pass,  
And this quiet nook will be  
Seen alone in memory.

Rocks, and woods, and water,  
Now I am with ye,  
And a grateful daughter  
Ever will I be!  
Loving ye, e'en when ye are  
From my loving heart afar!

ORIGINAL.

## BURNS, AND HIS MONUMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE DOON.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

See Engraving.

———"HIGH CHIEF o' Scottish song !  
That could'st alternately impart  
Wisdom and rapture in thy page ;  
And brand each vice with satire strong,  
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,  
Whose truths electrify the sage."

*Campbell.*

THE true poet, whatever may have been the place of his birth, belongs to no one age or nation. His ashes may indeed repose in his native soil, and those who would have neglected or contemned him while living, now that his apotheosis has been awarded, point to his monument as their proudest boast ; but his thoughts and feelings, the creations of his genius, and his imperishable fame—these are the property of mankind, and can neither be hoarded nor alienated by any. He speaks the language of universal nature, and his words find an echo in every human heart not yet utterly imbruted. Touched by the magic wand of the poet, the lowliest and most common subjects assume the prismatic hues of beauty, and are raised at once into the regions of inspiration. In his long and solitary communings with Nature, she speaks to him in her myriad tones of beauty, sublimity and terror, through all which the soft key note of love is ever sounding in his ear, until, burdened with the heart's wealth thus acquired, the stream gushes forth, and the voice of song becomes the natural outlet of a soul too full of sweet and strong feelings to be longer silent.

Among the comparatively few poets of this class, who write because their pent up and struggling emotions must have vent in rhyme, and whose fount of inspiration, like the fairy's

drinking cup, is ever full and ever flowing, Robert Burns stands pre-eminent. His sparkling and joyous verse flows forth spontaneously, or from the impulse of nature alone, with a strength, fire and passion, equalled only by its exquisite harmony. Other bards woo the muse, and sometimes find her a coy and coquettish mistress.—To Burns she always came unsolicited, and showered upon him her choicest favors. He is the true lyric Shakspeare—second to none but the bard of Avon, in his “power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions, with such rapid transitions.”

The poetry of Burns, though as eminently Scottish as the heath upon his native hills, is yet full of elements common to the whole human race. His themes are not changeable and fleeting, he seldom sings of the external manners and appearance of society, but of the human heart, with its hopes and fears, its joys, sorrows, and deathless aspirations. In all he wrote, he deals mainly with internal emotions: hence, though an intense nationality floats on the surface of his works, there is nothing in it offensive or contracted; and his “Bonnie Doon,” or “Auld Lang Syne,” is not sung with more true feeling by the maiden, as she spreads her web to bleach on the banks of his own beautiful Ayr, than by the hardy pioneer who toils to open a “clearing” in the heart of our trackless western forests. Burns is the poet of the people—he gives utterance to the thoughts and feelings of the million, and by them he will be appreciated and understood, while nature herself retains the power to charm. But the bard of Scotia has higher claims on our sympathies than any we have yet enumerated. His soul was full of deep, earnest devotion to the cause of freedom—of liberty of thought and speech; and his noble song, “a man’s a man for a’ that,” will be to still future generations a watchword and spell against slavery. He had learned to know that true greatness was the free gift of heaven, “not a thing born in the purple,” and that as strong and leal a heart might beat beneath “hoddin’ gray,” as beneath three piled Genoa velvet. It was not that he scorned the great because his birth and station shut him out of the charmed circle of fashion, for when by the force of genius alone he had scaled the dizzy height, and became the petted and flattered guest of the nobles and lit-

erati of the land, he still retained his manly independence of feeling, and never for a moment sought to forget, or to leave the humble station which Providence had assigned him.

Must we turn from this bright side of the picture, and while our hearts thrill with grateful emotion at the name of one whose gems of song were the delight of our childhood, draw from the friendly shadow of the grave, the imperfections, of which none were more deeply sensible than their unhappy subject? Without this, our sketch would be not only incomplete, but might mislead, since some would suppose that in our opinion, the splendid genius of the poet atoned for his moral aberrations. It must be confessed by his warmest admirers, that in spite of the high and holy lessons taught in many of his poems—of the touching and pure pathos of others, in spite even of what Curran calls “the sublime morality of Burns,” he is too frequently guilty of an indelicacy which is no less offensive to good taste, than revolting to moral sentiment. He violates decorum needlessly, and indulges in double *entendres*, and scarcely hidden allusions, to an extent which the most tolerant must condemn. But a still greater fault pervades many of his poems. He treats holy things with the most irreverent freedom, and speaks of Deity with a gross and impious levity, which fills a well regulated mind with horror. There are besides, occasional expressions of profanity in his works, which, shocking as they are in the warmth of conversation, become still more so, when “coolly sanctioned in the closet by the pen.” These deformities, however, do not affect the songs of the Scottish poet, the great majority of which are remarkable, not only for sweetness and beauty, but also for purity of thought and feeling. They seem to breathe the spirit of the bard in his younger and happier days—while the influence of his mother, who is represented as “a remarkable woman, blessed with singular equanimity of temper, with deep and constant religious feeling, and dearly loving a well regulated household,” was still strong upon him. Indeed, it can hardly be doubted, that the excesses into which he was unfortunately led in manhood, originated in his introduction to the great world, and that ardent love for social enjoyment which distinguished him from his earliest years. His company, as a man of wonderful genius, and of

uncommon colloquial powers, was eagerly sought after by his superiors in rank and wealth, and he himself says in a letter to a friend—"Against this habit of hard drinking, I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have wholly abandoned. But it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard drinking gentlemen of the country, that do me the mischief." To a lady, after an evening spent at her too hospitable table, he writes thus: "I write you from the regions of despair, among the horrors of lost spirits. Here am I, laid on a bed of pitiless furze, while an infernal tormentor, wrinkled and cruel, called Recollection, with a whip of scorpions, forbids peace or rest to approach me, and keeps anguish eternally awake! I wish I could be reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much offended. To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me, and the others were partakers of my guilt." Poor Burns! Crushed to the earth with poverty and disappointment, while his heart was full of the lofty aspirings of genius—sensible of his degradation, but with no kind hand to help him in his efforts to arise—how changed had been his lot, if the star of total abstinence had once risen on his darkening pathway. The child of intellect and song might then have plumed his soiled wings for a loftier flight, nor left the national muse to weep over the untimely grave which at the early age of thirty-seven, closed over the debilitated frame and broken heart of her favorite son. But the glorious, life-giving principles of Temperance were then almost unknown, and many who after his death, did not hesitate falsely to brand Burns as a "tippler," were his boon companions, and urged him along the dangerous path which terminated for him so fatally.

From the charge of reckless libertinism, so often brought against the character of the poet, he can be more satisfactorily vindicated. Indeed, there seems little foundation for such a charge in his life, as given by his various biographers, aside from the fact of the censurable expressions in his poems to which we have alluded, and which may be regarded as faults of the age and society in which he lived, rather than as a tran-

script of his own character. True it is, that he was an ardent admirer of female grace and beauty. Love first awoke the strains of his muse, and through life, his look would change, his eye grow mild, and all that was fierce or contradictory in his nature vanish in the presence of the gentler sex. But this very chivalry of nature—this devotion to female charms—saved him from profligacy, and that he could love well and truly, let his own inimitable songs, "To Mary in Heaven," and "Highland Mary" testify. The Mary there addressed was a dairy maid in the castle of Montgomery, who was so beautiful that she attracted much attention, and had many alluring offers, all which she rejected for the sake of Burns, to whom she was attached with all the fervor of youth and innocence. Her love was fully returned, and life seemed bright before them, when a few weeks previous to their intended marriage, Mary was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried her to the grave, before her lover had even heard of her illness. He seems never to have forgotten her; and many years after his marriage, on the anniversary of their parting, which he always observed in solitude and tears, he composed that beautiful address, "To Mary in Heaven." To Jean Armour, the "bonnie Jean" of many of his songs, whom he afterwards married, he was attached for many years, during which the prejudices of her father, a stern old Covenanter, prevented their union. When, however, Burns became famous as a poet, and withal an Exciseman with fifty pounds a year, his objections gave way, and, after years of difficulty and separation, bonnie Jean was united to her lover, and proved a most affectionate and worthy companion during the dark and troubled period of their wedded life.

In person, Burns was five feet ten in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His high, broad brow, shaded by black, curling hair, expressed intellect and genius. His eyes were large, dark, and full of fire, but capable of expressing the most melting softness. His features were well formed, and his whole face full of interest and animation. He died in great poverty, but free from debt, leaving behind him a name which will be remembered while departed worth and genius are esteemed among men.



In contemplating the melancholy history of this

"Poor wanderer of a stormy day,"

while we pay a heartfelt tribute to the unrivalled powers of the poet, it is impossible not to lament the want of christian principle, that light from heaven, which would have guided the man through the mazes of his short but eventful career, and shed around his memory that halo of moral worth which alone can consecrate and eternize the proudest monument of human intellect and genius.

Our engraving of Burns' Monument, which is a splendid specimen of art, is a copy of a large print by Forrest, from a picture by Auld, whose house is seen in the engraving, in the vicinity of the ruined kirk. The monument itself was finished in 1823, at an expense of two thousand pounds. It consists of a triangular basement, on which rises a peristyle of nine Corinthian columns, thirty feet in height, supporting a cupola, surmounted by a gilt tripod. The entire structure rises above sixty feet, is built of fine white freestone, and has a chaste, classical appearance. It is situated on the east bank of the river Doon, the

"Bonnie Doon, where, early roamin',  
First I weaved the rustic song,"

and about half way between the old and new bridges. About a quarter of a mile from the "Auld brig o' Doon" is Kirk Alloway, (seen in the engraving, at the left hand of the monument,) which is so prominently brought forward in the poem of "Tam o' Shanter," and is still an object of great interest, though roofless and decayed. The house in which Burns was born, on the 26th of February, 1759, is near by, a one story building, with thatched roof, and long used as an inn. The Auld and New Brigs, or bridges, are conspicuous features of the scene—the one associated with the earliest efforts of the poet's muse, and the scenes of his childhood—the other as the only one now much used in crossing this classic stream. The celebrated statues of Thom, "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," have been appropriately placed in a grotto, within the ground attached to the monument.

ORIGINAL.

TO MRS. S. T. M \* \* \* \* \*

BY CLEODORA.

LADY! thy Wreath's of fairer hue  
Than Flora's self e'er twined;  
Thy flowers are wet with heavenly dew,  
And gathered from the mind.

The colors are more purely bright,  
In sunshine, or in shade;  
Glowing, with intellectual light,  
In beauteous tints arrayed.

Here Fashion, with fastidious taste,  
May gather blossoms rare,  
Such flowers, as seldom bloom or waste,  
Upon her "desert air."

The heart oppressed with care and gloom,  
Sick of earth's flowers that die,  
May find those here, whose sweet perfume  
Can waft it to the sky.

The crowd, who toil life's busy day,  
The traveller on the heath,  
Twining these flowers upon their way  
Bless the bright "*Lady's Wreath*."

Lancaster, Mass., July 20th, 1847.

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TRILLIUM PENDULUM—NODDING WAKE ROBIN.

See Flower Plate.

*Trillium Pendulum*—OR NODDING WAKE ROBIN.

GENERIC CHAR.:—Perianth deeply parted, in two distinct series, outer of six sepals, inner, of three colored petals—stamens nearly equal—stigmas sessile, distinct or approximate; berry three-celled, cells many seeded.

SPEC. CHAR.:—Leaves sub-orbicular—rhomboidal, abruptly acuminate—shortly petiolate; flowers cernuous on a recurved peduncle. Stem slender, from ten to fifteen inches in height. Flower delicate, pendulous between the leaves. Petals oblong, ovate, acute—stigmas erect, recurved at top, lower part styloid.

The Wake Robin is a native of the middle and western states, and flowers in May and June. It is easily cultivated, and is a conspicuous and beautiful ornament to the flower garden or parterre.

# I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS—MUSIC BY G. W. CLARK.

1. I dream of all things free, Of a gallant, gallant  
 2. I dream of some proud bird, A bright-eyed mountain  
 3. Of a happy for - est child, With the fawns and flowers at

bark, That sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an ar - row to its  
 king; In my visions I have heard The rust - ling of his  
 play; Of an Indian midst the wild, With the stars to guide his

mark! Of a stag that o'er the hills, Goes bound - ing in his  
 wing, I fol - low some wild riv - er, On whose breast no sail may  
 way, Of a chief his warriors leading, Of an arch - er's greenwood

glee, Of a thousand flashing rills... Of all things glad and  
 be, Dark woods around it shiv - er.... I dream of all things  
 tree, My heart in chains is bleed - ing... And I dream of all things

**pp**  
 free, Of all things glad and free.  
 free, I dream of all things free.  
 free, And I dream of all things free.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S FRESIDE LIBRARY.—ALICE GORDON, OR THE USES OF ORPHANAGE. *By Joseph Alden, D. D.*

ARTHUR MARTIN, OR THE MOTHER'S TRIALS. *By C. Burdett.*

THE LAWYER'S DAUGHTER. *By Joseph Alden, D. D.*

THE GOOD GENIUS, THAT TURNED EVERY THING INTO GOLD. *A Christmas Tale. By the Brothers Mayhew.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

These beautiful little works, form the first four numbers of a Series, expressly adapted to the domestic circle and Sabbath Schools, and eminently attractive to the young, not only from their exquisite typography and embellishments, but from the interest of the narratives thus commended to their notice. The moral lessons conveyed in these simple, but well-told tales, are not reserved for the concluding paragraph, but give interest and value to every page, leading the youthful reader to feel deeply the importance of industry, integrity, and Christian principle in every station of life.

FRESH GLEANINGS, OR A NEW SHEAF FROM THE OLD FIELDS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE. *By E. Marvel.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very readable book, full of pleasant chit-chat, about a trite subject—daguerreotype likenesses of persons and places—leaving upon the mind something of the same impression which rail-road travelling does upon the senses, viz: a strong wish to see a little more of some of the scenes through which we are hurried with such breathless rapidity. The author has not followed the dusty highway of other men's travels, but leads us through sundry green, quiet by-ways of his own finding, in some of which, we would gladly have lingered awhile, with such a guide, leaving the giddy world to sweep by us, on the beaten track of vanity and fashion.

HISTORY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV., IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. *By Miss Pardoe. In Six Parts.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

If the most interesting matter, set forth on the whitest of paper, in the fairest of type, with engravings, portraits, &c., in the highest style of the art, can make a valuable book, then may the one before us claim to be thus considered. Miss Pardoe is well known as a graceful and powerful writer, and in the long and splendid reign of the "Grand Monarque," she had materials for history, worthy of her talents, and full of the romantic interest in which she so much delights. The History of the Court of France in the seventeenth century, as preparing the way for the terrific Revolution in the succeeding age, which shook all Europe, assumes an importance which belongs neither to the actors in the gay and shifting pageant, nor to the scenes in which they figured, but to the effect produced by both on the masses, who were even then preparing to rise in their strength, and overthrow the colossal fabric of royalty, burying in its ruins every thing dear and valuable in domestic life, or social organization. To the lovers of *Belles Lettres*, we recommend this work as one of the best and most amusing of its kind, giving a rich and life-like portraiture of the French monarch and his court, in the most splendid and palmy days of their greatness.







*Geranium.*





ORIGINAL.

## HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

How many hallowed associations come thronging upon the mind, as we look back to our childhood's home! The very word stirs the deep fountains of feeling within the breast, and warms even the chilled heart of old age with a glow of unwonted emotion. At the touch of Memory's wand, forms long since mingled with the dust—"bright dreams buried in the far dark past," and scenes that have vanished like "fancy's fairy frostwork," start up in all the freshness of life and reality, until we forget the present, and are alive only to the recollection of the past. We see once more the beloved and revered father whose counsels and example taught us that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and who was to us the prototype of all earthly nobleness and excellence. Again, we hear the voice of the tender mother whose unwearied love made the sunshine of our childhood, or share her caresses with the brothers and sisters whose joys and sorrows were identified with our own. For a few brief moments, we throw off the cankering fetters of care, and rejoice in the warmth and brightness of our early youth, ere yet the heart had learned the sad lesson of doubt, or treachery, or decay. But in thus looking back, does no painful remembrance throw its dark shadow over the brilliant hues of memory's picture? Does no whisper of accusing conscience, reminding us of neglect or unkindness toward any member of the now broken domestic circle, disturb the soul as it gazes on the record of the past? Alas—how bitter is the thought, that we might have done far more to contribute to the happiness and improvement of those so dear, if the spirit of Christ had dwelt uniformly in us! That in a thousand instances, our waywardness or thoughtlessness gave an additional pang to the warm hearts that beat only for us, and which are now cold and still in death! But repentance, however

deep, is unavailing—no sorrow or remorse, can give us back the golden hours of childhood, or restore to our embraces the loved and lost.

“ And not to understand a treasure's worth,  
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the wretchedness we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.”

But though the past can never be recalled, it is still in our power so to improve the present, that we can look back upon it, in the evening of life, with gratitude and pleasure. Those who are still sheltered under the wing of parental love, and those who in maturer age are presiding over a home of their own, are alike interested in any suggestions that may tend to make that home what it should be—the sweetest and most attractive spot this side heaven. How delightful to enter a house like that of which the Psalmist speaks—“a tabernacle filled with the voice of rejoicing;” not the vain mirth which exists in connexion with sin, and often conceals an aching heart, but the solid cheerfulness which springs from “peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” Here is a united and happy family—friendship comes in to draw more closely the bonds of nature—all the members suffer or enjoy together; every care is divided, every sorrow diminished, and every joy redoubled by communion and sympathy—and in this earthly intercourse a foretaste is enjoyed of that blessedness which awaits the righteous at the right hand of God in heaven. The effects of such domestic happiness on the character and habits of the children of a household, cannot easily be estimated. As they go out into the world, the remembrance of a father's faithful counsels, and a mother's tender love, will constitute a shield to ward off the fiery darts of temptation, in the hour of severest conflict. These strong cords will draw the inexperienced youth back from the “counsel of the ungodly,” the “way of sinners,” and the “seat of the scornful.”

Is it not, then, a question of the first importance, how these life-giving influences may best be promoted and enjoyed? The subject opens a wide field of investigation, but we can glance only at a few things which intimately concern the welfare of the family circle, and which may be cultivated by all

GOOD TEMPER is an essential requisite for happiness in the domestic relation. The wife and mother who has no command over her own spirit—who cannot bear the frailties of others with common charity, or the vexations of life with common patience, is evidently unqualified to control and guide the children or the domestics who are constantly looking to her for an example. “The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,” we are told in the Scriptures, is in the sight of God of great price. The wisest of men, in his inimitable Proverbs, often mentions the opposite defect, as pertaining especially to the female character. But it would be invidious to exemplify this imperfection in one sex only; both are equally concerned, and equally interested in maintaining peace in the household, by a constant command of temper. “I would reprove thee,” said an ancient philosopher, “were I not angry.” How much evil would be prevented, were this thought always present when we have occasion to censure or correct those under our charge! Punishment inflicted in anger, always awakens in the child a corresponding tone of resentment and defiance, and repeated scenes of this kind, destroy the sense of confidence and trust which should characterize the filial relation, and harden the young heart almost into stone. There is, however, one thing against which we should guard even more carefully than occasional bursts of passion, viz: habitual pettishness. “The one may be compared to a severe shower which is soon over—the other is a misty, drizzling rain, falling all the day long.” We speak not of the anger which is lengthened into malice, or vented in revenge; but of the ill temper which oozes out in constant fretfulness, murmuring and complaint, and which, though often found in connexion with some noble qualities of heart and head, entirely destroys their influence by its corroding admixture. Good temper, on the contrary, is the spring and sunshine of existence. It imparts a charm to the plainest countenance, and enables its happy possessor to carry satisfaction wherever she goes, while she partakes the benevolent pleasure thus bestowed. “Calm and placid within, the mind reflects nothing but beautiful images, while a soul agitated by peevishness or passion, like a ruffled pool, gives back a distorted picture of the most agreeable objects.”

ORDER is another important requisite in cultivating domestic happiness. God is not the God of confusion. In all the immense and complicated machinery of his visible universe, there is neither discord nor clashing, but the most perfect order and harmony reign throughout his works. He has also enjoined it upon us to do all things decently and in order. "And this command is founded in a regard for our advantage. It calls on us to lay down rules, and to abide by them—to assign to every thing its proper place, its measure of time, its relative degree of importance; to observe regularity in our domestic arrangements, our devotions and our expenses. From order spring economy, charity, beauty, harmony and concurrence. Without it there can be no government, no happiness. Peace flies from confusion, our affairs become entangled by disorder, we lose self-possession, and are miserable, because perplexed, hurried, oppressed, and easily provoked." The time spent by the different members of a disorderly household, in seeking to remedy the consequences of this one defect, would, if rightly applied, amply suffice to regulate and adjust their domestic concerns on a scale of respectability and comfort, which they now regard, and justly, as quite beyond their reach. They have "no time" for intellectual improvement, or physical enjoyment, and why? Simply because it is wasted in doing things at the wrong time, and in a wrong manner, which if done properly, and in the right time, would hardly cost an effort of thought or labor. The systematic manager improves the minutes, and though she may find employment for them all, never complains that no more are allotted her, while the victim of disorder wastes hours, and is unhappy, because the day is too short to permit her to accomplish her purposes. Were our daughters carefully trained to the diligent and systematic improvement of time—were they taught from childhood, regularity and order in their personal habits and arrangements, they would be far better prepared for their duties as wives and mothers, than by the acquisition of the whole circle of arts and sciences, without it.

The influence of GOOD SENSE in securing domestic happiness is so great, that we cannot pass it by, without a brief notice. There is an error of opinion on this subject, which,

though generally prevalent, is not the less dangerous on this account. Many men of good judgment in other respects, are afraid of a woman of strong mind, or, in other words, of good sense, for a wife, lest she should claim rights and privileges exclusively their own. They therefore choose a pretty simpleton, and fondly imagine they can mould and guide her at their will. They discover their error when it is too late; for fools always mistake obstinacy for firmness, and are careful never to yield a controverted point, lest they should seem to have "no will of their own." The unyielding and infallible are invariably found among those who have not sufficient reflection to see how liable we are to err; and who cannot comprehend how much it adds to our wisdom to discover, and to our true dignity to acknowledge our faults. "Good sense preserves its possessor from censoriousness, because it leads us to distinguish circumstances, to study peculiarities of disposition, and to weigh consequences. It teaches what to observe, and what to pass unnoticed; when to be immoveable, and when to yield." It will also produce good manners, by avoiding the agitation of all claims to superiority, and teaching us to "submit ourselves to one another, in the fear of God." In short, good sense is to the mind, what a sound eye is to the body—it receives and transmits a correct impression of external objects, and enables one to judge accurately of their relative bearing and importance, a quality which is surely peculiarly needful in the woman who is called to preside over the various and complicated interests of a large household.

One more requisite for domestic happiness, remains to be mentioned—one far beyond and above all that have gone before it. Without heartfelt **PIETY**, even the domestic constitution, gemmed as it is with blessings, fails to produce real enjoyment. Without this, what is to ensure those duties, on the performance of which so much of the comfort of a household depends? Without this, what is to regulate the daily intercourse of those, who, in the unreserve of domestic life, necessarily become acquainted with the defects in each other's character, which are studiously concealed from public observation? What but religious principle, can enable us to exercise the charity that "suffereth long, and is kind,"—the love which is ever on the

alert, not to discover faults, but to extenuate and amend them—or the firmness which meets and resists the first encroachments of evil in the sanctuary of home? Should we ever have occasion to complain of servants, children or friends, were they all influenced by the spirit, and guided by the dictates of the gospel? Religion ensures the Divine blessing, and is thus a well-spring of life in the dwelling of the righteous. It hallows prosperity, and sanctifies and illumines the darkness of adversity. It converts our trials into blessings, our joys into praises, and our sighs into prayers. It unites husband and wife, parents and children, by the most sacred of all bonds—that of christian fellowship—and binds them all by a golden chain to the throne of God. And when death comes to sever these earthly ties, and separate for a season those who have lived in such endearing union here, do the bereaved ones mourn as those who have no hope? Oh no! with the lamp of inspiration in our hand, we look into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and find inscribed upon its portal: “Pleasant in life, and in death not divided.” The departed friend becomes an attraction to the others, drawing them onward and upward, and “waiting to receive them into everlasting habitations.” “Let us suppose a pious family reuniting, after following each other successively down to the grave. How unlike every meeting on earth! No vacant seat to awaken painful recollections—no fear of separation to chill the blissful intercourse—there they shall be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. All tears shall be wiped from their eyes, and the days of sin, anxiety and mourning shall be ended.” When will all the families of the earth be thus united in the Lord? When will every household be consecrated to His service, and the fixed determination of every parent be, “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord”? May this blessed day be hastened in its season, that in every place incense and a pure offering may go up to God, from those nurseries of piety which he has planted for his own praise.

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ORIGINAL.

## PAST AND FUTURE.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

HAVE you ever a thought, dear friend,  
A thought of the beautiful Past ?  
Of the frolicsome days of our girlish years,  
That were all too bright to last ?  
Do you never in fancy stray,  
To our trysting place in the lane ?  
And wish for the light and happy hours  
That will never return again ?  
'Tis a long, long time ago—  
But methinks I see it all,  
The winding path by the woodland brook,  
And the mimic waterfall—  
The elm-tree's welcome shade,  
And the mossy stone below—  
And the light that streamed through an opening glade,  
At the sunset's rosy glow.

We were happy then, dear friend,  
No care in our hearts had place ;  
And Sorrow we deemed as an idle word,  
That would never leave its trace.  
We deemed not that sunny skies  
Would ever give place to showers ;  
And our onward path, through the smiling world,  
Seemed a pathway strewn with flowers.  
We guessed not that friends would change—  
We sighed not, that ties must sever—  
But life seemed just like a fairy dream,  
That we should awake from, never ;  
A dream that was calm and bright,  
As the blue sky bending o'er us—  
Ah ! little we recked in our young delight,  
Of the darker paths before us.

We have changed—how much since then !  
 The years in their rapid speeding  
 Have stolen the light from our brows, dear friend,  
 And the bloom from our cheek, unheeding.  
 We have seen the flowers decay,  
 That were blushing fair around us ;  
 And friendship pass like a breath away,  
 Which had once so firmly bound us.  
 Youth's fairy hopes dissolved,  
 That erst were so brightly beaming ;  
 And sober Truth, with his wand, dispel  
 The dream that we were dreaming.

We have left the rosy light,  
 And the sweet fresh dews of morning ;  
 But still, dear friend, is there nothing bright  
 In life, save its early dawning ?  
 The clouds come up, that dim  
 Our noonday sky with sorrow ;  
 But may we not gaze on the iris Bow,  
 Which tells of a glorious morrow ?  
 Hath Age, as it creeps apace,  
 Each charm of existence stealing,  
 No hope to gladden our onward path  
 A light o'er the grave revealing ?  
 Ay, Life is a clouded way,  
 But a beacon still is beaming,  
 That points us on to the Heavenly Shore,  
 With its mild, yet steadfast gleaming ;  
 And over the stream of Death,  
 That dark and silent river,  
 We shall find the bloom of immortal youth ;  
 And skies, that are cloudless ever.

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#### RESOLVES.

"What mockeries are our most firm resolves !  
 To will is ours, but not to execute.  
 We map our future like some unknown coast,  
 And say, "Here is a harbor, here a rock—  
 The one we will attain, the other shun."  
 And we do neither. Some chance gale springs up,  
 And bears us far o'er some unfathomed sea—  
 Our efforts are all vain ; at length we yield  
 To winds and waves, that laugh at man's control."

L. E. L.



ORIGINAL.

## THE ARTIST'S RETURN.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

ON a fine day in October, of the year 1498, a crowd of idlers and strangers gathered in front of one of the pillars of the Town Hall of Nuremberg. This pillar was almost entirely covered by a large placard, upon which was written the following advertisement:—

“Joseph Durer, goldsmith of this city, informs his fellow-citizens, that a public sale of the curious works in jewelry which he possesses, will take place in his shop on the Square *de L'Horologe*. These articles are too numerous to be detailed here. The sale will commence at four o'clock in the afternoon.”

“What!” exclaimed one of the spectators, who, by the fashion and splendor of his attire, might pass for some rich foreign lord, “what!” he exclaimed, suddenly, and with some emotion, “the wealthy goldsmith, Joseph Durer, offers the admirable works of his art for sale at public auction! By what unhappy chance has he been reduced to this hard extremity?”

“You are ignorant, probably,” replied an artizan, “that Joseph Durer has made the greatest sacrifices to sustain the house of his son-in-law, lately one of the first merchants in Lubec. This son-in-law has taken to flight, leaving behind him considerable debts, and it is to avert this disaster, it is to save the honor of his grandchildren, to preserve their name pure and spotless, that the good man parts with his precious works, which are the pride and joy of his old age—with his *chef d'œuvres*, which, from long possession, are, as it were, identified with his existence. This generous and noble conduct well becomes a loyal citizen of Nuremberg, and calls forth general approbation; but why should a vexatious remembrance rise to mingle with these praises, and disturb these tokens of general sympathy?”

"Might I, without presumption," said the richly-dressed stranger, "venture to request an explanation of your last words?"

"Certainly, sir. This Joseph Durer had three sons and one daughter. His daughter he gave in marriage, with a large dowry, to this merchant of Lubec who has just failed. His two elder sons, by means of vast sacrifices, were provided with offices, the one at the court of the elector of Bavaria, the other at that of the grand duke of Weimar. They have run a rapid and brilliant career, and soon forgot their old father, whose humble name they have exchanged for the pompous titles of duke and count."

"And the third son, what has become of him?"

"Albert," replied the artisan. "Well, Albert wished to be an artist, and Joseph Durer opposed it. 'You shall be a goldsmith, as I am,' he said to the boy, when he begged his father to give him pencils, canvass, and brushes, 'or you shall leave the house, for I will not support you, unless you handle, under my eyes, the puncher and the mallet.'"

"And what was the result?" said the stranger.

"The result was, that on one fine day (it is many years since) poor Albert disappeared; since then he has not been heard of."

At this moment the clock struck four. The goldsmith's shop was opened, and it was soon filled by a crowd of curious spectators and amateurs. The public criers at once commenced their duty.

The plates, dishes, ewers, and vases of silver, of silver-gilt and of gold, were first sold. Next came the rare works of art, the masterpieces of the goldsmith; these were splendid caskets, enchased with infinite skill, gothic edifices, Saracen chapels, carved and notched like lace, large basins of silver, representing scenes from the Old Testament, in relief; then, figures copied from antique models, and of admirable perfection.

While the ruder productions of his art were offered for sale, the goldsmith had stood calm and tranquil at the remote extremity of his shop; but when he heard the enumeration of his *chef-d'œuvres*, when the criers rehearsed in phrases of vul-

gar eulogiums the merit and beauty of these works, which had rendered his reputation so great, so widely known, he was unable to preserve his attitude of resignation; he rose hastily, and as if impelled by some invisible power, advanced to hover around the various articles, as they were offered for sale, like a mother around the cradle of her sick child.

The voice of one of the criers was then heard—

"Six small statues, of gold and silver, from antique models."

"A thousand golden ducats," said a voice.

"A thousand and fifty," said another.

"Eleven hundred," said the former.

No one ventured to offer more, and the statues were adjudged to the purchaser.

The old goldsmith scarcely breathed; his face was almost as white as his snow-white hair, and a convulsive tremor agitated his frame. Her persisted, nevertheless, in remaining near the public officer, who noted down the sales. When every thing was sold, the old man looked about him with a strange feeling of terror. The fearful moment drew near—the moment when the purchaser should bear away those treasures which had grown old with his years, which in his eyes were the true Penates of his household, and which constituted, as it were, his second life.

"Let the purchasers of the last twenty-three articles which have been sold, come forward!" said the clerk.

"There is but a single purchaser," said the artisan with whom the stranger had held the conversation, which has been repeated to the reader.

"Let him come forward, then; let him pay the money, and give his name," said the clerk.

All eyes were turned upon a man of mild and handsome features, as he advanced toward the clerk. He was about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age; he was richly dressed after the French fashion, and a Spanish hood, embroidered with silk and gold, was thrown negligently across his shoulders. About his neck he wore a magnificent chain of gold, from which was suspended a medallion of the same material, bearing the likeness of the emperor Maximilian: his hat was

drawn down over his forehead, and his hair fell in dark and glossy curls upon a collar of rich Mechlin lace.

"Here is the sum total of my purchases," said the young man, trembling as he spoke. "Count it, I pray you."

The public officer counted it, and finding the sum right, he said to the young stranger :

"Your name, sir, that I may inscribe it upon the register."

The old goldsmith, silent and seated in a corner of the apartment, waited with the anguish of despair, for a gesture of the purchaser, to give the signal for the removal of the precious relics.

"Write," said the young man, hesitating, "write—Albert Durer."

At this name the old goldsmith leaped up from his seat with all the elasticity of youth, and in an instant he was in the arms of his son.

"Albert!" he exclaimed, "my poor Albert! Is it indeed thou whom I see? whom I press to my heart? Oh, let me embrace thee once more. Come, my son! Thou, who hast not forgotten thine old father! And say—thou are not angry with him?"

"Angry with you, my father!" replied the young man with deep emotion, as he cast himself upon his knees—"it is for me to ask pardon for having disobeyed you."

"Ah," said the old man, raising him from the ground, "should I not forgive a fault which has brought me back to life? Albert, I pardon thee!"

"Father, young men are often deceived in the choice of the career which they think themselves called upon to pursue. Your rigor arose from a sentiment of prudence, from that sage axiom which says—'Be rather a good artisan than a passable artist.' You were right, my father, and still, perhaps, I on my side, was not altogether wrong."

"Oh, thou hast done well!" cried a voice from the midst of the assembly. This voice was that of the celebrated Hupse Martin, who had taught the youth his first ideas of painting, and who had warmly encouraged him to pursue that calling. "Thank heaven for the disobedience of your son," said Hupse Martin, turning to Joseph Durer; "for at this present moment,

he possesses the secret of all the arts, and in all, he already surpasses the most renowned artists of Germany. Not only is he a painter of the first order, but he is also one of the most skillful engravers, as well as a distinguished architect and engineer. The emperor Maximilian has appointed him his chief painter, and he wields alternately his pencil and his burine. The republic of Venice wishes to intrust to his skill the construction of a fortress upon its territories on the main land; and Louis XII., the king of France, desires him to repair to Paris, to embellish various monuments of his capital. What say you to that, master Joseph?"

"I say," cried the goldsmith, embracing his son anew, "I say that great intelligence is almost always the index of a noble heart, and that my Albert has this day proved that the good man is inseparable from the man of genius."

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## SICK-BED MUSINGS.

BY MRS. ANN G. STEPHENS.

I will not talk of dying—there is one  
 Who bends above me with so sad a brow,  
 Who clasps my fingers tremblingly in his,  
 And meets my look with sad and troubled eye;  
 As if to chide me for a cruel thought  
 Whene'er I speak as with a doubt of life.  
 Thus will I turn my weary head away,  
 And, as he thinks me lost in needful sleep,  
 Will dwell upon that dark and fearful dream  
 Whose waking up will be before my God.  
 For now, when sorrow preys upon my frame,  
 And dissolution may be very near,  
 It is a time for solemn thoughts of death.

Is there but one to hover round my bed?  
 But one, to mark the changing of my cheek,  
 And count the pulse my heart is telling forth?  
 Where is the mother, whose fond bosom once  
 Was made a pillow for my aching head?

Where is the sire, who bore me in his arms,  
 While my young sisters smoothed my couch of pain?  
 Away—away, full many a weary mile  
 Of plain and mountain bars them from my side.  
 Where wait my friends? Alas, the human heart  
 Is rank with selfishness. No kindly eye  
 To cheer or pity, seeks my couch of pain.  
 Yes—one is standing firmly at his post,  
 Supplying sister, father, mother, friend,  
 Prompt to the call of that most solemn vow,  
 Which link'd our destinies, and made us one.  
 'Thanks be to God! I am not quite alone.

The solitude in which we two are wrapped,  
 Is well, perchance—for could this forehead feel  
 The cool refreshing of a mother's tears,  
 Were friends or kindred crowding to my couch,  
 Then earth might be too lovely; and the gems  
 Which I have garnered in my early youth,  
 Might flash their brilliancy 'tween me and Heaven;  
 The flowers that I have held too near my heart,  
 'Till they were withered by its over-heat,  
 Might send a fragrance from its dying breath,  
 And bind me even to their faded charms.  
 But all are crushed and broken. One by one  
 Of the bright links that bound me to my kind,  
 Grew dim by distance, or were torn by death.  
 While some, oh, bitterness! were rudely rent,  
 And sundering tore the heart-strings they entwined.  
 Half the bright chain which bound me to the earth,  
 Is stripped by fate, of gildings, buds, and flowers,  
 And hangs a weight upon my burthen'd heart.

But hush thy murmurings, oh, complaining soul!  
 And purify thy thoughts to meet thy God,  
 Or gather up thy jewels for new life.  
 The casket may be worn—the gems all strewn;  
 But go, collect the mind's forsaken wealth,  
 And turn from searching the dark human heart,  
 Where thou hast garnered all thy hopes too long,  
 And seek for knowledge in her sparkling well.  
 The flowers are delicate—the fruit is ripe—  
 The trees are green as in thy infant years—  
 The sky is full of stars for thee to read—  
 The air is laden from the fount of truth,  
 And whispers knowledge in the rustling trees.  
 The ocean heaves, with every rolling wave,  
 A subject for thy searching powers to scan—

The mountain teems with science, and the dew  
Which gems the petal of each modest flower,  
Contains a mystery for thee to know.  
The flower, itself, on every stainless leaf,  
Bears gentle tracing of Jehovah's hand,  
And breathes a music from its inner cup,  
Which, if thine ear is tuned to know the sound,  
Will draw thee sweetly up to Nature's God.

Nor droop nor murmur, Oh! my weary soul,  
While so much knowledge woos thee on to life;  
While sky and earth are full of stores for thought,  
And God has promised mercy after death.  
Say, wilt thou faint thus early in thy noon,  
And useless mourn for ever o'er the past,  
Neglecting all to count thy faded joys?  
Why must thou think for ever but to feel,  
And feel for ever but to vainly think  
Of that which has been, not to be again?  
The year has seasons, so has human life—  
Then take the fruit as it shall find its prime,  
Nor weep, forgetful, o'er the faded flowers  
That bloomed and drooped along thy early path.  
Perhaps, as flowers that meet with culture here,  
Then die and blossom each succeeding spring,  
Thou, when transplanted to thy promised home,  
Wilt taste the essence of thy early youth  
And win new glory by thy culture here.  
Then hush, my soul, content thyself to life,  
Or, be prepared to fold thy wings and wait.

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ORIGINAL.

## THE WILD APPLE-TREE.

A FABLE—FROM THE GERMAN.

A swarm of bees settled themselves in the hollow stem of a wild apple-tree. They filled it with the treasure of their honey, and the tree became so proud thereupon, that it despised all others in comparison. Then the rose-bush exclaimed, "Miserable pride, because of foreign sweetness! is thy fruit less acid on account of it? Send the honey forth into that, if thou art able! and then for the first time will men bless thee."

ORIGINAL.

## DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

### CHAPTER I.

THE sun was slowly sinking to its rest, and its last departing rays shone on the splendid palace, bathing it in a flood of golden light. There Herod the Tetrarch passed his days in gorgeous misery. When gracing with his presence the festive board—revelling in the rich and sparkling wines that flowed around like water—or gazing on the triumphant beauty of Herodias, who, glorying in her wickedness, lavished her smiles on all around—while sipping the cup of pleasure, the remembrance of his crimes was ever there, to poison his enjoyments. The figure of that brother, whose peace he had for ever murdered, was always at his side—and his slain victims would rise up before him, and reproach him for his crimes. His countenance often changed to a look of guilty consciousness, but on meeting the piercing glance of Herodias, he struggled to regain his composure.

The sunlight fell upon a child-like figure, that slowly emerged from behind one of the large pillars, which supported the lofty saloon, and disclosed a face that had the aspect of a cherub's. The golden hair, which fell in glittering ringlets upon the snowy neck—the large soft blue eyes, and small features, were those of Salome, the young daughter of Herodias; but the mild, heavenly look of that innocent countenance, presented a strange contrast to the fierce and haughty expression of the mother's. After looking cautiously around, the young girl, with a rapid step, crossed the spacious hall, and after traversing several passages, she found herself at the cell of the imprisoned Reformer. The light streamed through the narrow, grated window, and illuminated the small apartment, which



offered a painful contrast to the grandeur she had just left. The timid girl paused on the threshold, afraid to go forward, for his countenance wore such a calm, holy expression, it seemed as though the heavenly crown already encircled that devoted head. His lips moved in prayer, and Salome stood, scarcely breathing, until he had concluded. "Daughter!" said the holy man, addressing the awe-struck maiden, "thou art welcome."

Salome tremblingly advanced, and throwing herself on one of the seats, burst into tears.

"Maiden!" said he, and again that soft melodious voice fell on her ear like a strain of melancholy music, "Maiden! why weepest thou?" "Is there no one near?" replied the frightened girl, looking timidly around; "are we alone? Oh, they would kill me if they thought I listened unto thee! Even now, they believe me to be within mine own chamber! I weep when I look upon this cell; surely thou art far more worthy of a throne!" "Maiden!" replied John, and his eyes beamed with a mild, heavenly light, "which is the happier, thinkest thou, Herod upon his throne, or the captive in his prison? Wouldst thou not be the oppressed rather than the oppressor? Is the servant better than his master?" "Oh, tell me of Jesus!" exclaimed Salome, "tell me of him whom they denounce as an impostor!" The Baptist proceeded to direct the inquiring maiden in the right path to heaven, and as she listened, her sobs became more convulsive. "My mother would not let me worship after thy manner!" "Doth He not say," replied the holy man, "thou shalt give up father and mother for my sake!" "Thy precepts are difficult to follow," said the maiden, "and yet I would rather listen to thee than attend Herod's most gorgeous festivals." "Knowest thou the reason, maiden? It is because thou art conscious of doing wrong when surrounded by all the Tetrarch's splendor. Conscience, that inward monitor, will not be hushed, and though the worldly praise and flatter thee, there is still something wanting." Salome bowed her fair head, and listened in silence to these remarks. She loved and venerated the good man, and longed to follow his heavenly doctrines, but her strength of mind was not sufficient to break from the chains of her mother

and uncle. She wept, therefore, while the preacher unfolded those bright and glorious truths which are found in the Bible.

It was a lovely picture—a beautiful smile lingered upon the face of John—while that of the maiden was concealed by the profusion of her golden curls—the rays of the declining sun threw into broad relief the heavy stone-work of the cell, against which the delicate figure of the girl reclined—while her Grecian head was bent forward in an attitude of earnest attention. “But I love my mother,” she said at last, “and she would never consent to my becoming a follower of one whom she regards as a deceiver. She would kill thee, if she knew of thy teaching me these doctrines.” “She can but kill the body,” he replied. “I fear her not. Rather should I fear Him who hath power to kill both body and soul.” “I will try and do as thou hast taught me,” said Salome; “I must now return, ere they miss me.” With a swift step, she glided from the cell, and stood once more in the saloon. Not a being was visible; but hearing voices at a distance, she pressed her hand upon her beating heart, and sought the solitude of her own apartment. The rich crimson curtains swept the floor with their heavy golden fringe; the carpet was of the finest tapestry, while the flowers traced upon it seemed bursting into life. The sweetest exotics, and the rarest birds of that sunny clime were there—the wind gently stirred the leaves, and scattered abroad the fragrance of the blossoming orange trees, and the silver moon, which now slowly emerged from the clouds, shed a gentle radiance through the richly furnished apartment. But the young girl sat silent and abstracted; her ear was deaf even to the gentle voice of her favorite maid, the dark-eyed Zoe, who strove by her caresses to dissipate the melancholy of her young mistress.

“Hast thou any news of Philip?” she eagerly whispered in the ear of her attendant. Zoe answered not, but thrust a letter into the hand of her mistress. Salome quickly dried her tears, and, lighting the silver lamp, sat down to peruse the note. Her countenance lighted up with an expression of the warmest affection, and she pressed the letter again and again to her ruby lips. Hearing a step sounding along the gallery

which led to her apartments, she hastily thrust it into her bosom, and called Zoe to disrobe her.

It wanted yet an hour of midnight when the heavy curtains were cautiously put aside, and Herodias stood in the doorway, with a lighted taper in her hand. Advancing to the side of the couch, she stood gazing on the sleeping features of her child. The fragrance of the burning oil was diffused through the chamber, and the lamp threw a steady light upon the face of the sleeper, the transparent skin rendered more conspicuous by the contrast of the purple hangings. One arm supported her head, and her bright hair swept the floor in its waving lengths. The slight form was that of a child, compared with the majestic Herodias, whose dark hair was gathered into heavy braids, intertwined with the jewelled turban, in the middle of which glittered a carcanet of diamonds. The flashing of her large dark eyes was subdued to an expression of feminine softness, and the rich lips were parted in a smile. Presently the sleeper murmured some unintelligible words, and the mother bent down her head to listen. Again her lips moved and pronounced the name of "Philip!" "Ha! is it so?" exclaimed Herodias, starting back. "Has she poured out her love upon this nameless adventurer? She, whom I destined for the bride of a king!" Her eye happening to fall upon the treasured letter, she took it up, and as she read, her hands clenched, and her face worked, with the excitement of passion. Long she sat and pondered upon the foot of the couch, and during that time the unconscious girl betrayed by disjointed sentences her visit to the cell of John the Baptist. "What! has he too been poisoning the mind of my child with his infamous doctrines?" exclaimed the excited mother. "Wretch! he shall die!" Rising hastily, she took the taper in her hand, and, noiselessly uplifting the velvet curtains, glided from the room. Passing the lonely saloon, now disordered by the remains of the evening's feast, she took her way to the narrow cell. Its inmate was still praying, but the mild expression of his countenance had no other effect on Herodias, than to incite her to greater rage. "Hypocrite!" she cried, "how daredst thou to instil into the mind of my daughter thy false doctrines? Art thou ready to die?" she continued, as with a

fiendish smile she half drew the dagger from her girdle. "I am," was the calm reply. "But now again I tell thee, that thou art pursuing a course of sin!" The lip of Herodias curled with a contemptuous expression, and she resembled a beautiful fiend, as she folded her arms and boldly confronted him. "Go on," was her scornful reply, as he continued, "Woman! I beseech thee, go and sin no more!" "Who art thou?" exclaimed the enraged Queen, "that darest thus to address me!" "A preacher of righteousness," was his reply. "Never will I rest content until I see thee dead! Thou shalt die to-morrow!" cried Herodias, as she left the cell.

#### CHAPTER II.

The morning dawned bright and fair, and the sun shone alike on the palace and the cell. When Salome awoke, she stretched forth her hand for the letter, and behold it was gone! In dismay she questioned Zoe, who could tell nothing of it. A suspicion that it had fallen into her mother's hands entirely overwhelmed her. A hasty step sounded along the passage, and burying her face in her hands, she awaited the coming of Herodias. An involuntary smile played around her mouth as she entered, and seating herself by her daughter, she gently withdrew her hands from her face. "Salome!" she said, "look up." She obeyed, but instantly withdrew her eyes on meeting her mother's piercing gaze. "Salome," she continued, "I have your letter!" "Oh, mother!" said the trembling girl, as she leaned upon her breast, "forgive me!" "Forgive you!" exclaimed Herodias. "And do you think it such a very trifling matter for you, the niece of Herod, to bestow your affections on the poor unknown Philip? Suppose I should inform your uncle; what would be the consequence? Your instant marriage to one whom you pretend to dislike, wayward girl! but who can, nevertheless, bestow a crown!" Salome shuddered, and her mother continued, "But further than this, you have disobeyed my orders, and listened to that impostor, John the Baptist!" "Oh, mother! call him not an impostor! He deserves not the name!" "How, minion!" exclaimed Herodias, regarding her with a steady gaze as

though she would read her very soul, "Do you, too, believe his doctrines! Salome," she continued, "suppose that Philip or this same John were to be sacrificed, which would'st thou preserve?" "Oh, mother! mother!" exclaimed the terrified girl, "ask me not that!—ask anything but that!" "It is enough," replied her mother, "I go to order the execution of Philip." "Oh, stay! stay! Why speakest thou thus? Oh, mother! say it was a horrid dream!" "Salome," replied Herodias, "that man is continually a shadow in my path! He shall die! I have said it! Choose now between him and Philip!" "But, mother," replied Salome, "wherein have I the power to hasten his death, even if I desired it?" "To-night," replied her mother, "Herod gives a feast to his nobles and rulers. Thou must dance before him, and then ask it of him as a boon; for can he refuse thee anything?" "Oh, mother! I cannot, cannot do it!" sobbed Salome. "Rash girl!" replied the angry Herodias, "consider what you do! Condemn Philip to death! I leave you to reflection." When she was at length alone, the young girl wept without restraint. At one moment the pale figure of Philip stood frowning before her, and denounced her as his murderess—then the calm, sweet smile of John, left the arrows of remorse rankling in her heart.

The evening came. Herodias entered her daughter's chamber, to deck her for the festival. Her shining tresses were bound with strings of pearl—jewelled sandals encased her tiny feet—and the white, flowing robe displayed the graces of her fairy form. "Remember—the head of John the Baptist!" whispered Herodias, as she departed for the revelry. How gorgeous was that lighted hall! the heavy curtains were looped up with golden cords and tassels; gold and silver tapestry decked the walls, and soft strains of music floated through the air. Around the luxurious board, were gathered the flower of Judea's nobles—their turbans sparkling with jewels, and their sabres glittering in the light. At the upper end of the hall, upon a raised throne, sat Herod the Tetrarch. The diamond crescent adorned his brow, and ill-accorded with the pale, care-worn countenance beneath. But his face was wreathed with smiles, though the canker-worm was gnawing

at his heart. At his right hand sat the partner of his guilt and crimes—her face beaming with almost unearthly beauty—noble heads were bowing to the slightest bend of that jewelled neck—and as they gazed upon her that night, they wondered not at Herod's infatuation. Triumph gleamed in her dazzling eyes—triumph spoke in her smile—already she beheld her victim dead before her—but she thought not of that daughter whose innocence she was about to destroy for ever.

Hark! what is it that attracts the attention of the revellers, when their mirth is at the highest? What sound is that like the music of ocean shells? The graceful Salome is gliding through the intoxicating dance, and the tiny silver bells on her sandals keep time to the music. The mother gazes proudly on that form of light now advancing, now receding—and the admiring looks of the whole assembly are fixed upon the blushing girl—but dearer far to her is the approbation, which speaks in the eyes of the dark-haired youth, who, seated in the festive hall, seems to perceive no one but her. Herod in rapture exclaims, "Ask what thou wilt, my lovely niece! To the half of my kingdom, it is thine!" A triumphant smile lights up the countenance of Herodias—but the face of the maiden is pale, and her step tremulous. At length she sinks exhausted into the arms of her mother, and Herod exclaims, "Now thy boon—name it!" All are eagerly listening, but though the lips move, no sound is heard. "The head of John the Baptist!" cried Herodias, and with a loud cry of anguish the fair girl fell forward insensible. All was now confusion—Herod himself was astonished at the demand, and though the death of the holy man was an event he earnestly desired—he yet hesitated at an act of such cold-blooded cruelty. The spectators were astonished, that so cruel a heart should be found in one so fair and delicate—but Philip, wrapping his face in his mantle, went forth from the gay assembly, and wept aloud. Herod's word was pledged, and though he had often disregarded the truth before, he now resolved to perform his promise. The executioner was despatched to the lonely cell, and soon returned with the Martyr's head upon a golden charger. The same heavenly smile lingered even in death, and the calm countenance of the dead John was very different

from the troubled expression of the living Herod. A pang of remorse shot through his stony heart as he beheld those lifeless features—but it changed to a smile of triumph, as he reflected that he was now no longer able to upbraid him. Salome became delirious—and in her ravings she would say, “Oh, mother! mother! Do not murder him!” Herodias bent over the sick couch of her daughter—and as she beheld her flushed brow, parched lips, and difficult breathing, her heart failed her—and she murmured to herself, “My child! I will die with thee!” The wisest seers of the East were gathered around the sick bed, and at length the young girl fell into a troubled sleep. Herodias clasped the burning hand—and the casement was opened to admit the evening breeze. “She will live!” said the physicians, as they withdrew from the apartment. The mother listened to the tranquil breathings of the sleeper, and hope began to reanimate her heart.

It was an hour past midnight when Salome awoke. Perceiving herself alone, (for the weary Zoe had fallen into a refreshing slumber) she rose, and gathering her mantle about her, hastened from the apartment. Her steps sought the saloon, the scene of her last night's misery—and a cold shudder passed over her as she stood again beneath the gilded pillars. A form reclined in one of the darkest corners, and her heart told her it could be no other than Philip! With a faltering step she advanced, and stood beneath the light, which fell upon her pallid face from the burning tapers. The figure moved towards her, and instinctively she fell upon her knees. “Philip!” “Salome!” She would have rushed to his embrace, but sternly he repelled her—and gathering the folds of his mantle about him, as though her touch were profanation, gazed with a pitying look upon the miserable girl. “Oh, Philip!” she exclaimed in agony, “speak to me! Speak but one word, though that word be to cast me off for ever!” Burying her face in her robe, she waited for the sound of his voice. Its tone was hollow, and heart-broken, as he replied, “Salome, why didst thou so shamefully connive at the death of that good man? I could not believe that the words were thine; but rather that some artful fiend had taken thy form, in order to work this mischief! Ever since, those hated words



have lingered in mine ears, "The head of John the Baptist!" "Hark!" exclaimed Salome, as she gazed fearfully around, "hearest thou not his voice? See! see! he moves towards me!" and hiding her face as from a horrid vision, her slight frame shook with the violence of her own emotion. "It is but the thoughts of thy disordered fancy," replied Philip, as he raised the prostrate girl. "Salome," he continued more tenderly, "oh tell me that thou art innocent! That those words were not thine own! I loved thee more than life; I love thee still! But can I clasp a murderess to my bosom?"

"Alas! murmured the unfortunate girl, "he knows not that it was for him I became a murderess!" "Salome," said the young man, "farewell for ever! I go far from hence, to banish the memory of my sorrows!" Both started, for the commanding step of Herodias was heard in the saloon! Slowly she advanced, and glanced with a look of scorn upon the high-minded Philip. "And is it such as thou," exclaimed the angry queen, "that darest reject *my* daughter! Away with him to the lowest dungeon! And with his blood he shall expiate his offence!" It was fearful to behold the passion of that haughty woman, but Salome wound her trembling arms around her mother's knees, and besought her to recall her sentence: "Oh, mother! let him live! There has been blood enough spilled!" "For thy sake, then, let it be so!" replied the queen; "but he carries with him to the grave the hatred of Herodias!" and casting a glance, full of anger and malice, upon the calm majestic countenance of Philip, she bore her daughter from the apartment.

It was a lovely eve in summer—the air was rife with the fragrance of the blossoming fruit trees—the birds were singing joyously in the leafy grove—and all nature seemed to be rejoicing. Within the shade of the orange grove, a young girl reclined on a couch of lotus leaves. Her pale cheeks and sunken eyes told of the near approach of death. "Bear me into the cooling air, and there let me die!" she softly murmured. On either side knelt her mother and lover. But how changed was the beauty of Herodias! The dark eyes beamed with a wild brilliancy, and the thin lips were painfully compressed. Her eyes were immoveably fixed upon the dying form of her daugh-



ter, and she bent down to catch the last sound from those white lips. "Philip, do you forgive me?" said the dying girl, as she extended her hand to her lover. He pressed a burning kiss upon the trembling palm—and with a smile of joy, her spirit fled for ever!

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### PELARGONIUM GRANDIFLORUM—LARGE-FLOWERED GERANIUM.

See Flower Plate.

**GEN. CHAR.:** Sepals five, the upper one ending in a nectariferous tube extending down the peduncle with which it is connected—petals five, irregular, longer than the sepals—filaments ten, three of them sterile.

**SPEC. CHAR.:** Smooth, glaucous—leaves palmated, cordate at base—the lobes dentate towards the end—petals three times as long as the calyx. This species is distinguished for the size and beauty of the petals, of which two are larger than the rest, elegantly veined, and of a splendid hue.

The genus *Pelargonium*, of the family *Geranium*, which embraces more than three hundred species, and innumerable varieties, comes originally from the Cape of Good Hope, and is now, in some of its varieties, to be found in almost every family through the land. The geranium is easily cultivated, and with common care, will thrive and flower abundantly. The species represented in the engraving, is one of the most valuable, not only for its splendid flowers, but also for the beauty of its green and elegantly cut leaves.

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ORIGINAL.

## PROLOGUE TO GOETHE'S "FAUST."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

Your airy forms approach me yet once more,  
As on my gaze perturbed ye glanced of yore ;  
Shall I essay this time to hold you fast,  
Ye fair illusions, all too bright to last ?  
Ye throng around, and all my pow'rs transcend,  
As through the vap'ry mist ye upward tend ;  
My bosom thrills as with a youthful glow,  
Warmed by your breathing as ye onward go.

Ye bring with you the scenes of earlier days  
And well loved shades appear amid your haze ;  
Like some old proverb, indistinct and dim,  
Friendship and love first o'er the vision swim.  
While with new anguish I again complain  
O'er all life's tortuous labyrinth of pain ;  
The good 's recalled which in my hours of bliss  
Delusive fortune gave—to fleet like this.

Alas ! ye may not list th' ensuing lays,  
Spirits to whom I sang in former days !  
Your friendly throng is all as dust dispersed,  
And dulled the echo that my genius nursed !  
To unknown crowds, alas ! my song resounds,  
E'en their applause anew my spirit wounds !  
While those who once delighted in my song  
Are scattered o'er the world, if they survive so long.

Desire, unwonted long, has seized my mind,  
The silent, solemn realm of souls to find ;  
And now my whispered lay in smothered notes,  
Like the wind-harp's ethereal music floats ;  
A shudd'ring seizes me—tear follows tear,  
My strong heart trembles, and grows weak with fear ;  
What I possess I see as in a dream,  
The vanished, real to my mind doth seem.

ORIGINAL.

## HARMLESS GOSSIPING.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

SUCH is the soft name given to a species of moral barbecue, in which the victim is served up whole, for the entertainment of a class of individuals, whose sole employment seems to be cutting and carving human character and human happiness. Wherever a reputation is to be sacrificed, there these birds of prey collect, to feast and fatten on the yet palpitating carcase, and the savage appetite grows ever by what it feeds upon. And yet fatal to the peace and welfare of society as such moral cannibals may be, their ravages are so artfully conducted, that they seldom become amenable to the letter of the law, whose spirit they are constantly violating. Many an innocent sufferer, worn out in body and mind by the consciousness of being the object of calumnies and suspicions he has it not in his power to meet openly, has gone down broken-hearted to the grave, thankful for the summons of death, and hoping to find a refuge from the injustice of his fellow beings in the bosom of a merciful God.

It is not to be supposed that all who indulge in gossiping, or as it should be termed, in the retailing of private scandal, fully understand what they are doing, or really intend to destroy the happiness of another. Thoughtlessly, and without "malice prepense," they listen to the covert insinuation, or the slanderous tale, and to pass away an idle moment, or to awaken the light laugh, give it additional circulation, little dreaming that they are scattering firebrands, arrows and death, while they cry, "Am I not in sport?" The ball thus put in motion, without any design beyond present amusement, grows by aggregation, and acquires fresh momentum in its progress, until it sweeps away everything lovely and of good report in whole families or neighborhoods, and leaves a desolate waste, where nothing green or beautiful can ever spring up again.

But while making an exception in favor of a class who are sinning thoughtlessly, and may be brought to see their error

before it is too late for repentance, we are compelled to add, that there are those in every community, to whom detraction seems the very breath of life, and whom no feeling of pity or regret, ever avails to turn from their purpose. These individuals are the more dangerous, because they usually stab in the dark, and betray with a kiss of pretended friendship. Carefully avoiding an open attack, which might be met before a human tribunal, they sully with their poisonous breath, the fairest reputation, before their unconscious victim has one suspicion of treachery or danger.

Mrs. Smoothtongue is an adept in this art of tender assassination. She can manage the whole battery of whispered insinuations, dark allusions, hints so artfully given that imagination is left to fill up the blank, and

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"The significant eye  
That learns to lie with silence,"

so perfectly, that none but the initiated could imagine her communications slanderous, even while they feel their effects in the total loss of confidence where they have once loved and trusted. Mrs. Smoothtongue never says of an enemy honestly, with Shylock, "I hate him." She is far too wise to neutralize the effect of her remarks by a confession like this. "Mrs. — is a good woman—I love her very much, *but*—I am sorry that such and such things are true of her," and then in honeyed words, she goes on to insinuate grievous defects, with a look of such meek and heartfelt distress at the wickedness of the world, that her auditors go away admiring her angelic excellence, and wondering at the enormity of the guilt which can outrage such goodness. But Mrs. Smoothtongue is not satisfied with the guerrilla warfare of common slanderers. She considers her tactics incomplete, unless her victims are drawn in to aid in their own destruction, by the most implicit confidence in her professions of esteem, and is never more fully herself than when aiming a blow at the bosom bared before her, in the unreserve of confiding affection. Who could distrust that bland smile, those soft tones, and those eyes which seem to "love all they look upon," connected as they are with the most exalted pretensions to superior piety? None but those who have seen, on some rare occasions, the mask laid aside,

and a transformation effected as complete as that which restored the metamorphosed princess to her original form of a cat, with claws which were fastened alike in friend and foe.

Let it not be said, we have been drawing a caricature in this "ower true" picture. If any there are who have never yet met a Mrs. Smoothtongue, they have cause for deep gratitude, for the lines are fallen unto them in pleasant places, and they have an enviable heritage. This spirit of slander, detraction, tale-bearing or gossip, is more widely diffused through society than any other, and in some of its Protean forms, meets us wherever we turn our footsteps. It does not, to be sure, always wear its most hideous aspect, or reach the climax of malignity at a single step. There are many degrees, from the thoughtless gossip, whose inveterate love of talking leads her to repeat all the scandal of the day, down to the wilful slanderer, whose very breath poisons the atmosphere around her. But to the young especially, we say, that the indulgence of the first almost always leads to the latter, and she who begins by repeating an injurious report, qualified perhaps by her own avowed disbelief in its truth, may end by deliberately destroying the fame of another who is in any way obnoxious to her. That low species of buffoonery called quizzing, satire, ridicule, and mimicry, all belong to the same family, and are all violations of the precept—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We have often seen those who would fain be considered benevolent people, tempt others by flattery, to do what they were incapable of doing well, merely from the wish of leading them to expose themselves, that they might enjoy a laugh at their expense. We have seen the same kind of people complimenting others on qualities they did not possess, with the hope of imposing on their credulity; and then, in the absence of their dupes, ridiculing them for the weakness which led them to appropriate the flattery. Such conduct is treacherous and cruel in the extreme, and should be uniformly reprobated by all who have the care of the young, as a habit of the most degrading and dangerous tendency. However harmless or amusing it may appear, it is the germ of evil, and if suffered to grow, will, in time, root out all that is amiable and sincere in the character.

ORIGINAL.

"TAKE, THEREFORE, NO THOUGHT FOR THE  
MORROW."—MATT. 6: 34.

BY CAROMAIA.

TAKE no thought for the morrow ;  
And wonder not at all,  
If gladness, or if sorrow,  
Thy lot is to befall.  
Thy "lot is ordered by the Lord,"  
What comfort should this truth afford.

The lilies of the garden,  
Are clothed free from care ;  
And joy, and peace, and pardon,  
Shall be thy mantle fair ;  
As lilies white, if thou wilt be  
Like them from anxious sorrow free.

Take no thought for the morrow ;  
If joy is to be thine,  
Oh ! do not try to borrow  
Gold from the Future's mine ;  
For much more precious it will be,  
Coin'd, stamp'd, and freely given to thee !

If trouble is before thee,  
Look quickly up, and pray  
The Power that watches o'er thee,  
To strengthen thee to-day ;  
That thou may'st have some strength to spare,  
For meeting with the morrow's care.

Take no thought for the morrow ;  
'Tis Jesus Christ's command ;  
And shame, as well as sorrow,  
Will lie on every hand,  
If we will break the generous law  
From which sweet comfort we might draw.

There's nothing sad or grievous,  
But we may tell to Him  
Who only can relieve us :  
No dread, or mystery dim,  
Can steal the joy, or shake the power,  
Of trusting God with every hour !

ORIGINAL.

## EASTPORT, AND PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

See Engraving.

We give our readers, this month, a beautiful engraving by Osborne, of the town of Eastport, and the Bay with the long name, which was one of the bugbears of our childish days, when hard words, and crooked orthography, were made the test of infant scholarship. But though the name may not delight the ear, the scenery represented in the plate must surely charm the eye of every one who is capable of appreciating its beauties. The commanding situation of the town—the unruffled surface of the lake studded with sails—the bold rock in the foreground, with the white sails of the pleasure boat gliding at its base, and the lofty chain of mountains in the distance—these form a collection of beauties which charm the beholder, and are fixed by memory's daguerreotype, indelibly upon the heart.

But little, comparatively, is known by the generality of our readers, about the lovely scenery which abounds in Maine, and which doubtless has helped to form the character of those energetic and talented sons and daughters who have made "down East" a familiar word through the whole extent of our wide-spread territory. The evils of a border location have been severely felt by the people of this fine State, particularly during the agitation of the boundary question, which at one time threatened so seriously the peace of the two nations. These evils, however, are more than counterbalanced by the many natural advantages of her position, which combines in an eminent degree, facilities for commercial and agricultural pursuits. That these facilities have been well improved, her extensive commerce, flourishing and beautiful towns, and smiling villages amply attest.

ORIGINAL.

## TREASURES ON EARTH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

On ! tell me not that I must die,  
The Earth is all too bright—  
I love its hills—its valleys too—  
They're pleasant to my sight.  
The warm spring days are here again,  
With sunshine and with flowers.  
And life will be a dream of joy,  
Through all these golden hours.

I cannot die, and leave it now,  
This world so passing fair;  
I have not known its sorrows yet,  
Nor felt a single care.  
The future to my trusting heart  
Hath many scenes of joy,—  
I cannot see how grief would come,  
Their pleasures to alloy.

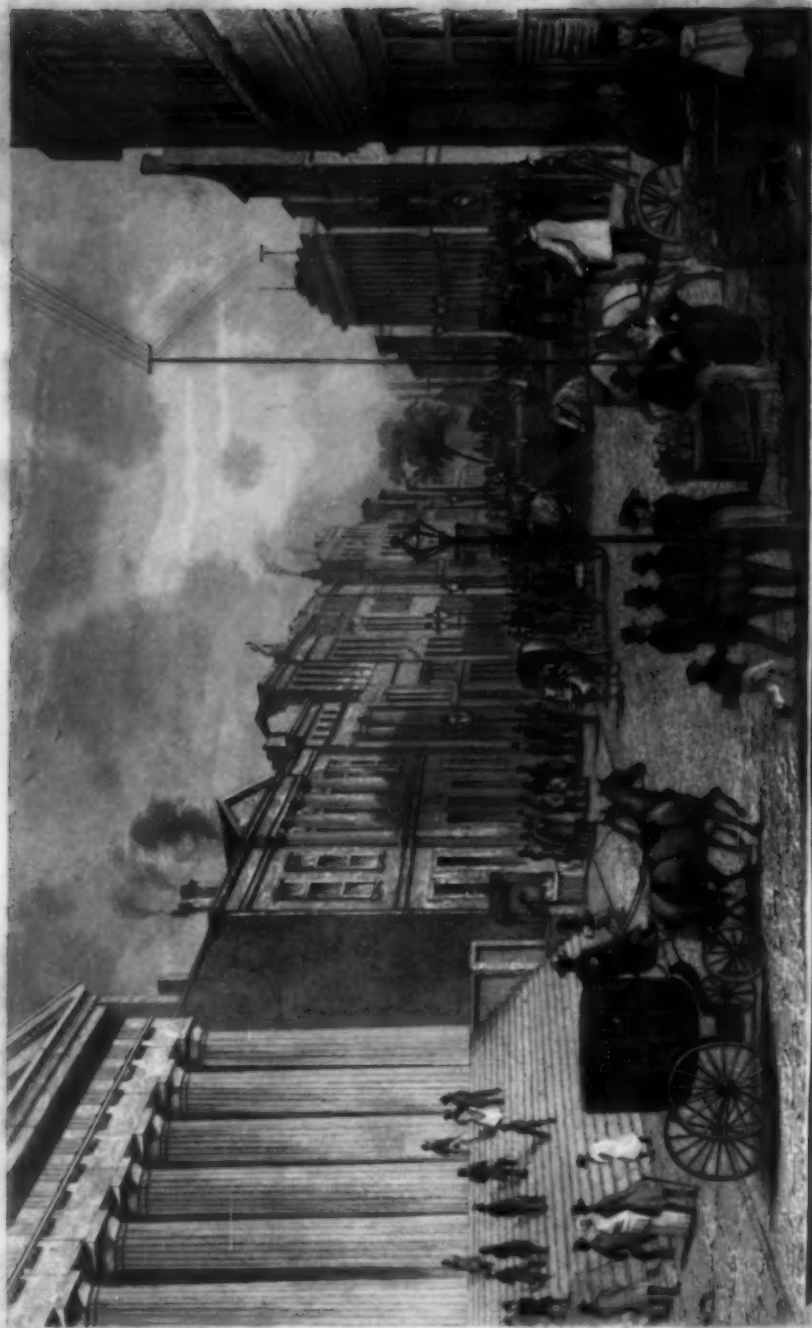
Then say no more that I must die,  
My life is in its spring;  
Oh ! bid Death's arrows pass me by—  
Some shield around me fling !  
Tell me of Death when I am old,  
My heart will beat less high  
With hopes that now are clustering there,  
And then I'll calmly die.

Thou say'st "there is a world above,  
Where sorrow is unknown;  
There joy, in one unbroken stream,  
Flows from the Eternal Throne.  
That spirits pure, and angels bright,  
Have harps of shining gold,  
And sing of His redeeming grace,  
Whose love is still untold.

But should I go to that far land,  
And stand before that Throne,  
There is no friend to greet me there,  
I should be all alone.  
Yes, mother, I should miss thee then,  
Thy pleasant voice and mild—  
Oh ! tell me not that we must part.  
I am thine only child.









*Indian pink & Mallows.*



ORIGINAL.

## A FINISHED EDUCATION.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

"The slaves of custom and established mode,  
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,  
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,  
True to the jingling of our leader's bells."

*Cowper's Tirocinium.*

"MARY, dear, do look up from your work just one minute, and rest your poor eyes. One would think you were practising upon that "song of the shirt" which affected you so much, and could do nothing but stitch, stitch, stitch, from morning to night. What is the use of having money, if you make such a drudge of yourself as this?"

The young girl thus appealed to, raised her eyes with a quiet smile to the speaker, as she answered—

"I am sorry you dislike my work so much, Margaret, for I was about asking you to give me your assistance. These shirts for my father must be finished to-day, but so far from considering it a drudgery to make them, I am never happier than when doing anything to add to the comfort of one so dear."

"Very properly and prettily said, my wise coz, and as in duty bound, I will assist in your useful employment, especially as it will help to hide my blushes while I tell you something which must be a profound secret between us."

"Take care how you trust me with a secret, Margaret—I have no tact in keeping one, and never yet learned the art. I should be very likely to reveal all in some unguarded moment, for you know I have never had anything to conceal from my father, and somehow, I do not seem to possess the necessary qualifications for a young lady confidante."

"Oh, it is of little consequence," replied Margaret, blushing and tossing her head with a haughty air, "it will all be known

soon enough, probably. You, of course, have no interest in hearing that Charles Cleaveland is in town, and spent last evening with me at Mrs. Vane's."

"Charles Cleaveland in town, and in your company, dear cousin—and does my aunt know of this? Surely, you would not meet him clandestinely, or in defiance of her feelings and wishes?"

There was so much earnestness in the tone with which these words were uttered, that the young lady addressed, hesitated for a moment in great apparent confusion, then by a strong effort, rallying her spirits, she replied—"Do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account—I am quite capable of taking care of myself. My mother will undoubtedly consent to let me be happy in my own way, when she finds that opposition only makes me more determined."

"Margaret," said her cousin, taking a seat at her side, and fixing upon her those large earnest eyes in which the soul was so truly mirrored—"We have been companions and sisters in affection from infancy, and you must hear me patiently, for the sake of that angel mother who blessed us both with her latest breath as she went up to heaven. You know that this young man, however fascinating in person and manners, is destitute of principle, and that it is for this reason only, my uncle and aunt so strongly object to his addresses. You surely cannot doubt their disinterested affection, or believe for a moment, that they are actuated by any other motive than the wish to secure your happiness. Think of the sacrifices they have made for you—of the time and expense lavished on your education—of the fond hope and expectation with which they look forward to your future course, as the reward of all their care, and then ask yourself if you can resolve to blast the hopes, and break the hearts of the parents to whom you owe so much."

"And pray, of what use is this fine education they have given me," was the pettish reply, "if it does not render me capable of judging for myself, in a matter where I am the party most concerned? I am no longer a child in leading strings, and I assure you, Mary, that I never can consent to let others decide for me, in an affair like this, where the heart alone should be consulted."

"Say rather the fancy, the imagination, or if you will pardon my plainness, the will, my dear cousin," said Mary, sorrowfully, "for I can easily perceive that your heart is less interested than you would fain believe. But I will say no more," she added, as she saw the displeased air with which the young lady rose to leave the room. "I can only pray, that the God to whose service you have been solemnly dedicated, may guide you in deciding this momentous question, and that he will avert the dangers which threaten you."

Margaret Leighton was an only and idolized daughter, and as such, early learned to feel and exercise her power in the circle in which she moved. Possessing naturally, brilliancy rather than depth of intellect—great energy of character, and an affectionate heart; she might with judicious management, have been trained up for usefulness and happiness, but unfortunately, the course adopted by her parents was calculated to foster rather than subdue the strong self-will which formed a marked feature of her character. She was brought forward on all occasions—her childish sayings treasured and repeated; and too often, sallies of impertinence, and filial disrespect, regarded as scintillations of wit and genius to be smiled at, rather than censured or punished. Alas for the child whose early years are exposed to influences such as these! Surrounded from the cradle with all that can stimulate pride and vanity, encouraged to entertain a fond conceit of her own consequence—with a pampered appetite, an uncontrolled will, and perverted inclinations, how can such an one be expected to possess just ideas of duty and obedience? It is only by impressing children with a proper sense of their own weakness, by inspiring them with gratitude and love for all from whom they receive assistance or protection, and by teaching them from infancy, habits of submission to the dictates of superior age and wisdom, that we can hope to lay a lasting foundation for filial obedience or social virtue. Without this cultivation of the heart, intellectual acquirements, or external accomplishments, serve only to gild a moral ruin, with a splendor no less fleeting than delusive.

Though the parents of Margaret Leighton were in moderate circumstances, she was constantly kept in the first, and most

expensive schools, and when at length she graduated, with the highest honors of her class, hers was universally pronounced a "finished education." But learned as she was in the arts and sciences, of every thing pertaining to domestic duties she was utterly ignorant. Habits of self-denial, industry, skill and order, of such priceless value to every woman, she had never formed, for how was it possible for her to do so, when almost every hour of her life hitherto, had been spent in the routine of school lessons and recitations? Alas, for the disappointment of those parents who expect that a young girl thus educated, will on arriving at maturity, suddenly form habits, and acquire tastes which are the slow growth of a whole life-time. Certain it is, that Margaret Leighton had no intention of wasting her "sweetness on the desert air" of a kitchen, or even of a nursery, in her father's house.

"If I am to be a household drudge," was her contemptuous reply to a gentle remonstrance from her mother, "you might have spared some of the expense of my education." Poor mother—did it occur to her then, that this boasted "education" was defective in any of its parts? However this may be, the feeling expressed by a little brother who could never find sister Margaret able or willing to mend his torn garments, or even to trim his kite, was a natural, though mistaken one. "You are always with books or music, or something," he said one day, "but I don't see what good it all does you. For my part, I think Bridget is worth a dozen of you, if she can't read, for she can sew and bake, and wash and mend, and a great many other things that folks must have done, but a pretty wife you would make, that never do anything but self-work from morning to night." Self-work—ah, there is the difficulty, and though the boy knew it not, he gave utterance to a most important truth. It is the intense selfishness, fostered by the prevailing systems of education, which constitutes their most objectionable feature. Disinterestedness, meekness, humility, and generosity—these virtues, allied as they are to every species of moral excellence, do not flourish in an atmosphere where rivalry and emulation are cultivated, and where an opportunity so seldom occurs to deny one's-self for the happiness of others. It is only in the sanctuary of home, and by taking a daily part



from their earliest years, in the thousand nameless offices of love that cement mutual affection—by watching in the chamber of sickness and suffering—and by an actual share in domestic employments, that our daughters can acquire a knowledge of the duties they are expected as wives and mothers, to fulfil. They are here taught lessons of benevolence, not by words, but actions—and the sympathies of their young hearts are imperceptibly turned into the channel of domestic virtue, and domestic happiness.

It was the want of this daily training of the heart, which made Margaret Leighton, with her naturally kind disposition, indifferent to the comfort of her family whenever it came in collision with her own inclinations—it was this which led her to encourage the clandestine addresses of a man unworthy of her regard, and finally to consummate her guilt and folly, by an elopement from her father's house, and a marriage which ensured the wretchedness of her whole future life.

The parents of Mary Wilmot, the young lady whom we have introduced to our readers as the cousin of Margaret Leighton, pursued a very different course in conducting her education, and with a far different result. A beauty and an heiress, Mrs. Wilmot was fashionably educated, and while yet very young, married from her boarding school, utterly ignorant of every thing pertaining to her duties as the mistress of a family, and of the solemn obligations she had so thoughtlessly assumed. Most fortunately for her, her husband was a man of sense and principle, and when he discovered the deficiencies of his wife on those points, which as a son of New England, he had been taught to consider of vital importance to a woman, he became neither captious nor indifferent, but set himself patiently and kindly to assist her in the acquisition of knowledge so essential to her own comfort and that of her household. Mrs. Wilmot possessed a fund of kind feeling, native energy, and that rare and invaluable property termed *common sense*, (by the way a sad misnomer,) she was beside, passionately attached to her husband, and the wish to make him happy, acted as a constant stimulus in the work of improvement, so that in process of time, she became a pattern housekeeper, and looked back to the days of her helpless ignorance with a mingled feeling of

wonder and amusement. But this point was not gained without many a severe struggle, and many a moment of unmixed bitterness—and often, as the scalding tears, called forth by some humiliating experience, fell on the infant face of her darling Mary, she internally resolved that this beloved child should never be exposed to the trials she was daily enduring. True, a kind Providence had watched over her, and saved her from making shipwreck of domestic happiness, as thousands in similar circumstances have done, but she deeply felt the dangers she had escaped, and the rashness of making the fearful experiment.

Let no one say we are attaching undue importance to the *domestic* part of female education. Those who are suffering the sad variety of evils which flow from ignorance or indifference on the part of the wife and mother to the peculiar duties of her sphere, will not accuse us of exaggeration. To them, the mention of the subject brings up a frightful vision of neglected children and ungoverned servants, of discomfort in the parlor, and reckless waste and extravagance in the kitchen; of confusion, instead of order and harmony; and of discord in that hallowed sanctuary, where peace and love should ever reign. It is not a light thing for a rational and immortal being to take upon herself vows of whose meaning she has never for a moment thought, and obligations which she is utterly incapable of discharging, when this want of knowledge involves the temporal and often the eternal interests of those who should be dearest to her. If one of the great objects of education be the formation of habits, then, surely, no education can be considered a finished one, in which habits of industry, economy, and active benevolence have had no share of attention. We are aware that there are many, among the youthful daughters of our land, who reject industry as a plebeian quality, to be exercised only by those who have their bread to earn, or their fortune to make; while too many, even of this class, shun it, as a badge of inferiority and penury. Such seem to forget that to this sober and unpretending quality, the greatest men of all ages—sages, legislators and statesmen—have owed their proud and envied distinction. To this the immortal Newton ascribed his vast attainments; for when asked by what means he had

been enabled to make the profound researches, and the great discoveries which had struck mankind with astonishment, he replied that if he had made any mental progress, it was owing not so much to the force of genius, as to the habit of patient thinking, laborious attention, and close application. This same "sturdy and hard-working pioneer," industry, which facilitates the march, and aids the victories of genius, will work equal wonders in the privacy of domestic life, by removing obstructions, overcoming difficulties, and clearing away the intricacies which beset the path of every one who is called to preside over the small but important domain of home. The habit of economy is another of the same family of virtues, too often overlooked or disregarded in the process of education. For want of the early inculcation of this practice, and of the principle of sound integrity on which it should ever be based, how frequently do we see in after life the fatal effects of personal extravagance and domestic profusion, arising from ignorance of the worth of money, or of the duty of limiting expenses by anything but actual necessity. Is the child who has from infancy possessed every toy, however expensive, for which it cried ; or the young lady whose every whim has been gratified by indulgent parents, to become all at once the frugal and self-sacrificing wife of a man in moderate circumstances, who cannot afford the means for this lavish expenditure ? Those who expect thus to gather grapes from thorns, or figs of thistles, will find themselves sadly disappointed.

Mary Wilmot, though the child of affluent parents, was accustomed almost from her cradle to render herself useful by various little acts of kindness suited to her capacity ; and as she advanced in years, the habit of caring for the happiness of others, rather than her own, became insensibly a part of her very nature. She was taught the sweet lessons of domestic duty and benevolence, not by precept only, but in the more impressive language of daily and hourly example. A severe domestic affliction had been the blessed means of leading Mrs. Wilmot to a knowledge of the Savior, and from the hour in which she consecrated herself to his service, she fully resolved to seek first, for her children, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. But in giving them a truly religious education, she did not seek to make

them recluses or ascetics. Every innocent and healthful amusement suited to their age, was permitted and shared by these parents, who well knew that to render home attractive, and to surround the young with an atmosphere of love and cheerfulness there, would prove a most important safeguard in the hour of trial and temptation.

In accordance with their whole plan of education, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot selected a school for their daughter in which the mental and moral discipline of the pupils was most thorough and systematic, though in so doing they were compelled to listen to the remonstrances of all their fashionable friends. "You will be still more surprised," said Mrs. Wilmot one day, to a lady who had exhausted her eloquence in trying to persuade her of her error—"when I tell you that for three months of every year, Mary is to leave Mr. B.'s school, and become my pupil in the mysteries of housekeeping, until she is fully qualified to take my place, should it become necessary for her to do so."

"Poor girl! with her attractions and her fortune, to make such an antediluvian of her, when all her companions have nothing to do but enjoy themselves, and become as accomplished as possible."

"I might answer," replied Mrs. Wilmot, "that I consider a thorough knowledge of housekeeping a most important accomplishment for every woman whose vocation is that of a wife and mother; but I assure you I have no intention of undervaluing either a cultivated intellect, or external accomplishments. I consider the former essential to the full developement of the female character; and were it not my firm conviction that by the course I have adopted, Mary will learn more and to better advantage than by keeping her constantly in school, I should follow in the beaten track, and suffer her to spend the best years of her life in utter ignorance of what is to constitute her principal employment hereafter. But, with my present belief, I cannot be so cruel to my child, so blind to her best interests, as to neglect a part of her education which must necessarily be practical, and which she can acquire nowhere else so well as in her father's house, and in the performance of those thousand offices of love, which are daily re-

quired in the domestic circle, but which the school-girl has usually neither the time nor ability to render. True, she may not in this way become a prodigy of learning, though I see not why she should make less mental progress than in the ordinary routine: but she will be what is far better in my estimation, a "household spirit," fitted for her true mission, full of warm sympathies and domestic affections, with a heart to feel the wants of those around her, and a hand to execute its generous promptings. There are comparatively few of our sex, whom God has fitted by the priceless gift of genius, to be the blessing and ornament of the age in which they live, but every woman may, with proper training, become the sun of her domestic circle, diffusing warmth and radiance throughout the sphere of her influence, and leaving behind her a lasting memorial, in the virtue and usefulness of the immortals whom she has helped to form for happiness and heaven." Such was the course of education marked out for Mary Wilmot, and well did the daughter repay the judicious tenderness of her excellent mother. As the eldest of several brothers and sisters, she was the depository of all their joys and sorrows—their kind adviser, ready assistant, and cheerful companion—while the cares of her mother were lightened, and her joys redoubled by her affectionate sympathy and active co-operation. And when, shortly after leaving school, Mary Wilmot was called to follow that beloved mother to the grave, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, she was prepared by the discipline of her whole life to take the position thus left vacant, and to supply to the bereaved family, as far as might be, the place of her they mourned. She is now the beloved and happy wife of a man, eminent no less for piety, than for talents and acquirements; and in the delightful home of which she is the pride and ornament, daily blesses God for having given her a mother who educated her for the duties, and prepared her for the trials of life, ere yet their pressure was upon her.

Have our readers discovered what we mean by a finished education? If not, we can hardly hope to make our meaning more plain, by repeating that we do not intend by it, that farrago of nonsense and pretension acquired at a "finishing young ladies' school," by six months' skimming over ele-

mentary works on the various sciences; a smattering of bad French and worse Italian, and the systematic torture of the wires of a piano or guitar. Nor yet do we give this term to the excellent system of intellectual training which distinguishes some of our highest schools and institutes of learning, unless this is accompanied by the domestic education on which we have so strongly insisted. The woman who is to govern, direct, and carry forward the complicated mechanism of the household, particularly in a state of society like ours, surely needs a thorough preparation for the duties of her office; and she alone, who, with her other acquirements, has obtained this preparation, can justly be said to possess a *finished education*.

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ORIGINAL.

### "HAPPY ANNIE!"

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

"Some time before her death, the dear little child had frequently looked up in her mother's face, and exclaimed, without any apparent or immediate cause—'Happy Annie!' and 'Happy Annie!' was the only epitaph they traced upon the simple slab of white marble that marked her little grave."

VERY fair and pale she lay  
On the bed of death;  
Gasping her young life away,  
Faintly, breath by breath.  
Yet a light was in her eyes  
Soft with love, and tender,  
As they had from Paradise  
Caught the chastened splendor.

And a smile, that seemed to be  
From that light reflected,  
On her lip lay lovingly,—  
Sign of the elected!  
For it marked the saintly child  
As a child of Heaven,  
Beautiful and undefiled,  
To her Savior given.

Sofly to the mother, who  
 Tasted grief's completeness,  
 Spake she—and her words were few,  
 But of heavenly sweetness—  
 Wrapt in awe, the mourner heard—  
 While her tears were many—  
 Every feebly-spoken word,  
 "Happy, happy Annie!"

"Happy Annie!" does she hear  
 Sweetest angel-voices,  
 Singing only to her ear,  
 That her heart rejoices?  
 Speaks the Savior tenderly,  
 'Midst her strange bewildering,  
 "Chide not these who come to me—  
 Suffer them—the children!"

She has caught a glimpse of Heaven—  
 She has heard the angels,  
 "Whispering, through the stilly even,  
 Love's sublime evangel;  
 And her soul, without a stain,  
 Waits the loosening fetter,  
 Glad to leave a life of pain,  
 Lapsing to a better.

So she died—and tears were poured  
 O'er her grave-sod lowly—  
 Yet she liveth with the Lord,  
 And with angels holy.  
 On the stone that guards her dust,  
 Mingling with the many,  
 Two short words reveal our trust—  
 Only—"HAPPY ANNIE!"



**THE FAMILY CIRCLE.**—There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of the affections.—  
*Pres. Dwight.*

ORIGINAL.

## THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

BY MRS. A. B. HYDE.

A casual remark which fell from the lips of a friend, a seed of thought dropped by the way, minute and unpretending though it be, I would fain deposit on the pages of this agreeable miscellany, whose name betokens its mission to beautify and sweeten woman's life.

Our position of dependence, our vocation of care, expose us especially to a danger, against which every consideration of comfort and self-respect, as well as the more sacred motives of religion, should urge us sedulously to guard. The indulgence of a complaining spirit is frequent among our sex, and petty inconveniences are often multiplied and aggravated, by being made the topic of almost perpetual thought and conversation, even in some instances, till the bloom and vigor of life are thus consumed.

My friend and I had met after long years of separation, and had naturally reverted in our discourse to the scenes of our childish companionship, lived over together our sunny spring-time, revisited the woodland and river-side where we had loved to ramble, sat under the broad shadow of the venerable elms, which to one of us at least were almost as household gods; and reaching at length, the point where our paths diverged, dwelt upon the pursuits in which we had been engaged, and narrated the story of the sobered years of matrimonial care. We could each tell of romance of incident, that might tempt the pen of the novelist, but more lowly and common place details came in for their share in the communications of that welcome interview. My friend, a lady of decidedly literary tastes, presided over an elegant establishment in the country. Like many other housekeepers, she had experienced some vexations in relation to domestics, or for the want of them. "One winter," she said, "I was able to secure the



services of only a young girl in the kitchen, and found that I must even take charge of the cooking myself. So as I had it to do, I concluded I might as well make it a pleasure, and set myself to studying how best to combine economy and taste in the arrangements of my table, how many and what variety of dishes I could furnish from a given amount of material, and thus my culinary operations proved an agreeable relaxation."

This, thought I, is the true philosophy. If this principle were but carried out in the details of life, how much unhappiness might be escaped. And I soliloquized then, and have done so, many times since, somewhat to this effect:—"How foolishly have I often fretted at circumstances which I might have wrought into a fabric of enjoyment. Though Providence has sometimes led me in paths I would gladly have avoided, yet perchance had I only looked for them, I might have found there, flowers more abundant than in the way of my own choice. This blessed art of surmounting the little annoyances of every day occurrence, and turning them into occasions of improvement or sources of delight, this heavenly skill of extracting honey from the unsightly weed, as well as from the choice and fragrant blossom, is it not worth learning? And is it wise to turn away in disgust or discouragement from the school in which it may be acquired, even though it should be one of severer discipline, than those in which the intellect has been trained to find out and appreciate its appropriate gratification?"

Would that this idea might find a lodgement in the mind of every youthful female whose eye may rest on this page. You may be happy if you will. The secret is a very simple one, *make your duty your pleasure*. Whatever your condition in life, whether your station allow you to command the services of others, or whether you are best served by serving yourself, whether you have money and time to bestow on costly amusements, or are limited to a frugal expenditure; your happiness, in a very important sense, is placed in your own power. There will always be something which may excite uneasiness and discontent, and always it will be your privilege, if you choose, to gather benefit and comfort from the trials you will seek in vain to avoid. Woman has sorrows and duties pecu-

liarly her own. If she allow her spirits to sink under the one, and regard the discharge of the other, as so much abridged from her enjoyments; her life must be passed in shadow. The possession of wealth and its most splendid appendages, cannot render her existence one of sunshine, until pleasure and duty become synonymous in her vocabulary. But that identity, once established, brightens the lowliest and hardest lot. We may even say, the more multiplied and pressing are her duties, the fuller will be the fountain of her joys.

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ORIGINAL.

### SONNET TO MEMORY.

BY MRS. C. THERESA CLARKE.

Mysterious maid, how beautiful thou seem'st !  
 Half draped by the dim shadows of thine hair,  
 Which clusters round a brow divinely fair !  
 Let me abide with thee when'er thou dream'st,  
 And gather from thine urn the faded flowers,  
 Which have not lost their odor even yet.  
 I ween thy dewy tears have kept them wet,  
 As when first culled by the young laughing hours.  
 Let us sit down beside this silver stream,  
 And con the page of legendary lore ;  
 Till evening's banners in the sunset gleam,  
 And we are lost amid the scenes of yore :  
 Through the night-watches leave, Oh ! leave not me !  
 Spirit beloved of tender memory !

*La Porte, Indiana, 1847.*

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" A disposition to dwell on the bright side of character, is like gold to the possessor. One of the principal ingredients in the happiness of children, is freedom from suspicion, and kind and loving thoughts toward all."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

ORIGINAL.

## THE SILK-WORM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES F. ANZ—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

WEARIED with the toils of the day, Enos returned home from the field. His cheeks glowed from the heat of the sun, and his brow bore deep marks of sorrow.

He entered his cottage in silence. Naama, his wife, was still seated at her loom, and near her lay three garments of soft wool, which she had prepared for her three sons, and all in modest stillness, so that no one observed the labor of her hands, for her industry was without display, and unpretending as her gentle spirit.

But when Enos beheld the three garments, and the intricate web, at which, although the sun had now set, her unwearied hand still labored, deep grief came upon his soul, and he went out and wept bitterly, for he thought in his heart, of the happy life of the first of mankind, and of the days of infinite blessing.

And he grieved for the lost Paradise, and said, gloomily and sorrowfully: "Alas! alas! that the seeds of death, planted by the parents' guilt, must bear fruit from generation to generation! and that the curse of God—'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' must be fulfilled even upon the innocent!"

Then Naama came from the loom, and drew near to him, for she had seen the gloom upon his brow, and had heard his words. But her countenance was mild and peaceful, and she said to him: "How can the will of the Lord thus sadden thee? Is not man blessed beyond all other living creatures by the light of his Spirit? Why wilt thou repine and wrestle with the wise decrees of God?"

But Enos said: "Naama, I know that thou dost ever hide thy sorrow from me with soft words. But I know also the burden, which weighs upon thee as it weighs also upon me. Behold! the beast in the wood is happier than we, for it need not

provide for the coming day, and it passes its hours idly and without care. But upon us rests the curse of Sin, therefore is our life burdened with the weight of oppressive toil, and given over to sorrow."

But Naama answered and said: "Do not call toil a burden, oh, my beloved! Like a savory spice, it seasons the cares of life. Sweetly tastes the peaceful meal of fruit, planted and gathered by our own hands, more sweetly than the golden apples of Eden."

Thus spoke Naama, but Enos was sad when he heard the words of his wife, and sat down in silence beneath the palm trees before his door, where Naama, with busy hand, had spread their evening meal.

Then Enos' three sons came from the fields, and their countenances were cheerful as the morning, and their eyes shone with youthful fire.

And they drew near to their parents, and began hastily and with one voice to tell of a wonder which they had seen, and their words were confused, for they all spoke at once.

And Naama bade the younger ones be silent, and said to Cainan, the eldest: "Speak, my son!"

And Cainan began: "Thou knowest, oh, my mother, that we have built a little hut in the shadow of the mulberry tree, for we love the place for its coolness and its sweet fruit. We have found there a strange animal, which lives upon the leaves of the tree, and is small and feeble like a worm, but of great dexterity. Some days ago it began its toilsome work, and did not rest until the fine web which we have brought home with us was completed. Look, oh, mother, at the shining threads! Shall we gather the rest, and preserve them for our holiday garments?"

Thus spoke the boy, but Naama drew near to Enos with the silken web, and said: "Lo! even this little creature obeys with willingness the law of Providence, to care for others, and to toil for them! With what industry has it sweetened its short existence! Behold this mass of shining threads, spun by so small a creature!"

And she said to her sons: "Go hence, and collect of the costly web as much as you can find, and bring it hither."

"Bring the strange worm also, which shares the fate of man," cried Enos; and the boys hurried joyfully down the hill.

"Surely," he continued, "this creature is created that it might be a faithful emblem of our wretchedness. Necessity, perhaps, has been its teacher also, and death will be the reward of its toilsome existence."

"Still thus gloomy, Enos!" replied Naama; "cannot the same hallowed impulse which leads man to deeds of love, stir in the worm also! Is it not a happiness to care for others, and to bequeath to them the fruits of our labor? and is not this a sufficient reward?"

Then the sons returned, and they brought in a basket many more of the delicate silken masses, and likewise some of the silk-worms, and they placed both before their father.

Enos gazed in silence at the singular creatures, some of which were already half covered with their web, and said:

"Lo! I was not deceived! they spin their own grave!"

Then Cainan smiled, and said: "At first we thought so likewise, father! but now we know better. See! the worm must first fulfil its destined task, before it can enjoy its reward. Therefore it toils unwearied, and rests neither day nor night, and it seems as though it were making its own grave. Long it lay exhausted, and close concealed in its thick web, but when we thought that it had fallen into dust, behold a shining wonder appeared! a bright butterfly broke through the prison of the worm, and hovered gaily over the flowers."

"And the shining web remained for us!" cried the second.

"That we should be ever grateful to it," added the third.

Then Enos' countenance brightened, and he said to Naama: "May we not interpret this strange wonder as a blessed promise of the Deity?"

And Naama replied: "Believe in that which consoleth thee! The conviction dwelt ever in my heart, that man's inward life, the joy of the soul, unfolds its wings the fairer, the more his outward life is devoted to the service of mankind."

ORIGINAL.

## THE LIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

JERUSALEM was not yet in ruins. The chosen tribes still held possession of the hills and valleys of the promised land. A few with an enlightened faith, and all with anxious hope, were looking for the advent of their long expected Messiah. As the multitude hurried to and fro through the crowded streets of that devoted city, and the temple-worshippers went up to offer their gifts, there met them ONE, whose humble garb and unpretending deportment would have attracted no attention, had they not been arrested by this startling announcement, proceeding from his lips:—"As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." And who is he that makes this proclamation? Has another Solon arisen, whose proverbial maxims are to astonish and reform the age? or a Socrates, in whose life shall be reflected the purest principles of an uninspired philosophy? Has the stranger been trained in the school of Gamaliel? "Have any of the rulers, or of the Pharisees believed on him?" He has received his credentials from no halls of science. His name is unknown to the wise and learned of his own nation, and never has he been seen among them, save that once, when but a child, he was found in the temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions," and arousing the astonishment of all that heard him, by his understanding and answers. If you ask for his past history, you may trace him to the despised province of Galilee, to the workshop of Joseph the carpenter, to the manger-cradle where his infant cry first fell upon a mother's ear, "because there was no room for them in the inn."

"Borrowed was his place of birth—  
His grave was borrowed too."

In what sense was Jesus of Nazareth the light of the world?

We speak not now of the Divinity that was veiled in flesh,—of the Infinite, before whom the wise men bowed down and worshipped, while they presented to the unconscious babe of Bethlehem their gifts. We speak of him as man, for it is in his humanity alone that he left us “an example, that we should follow his steps.” As a Teacher he was wonderful. The purity and simplicity and benevolence of his precepts stand out in their own unrivalled beauty to bless the world. The unlettered multitude were often filled with wonder “at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth,” and even the officers who were commissioned to make him prisoner, returned to them who sent them, with the unwelcome announcement, “Never man spoke like this man.”

But was it not pre-eminently as an **EXAMPLE** of holy and benevolent living, that the man Christ Jesus, was, while in the world, the light of the world? The beautiful epitome of his life, written with the pen of inspiration—“**WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD**”—ought ever to be before the eye, yea, engraven upon the heart, of every one of his disciples. His precepts and his habit of life were a perfect and constant illustration of the principles of holy love. If we accompany him in his daily walks, we shall find him, at one time, calling the blind, that he may restore to them their sight; at another, one who had been bowed down for eighteen years, and “could in no wise lift up herself,” on whom he laid his hands, and immediately she was made straight. Now we find him, though “wearied with his journey,” and suffering both from hunger and thirst, forgetting all, in his desire to instruct and benefit a poor despised woman of Samaria. We see one approaching him in all the wildness of insanity. We look again, and peace has been restored to the troubled spirit, and he, who but a moment since, no man could tame, is found sitting at the feet of Jesus, “clothed and in his right mind.” See him now, with that group of children pressing about him to receive his blessing. With what benignant sympathy does he bend over them, as he lays his gentle hand upon the head of each, and how tenderly does he fold the lambs in his arms and press them to his bosom. How rich in love was his announcement—“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” We follow him again, and he

approaches the place of graves. Weeping mourners are gathered there. He who is "the resurrection and the life," is about to open that grave, to awaken the dead, to change the tears of sorrow to those of gratitude and joy. And yet—that he might prove himself a sympathising friend—that he might sanction, by his own example, the tears we shed when others weep,—even "Jesus wept." And it was ever thus; from the day when, but a child, he replied to the remonstrance of his sorrowing mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" to that in which—though the cold drops, wrung out by the agony of the garden, were yet upon his brow—forgetful of self, he put forth his hand to heal the servant of the high priest; and later still, when from the cross his eye fell upon his mother in her speechless sorrow, and the love, first kindled in the manger, proved itself "the ruling passion, strong in death." Even after love's redeeming work was done, and he that was dead rose triumphant from the tomb, even then, he was not willing to re-ascend his native skies, till he had confirmed his doubting, and forgiven his faithless followers; and the last act of his earthly course was in beautiful keeping with the whole: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

There was an hour in the life-time of Jesus, when, after having gone "about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people," he withdrew from the multitude that thronged his pathway, and went up into a mountain alone. Soon the little company of his disciples gathered about him, and there he poured upon their listening ear those instructive precepts that will be treasured, as a code of Christian morality, to the end of time. To that unlettered and obscure band of fishermen, he said, "Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world." I shall soon return to my native heaven, and ye shall see me no more. But my precepts, my example, my Spirit are yours. Let your lives reflect their teachings. Go forth, as ye have seen me, and be my representatives.



"Yes, like your Heavenly Master, feed the poor ;  
Go, carry comfort to the sick man's door ;  
Pity the widow ; be the orphan's friend ;  
And where you cannot give them, freely lend."

Ye are the light of the world, is the language addressed to the people of God in every age ; and since the days of Abel, until now, the world has not been left in utter darkness. And how welcome is a light shining in a dark place ? Whose faith has not been strengthened by looking toward Moriah ? Whose submission has not been deepened by contemplating the placid face of the Shunamite, and listening to her answer, "It is well" ? How often have the rich been reproved, and the humble encouraged, by the remembrance of the widow's mites ? What christian's heart has not been warmed and enlarged by the example of Paul, fired as he was with a seraph's zeal, even before he went to join a seraph's flight ? After the thick darkness of papal superstition had enveloped the nations, what a light was that, which, shooting forth from the cell of an obscure monk, spread itself, till the name of Luther became a terror to the papal see, and a watchword for the protestant world. Persecution laid its iron grasp upon a poor, illiterate tinker, and doomed his name to oblivion. But from within his dungeon-walls sprung up a light, which will not cease to guide the christian "pilgrim" on his heavenward way, till the last weary traveller has finished his course. Whence came the light that beams upon *our* pathway, save from the kindling sparks that glimmered about the rock of Plymouth ? In our own day, we have seen and rejoiced in the light of a Wilberforce, a Clarkson, a Franke, an Oberlin, and an Elizabeth. The influence of a Hannah More, and a Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna lives, though the pen that they held lies motionless. Of the latter it may be truly said, she died with her lamp in her hand, seeking to penetrate the night of Jewish darkness. Such lights fade *never*.

The light that was kindled by Obookiah, from amidst the darkness of Owhyhee, has already diffused itself over the clustering islands of the Pacific. That kindled on the Isle of France, by the youthful missionary, will shine on ; and the Christian voyager will often be led to contrast the influence of

a Harriet Newell, with that of the hero and the conqueror whose light went out in darkness on Helena's rock-girt isle.

The day is not far distant, when these scattered rays shall mingle into one. The mountains shall catch, and the valleys reflect the light. The islands shall see it, and rejoice; the "multitude of the sea" shall behold and diffuse its glory. It shall "look forth *as the morning*, fair as the moon, clear as the sun;" yea, "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven fold," till it shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and all nations rejoice in its brightness.

Reader, thy dwelling place may be obscure, thy station, in the world's estimate, humble, yet think not that no eye rests upon thee. Even the taper-light is welcome and far reaching, when all around is darkness. Trim then thy lamp with care. Let it often be replenished from the inexhaustible Fountain. It may be, that no costly marble shall announce to generations following that thou *art dead*; but let thy light shine on, brighter and still brighter, until the perfect day; and even thou mayst hear some voice in heaven, blessing God that ever thou hast LIVED.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 8th, 1847.

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ORIGINAL.

SONNET.

BY CAROMAIA.

COME hither love to me, and I will tell  
To thy young ear, what is a woman's charm.  
Not the white hand, or softly-rounded arm;  
Or bright eyes that in silence speak so well;  
Or the red lips upon whose coral dwell  
Laughter and love;—no, none of these endure.  
Nor can they keep a woman spotless, pure  
From the contagion of the world's strong spell;  
But a meek spirit, in whose quiet cell  
Live holy thoughts, and conversation chaste.  
Coupled with fear, and trust securely placed  
In Heaven, earth's tempting evil may repel.  
These, with unselfish, patient, deathless love,  
Are charms in woman, known and prized above.

ORIGINAL.

## REMEMBRANCE.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

"How will ye think of me, kind friends?  
How will ye think of me?"

How would I be remembered—askest thou?  
I'll tell thee, Lilla.

Not with marble urn,  
Or costly monument, or flattery  
Of *written* praise, that trumpeteth a show  
Of virtues else unknown; and hideth up  
The many faults of poor humanity—  
Not so, my Lilla; such posthumous fame  
Thy friend regardeth as the light-winged breeze,  
That passeth idly o'er a withered flower  
And so she craveth not.

But ever green,  
Be my remembrance in those gentle hearts  
Who know me best: who look with lenient eye  
On my infirmities, content to throw  
The wide-spread mantle of sweet Charity  
O'er each, and all. Loving me still, because  
Of their own kindness, not of my deserts.  
And I would have them speak of me, as one  
Who hath laid down life's burden, cheerfully.  
A weak, faint-hearted creature, pining oft,  
Like a caged bird, for freedom, and repose.  
Whose best affections have been crushed on earth,  
And like crushed flowers, their sweetness hath exhaled,  
And passed into a purer atmosphere.

Then, Lilla, when my weary heart is still,  
And its vain longings have been satisfied;  
When I have gone on spirit-wings away,  
And found my "loved and lost," in Paradise—  
Think of me kindly. Let mine image keep  
Its wonted and familiar niche, within  
Thy heart's fair temple, that when Memory steals  
With silent tread amid the reliques there,  
Her hand unveiling it, may point thy thought  
To a lone slumberer of the burial place;  
And if one tear, my Lilla, from thine eye,  
Hallow the turf that pillows up my head;

If thou shalt sigh that our companionship,  
For a brief space, is ended—then I ask  
No proud memorial from the busy world,  
But on the tablets of thine own pure heart,  
Be my name characterized in lines of love.  
So would I be remembered, gentle friend.

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### THE RELIANCE OF A FREE PEOPLE.

BY CHARLES W. UPHAM.

Sons of New England! your ancestors relied upon the power of their own arms, upon their own ingenuity, skill, and personal industry and enterprise. They never looked for the chief blessings of life to the government. They did not expect that freedom, prosperity or happiness were to be secured to their posterity by legislation, or any form of political administration, but they planted the seed which was to bear the precious fruits, in the awakened, enlightened, and invigorated mental energies of their descendants. For this they provided their system of universal education; and if you would be worthy of your ancestry, you must do likewise. Look not to legislation, or to official patronage, or to any public resources or aids to make yourselves or your children prosperous, powerful and happy. But trust to your and their energy of character and enlightened minds, and persevering enterprise and industry. Cherish these traits, and they will work out, in the future, the same results, as in the past. The earth will everywhere blossom beneath you. You will be sure of exerting your rightful influence in every community. You will be placed beyond the reach of injustice and oppression. Rash and weak counsels may involve the foreign relations of the confederacy; short-sighted or perverse legislation may do its worst to embarrass your interests; but if you resolutely apply your own resources of industry, skill, and enterprise to circumstances as they rise, you will be able to turn them to your advantage, and the great essential of democratic sovereignty will be guaranteed to you, the pursuit and the attainment of individual happiness and prosperity.

*New York, December 22d, 1846.*

ORIGINAL.

## NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

See Engraving.

It was on a pleasant morning in the delightful month of September, 1609, that the *Half Moon*, the adventurous yacht of the celebrated Hendrick Hudson, first approached the shore of the present New York Harbor, and attracted the attention of the Delawares, then the sole inhabitants of the Island, who believed that they were about to be favored with a visit from their Manitto or Great Spirit, and hastily prepared themselves for his reception. Presently the chief, in "red clothes and a glitter of metal," came ashore in a small boat, mutual salutations were exchanged, and strong drink tendered to the natives, "which made all gay and happy." In process of time, as their acquaintance progressed, the "white skins" told their red brothers they would stay with them, if they consented to allow them as much land as the hide of a bullock would cover or encompass. The request was granted, and immediately the pale men cut the whole hide into one narrow strip or thong, sufficiently long to encompass a large extent of ground. The simple and confiding Indians were equally surprised and delighted with the artifice, which was willingly allowed by them, and a cordial welcome extended to the strangers. This was the origin of the site of this great city, and the place on which the revel was held, received the name of *Manhattan* or *Manahactienks*—literally, "the place where they all got drunk!" How changed is the scene, since that little company of hardy adventurers landed among the Indians of the *Communiapaw*, in September, 1609! Then, "a still and solemn desert, hung round the lonely bark" of the voyagers, where now a splendid and populous city stretches away in every direction, while a forest of shipping covers the waters then furrowed only by a

single keel. The first actual settlement of the city was commenced in 1614, by the erection of four houses, and in the following year a redoubt was thrown up, on the site of the Macomb houses, now on Broadway. To this little village the stately name of New Amsterdam was given by the settlers, all of whom were occupied in the fur trade—land culture being entirely an after consideration. In 1664, the settlement and fort were surrendered to the English by Governor Stuyvesant, who is immortalized in the veritable "History of New York," by the illustrious Diedrich Knickerbocker. It then received the name of *New York*; but ten years afterward, the Dutch, in time of war, recaptured it again, and called it *New Orange*, in compliment to the Prince of Orange, for whom they held it, but at the end of one year, it was restored by treaty to the British, and again took the name of *New York*, which it has since held.

The city was laid out in streets, (not all of them straight ones, we imagine,) in 1656, at which time it contained one hundred and twenty houses, and one thousand inhabitants. During the twelve months military reign of the Dutch, the Mayor, at the head of the city militia, held daily parades before the City Hall or Stadt Huys, then at Coenties Slip, and every evening at sunset, he received from the keeper of the fort the keys of the city, and proceeded with a guard of six, to lock the gates, and then to place a citizen guard as night watches at different places. The Mayor went also his rounds at sunrise, to open the gates and restore the keys to the officer of the fort. Certainly the office of Chief Magistrate, must then have been an irksome one to any Mayor who valued his own ease or comfort. It may be amusing to our readers, to learn some of the titles formerly so familiar in New York, but now so little understood. The *Bourgomaster*, or Mayor, the *Schepens*, or Councillors, and the *Schout*, or Sheriff, were the rulers of the city, and were always addressed or spoken of, by the title of "their High Mightinesses." The *Hooft Schout* was the High Sheriff, the *De Fiscael* the Attorney General, and the *Groot Burgerrecht*, and *Klein Burgerrecht*, or great and small citizenship, marked the two orders of society. Let no one imagine, however, that the *De Fiscael* of those days answered

to the Attorney General of the present time in all respects. Every man then, pleaded his own cause, or more commonly "said little, and let things take their own course." "The only long speech on record is that of a certain pettifogger, or as the chronicle has it, 'Doddipol Jolterhead,' called Cobus Clapperclip, who, in pleading a cause concerning the right of geese to swim in the pond at the head of New-street, before Alderman Van Schlepevalker, did cause his client to be non-suited, by tiring his worship's patience to such a degree, that he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted the remainder of the term."

In the year 1729, there were no streets beyond Broadway westward, but the lots west of that street all descended severally to the beach, and the entire tract was called "the King's Farm." The northern limits of the city terminated at Beekman-street, and the delightful promenade now called the Battery, was then a ledge of rocks, having the river close up to the present line of State-street, fronting the Battery. New York was formerly almost a miniature Venice, being intersected by water in various directions, where now, the living tide of population is daily poured through crowded streets. An aged female was living in 1832, who well remembered that her brother-in-law, dwelling at the corner of Pearl-street and Maiden Lane, always kept a ferry-boat tied to his stoop, which was frequently needed, to convey him to his place of business in another street. So late as the year 1787, Greenwich-street, now the *third* street from the water, on the north river side, was an excellent fishing ground, and quantities of bass and herring were caught there "on the beach," while on a large rock in the middle of the present street, but then in the water, was erected a rude summer house, affording the boys who congregated there, a favorite scene of fun and frolic. Maiden Lane received its name from the fact that the young women usually went there to bleach the family linen, all of which was made at home. A fine creek or brook ran through it, and the adjacent hills, clothed in verdure, sloped gradually to its level, affording an excellent bleaching ground to which hundreds resorted.

But the local alterations made in the city, within the last

hundred years, great as they may be, are less striking than the changes that have taken place in the manners and customs of the inhabitants. In the "olden time," regularity, industry and sobriety characterized the habits of every household, from their "high mightinesses" the Burgomaster, Schepens and Schout, down to the humblest burgher. The family were all assembled before daylight at the morning meal, after which they went to their various employments until the dinner hour of twelve, at which time the kettle was invariably set on the fire for tea, which was punctually furnished at three o'clock. Then the older members of the household went abroad to visit relatives, making the rounds regularly once a year through the whole circle. At evening, parents and children took their seat on the "stoopes," the women with their knitting, and the men with their pipes, saluting their passing acquaintance, or talking familiarly across the narrow streets, with their opposite neighbors. This favorite practise was "one of the strongest links of union, in the Knickerbocker social compact." It encouraged kindly feeling, and cemented the bonds of mutual friendship. The young thus obtained uncereemonious introductions to each other, and the way was prepared for the courtships which so often gave life and variety to the scene.

When green tea was brought into the city as a great luxury, loaf sugar came with it, but instead of being put into the cup, according to the modern custom, it was broken into large lumps, and laid before each guest, to be nibbled or bitten at pleasure. Some families have been found here within the present century, who still adhered to this practice, steadily resisting the innovation of dissolved sugar. Young women of all ranks, spun and wove most of their own apparel, and though they dressed gaily when going out to visit, or to attend church, never failed to change their dress for the home-made short-gown and petticoat on their return home. This was always done even on Sunday evenings, when a visit from their beaux was a matter of course, as it was considered their best recommendation to be seen thus frugal, and in readiness for any domestic avocation. The young men and boys did the same thing, and thus a Sunday dress lasted a whole life-time, or descended as an heir-loom from generation to generation, for



fashions never altered. Dances were very common among the young, on which occasions the entertainment consisted of a pot of chocolate and bread; but the Rev. Dr. Laidlie, an eminent minister from Holland, preaching against "this luxurious abomination, which sometimes kept families awake till nine o'clock at night," the custom gradually fell into disrepute, and was abandoned.

"Before the Revolutionary war," says an ancient writer, "folding doors and marble mantels were unknown, and we enjoyed ourselves well enough without sofas, carpets and girandoles. A white floor sprinkled with clean sand, drawn into a variety of fanciful figures with the broom—large tables, and high-backed chairs of walnut, or mahogany, decorated a parlor genteelly enough for anybody. Pewter plates and dishes were in common use, china on dinner tables being considered a great luxury. Glass tumblers were rarely seen, and punch, the common beverage, was drank from one large bowl of silver, or earthen ware, while beer was served in a tankard of silver."

Robert Murray, father of the celebrated grammarian, had a coach, which he called his "leathern conveniency," "to avoid the scandal of pride or vainglory," which the possession of such an article might have brought upon him. The most splendid carriage, however, ever exhibited in the city, was that of General Washington, while President of the United States. It was globular, cream-colored, and ornamented with cupids holding festoons, and wreaths of flowers on the pannel work, the whole, covered with coach glass, and drawn by six Virginia bays.

Such was New York in the olden time. In the language of another—"Those were delightful times. Honesty and piety kept off the demons of pride, avarice and fashion; sterling pleasure banished all desire for display. All were plain citizens alike, and the population resembled a great family of industrials, who labored, not that they were compelled to labor, but to exorcise the evil spirit of idleness. We talk of improvement, and we do truly know more of the arts and sciences, while our commerce is gigantic. We can criticise paintings, invent machines, cross the Atlantic in a fortnight, copy European

styles of dress pretty faithfully, marry while boys and girls, and rejoice in our multitudinous play houses, but what does it all amount to? Are we any happier? No. We have sacrificed the substantial of life, to its follies and deceptions. To seem great, we are content to be very small. The question is not, 'How can we make existence a source of unalloyed enjoyment?' but, 'How much money can we make, and how many fashionable amusements can we indulge in?' We live in a perpetual whirl of excitement, and perhaps die rich, with soft white hands; yet nobody mourns or thinks of our departure, for business and fashion occupy the attention of our survivors, to the exclusion of every other reflection."

The splendid engraving which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this month, gives a life-like impression of Wall-street as it appears at the present day, though one of the Mynheers about whom we have been writing, would hardly recognise it as the same street which once constituted the northern boundary of the city, deriving its name from a line of palisades which ran through it to the junction of Grace and Lumber-streets, where the North River limits then terminated in a redoubt. At the left hand corner of the plate, where now our splendid Custom House proudly towers, formerly stood the City Hall, built in 1700, and destroyed in 1811. There, in April, 1789, George Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, making his sworn pledge, as President, to Chancellor Livingston, on a superb quarto Bible, still preserved by St. John's Lodge, No. 1. The oath of office was administered in the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens collected in Broad-street.

Directly in front of the City Hall, where now fruit-stands, carts, and elegant equipages throng the street, formerly stood the cage, the whipping-post, the pillory and stocks, for in those days, justice was summarily administered, and penitentiaries were a thing unknown. On the right hand corner of the engraving, was the first city watch-house, in which not a few aldermen occasionally spent the night, as in her great blindness, Dame Justice had not then learned to have a proper "respect of persons."

The street was then lighted by the inhabitants, every seventh family being compelled by law to hang out a light on a pole, when the moon did not shine. Such an arrangement at the present day, would, we think, ensure the better lighting of some of our streets, where now, darkness is only just made visible, by the occasional glimmer which meets the eye.

On the spot now occupied by the Bank of New York, the elegant stone building with pillars, on the left of the engraving, stood formerly the house of Benedict Arnold, the arch traitor, who lived there almost in solitude, being shunned even by all the British officers, for his unparalleled baseness.

In 1795, there were in Wall-street but two banks, where now are nearly a hundred ; and one broker's office, where now five hundred are found in this one street, and more than one thousand within the lamp and watch districts. Here too, were the mansions of all the distinguished personages of the city. The ancestors of the "upper ten thousand," whose stately palaces ornament the northern part of the city, then resided in Wall-street. The only hosiery store in New York, was also to be found here in 1794, kept by a Mr. Winslow, who was a barber as well as vender of stockings, and found it necessary to exercise his trade, as ladies then did their own knitting, and but few pairs of hose were sold in Wall-street.

In our day, the city proper extends upwards of three miles north of Wall-street, while long streets, and buildings almost innumerable, now occupy ground then wholly covered with water. The population of the city is now about four hundred thousand. The annual revenue for 1845, was \$18,155,733,62, and the value of imports for the same year, \$69,083,740.

From seventy-five to one hundred thousand newspapers are received in the Post Office for distribution each day. About twenty-seven thousand letters and circulars pass daily through the office, including those delivered in the city, and those sent to various offices through the United States. This number exceeds by one-half that under the old law.

From these brief statistics, some idea may be formed by our readers who have never seen this great city, of its present magnitude and wealth, though of the extremes which constantly meet and pain the eye, the extremes of princely mag-

nificence and squalid penury—of reckless extravagance and abject want, nothing but actual observation can give even a faint impression. For ourselves, when we see these things, and contrast them with the comparative equality of condition and solid independence of a country life, we are tempted to exclaim with Cowper—

“ God made the country, and man made the town—  
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts  
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
That life holds out to all, should most abound,  
And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?”

DIANTHUS AFRICANUS—AFRICAN PINK. MALVA  
MOSCHATA, OR MUSK MALLOW.

See Flower Plate.

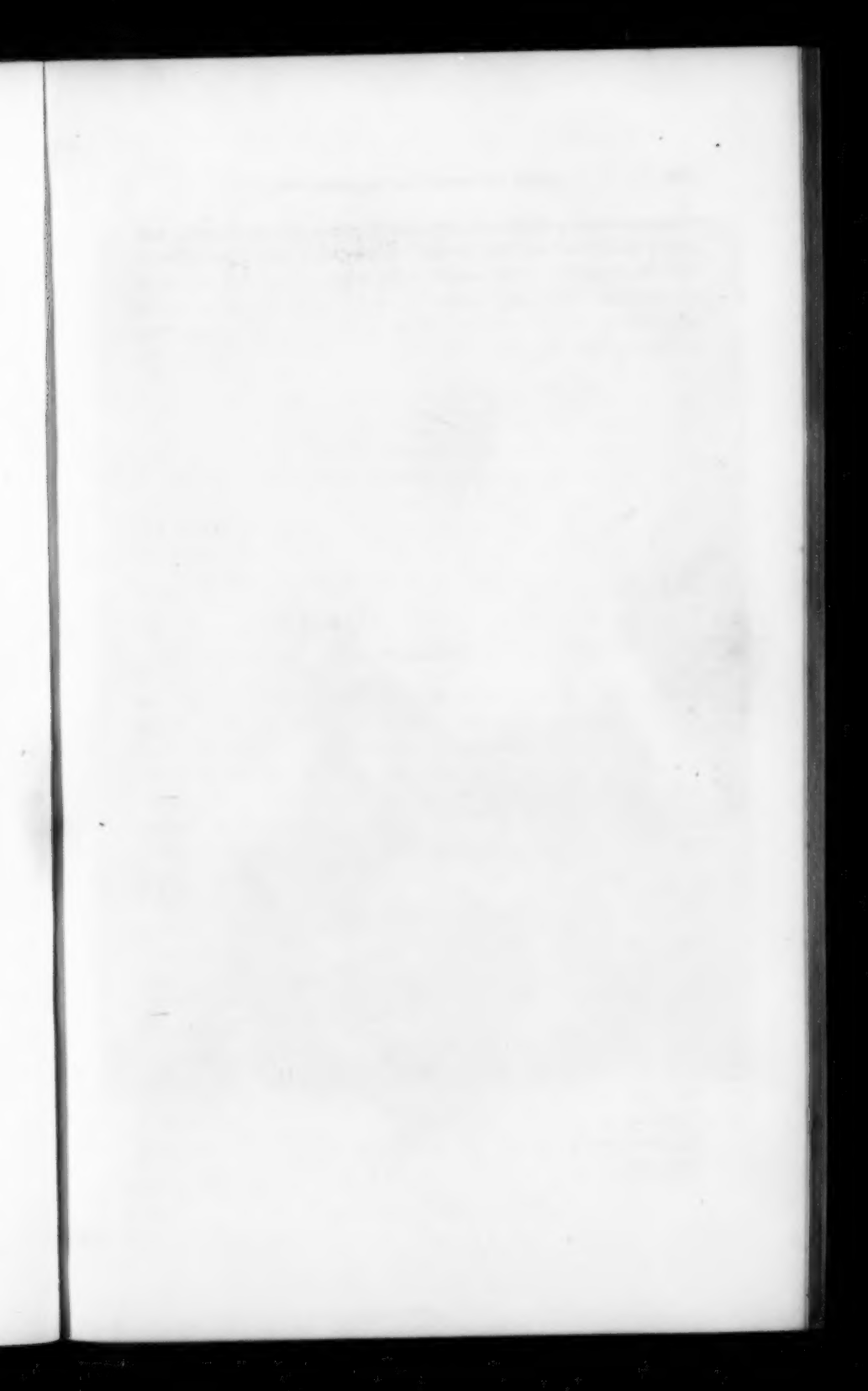
*Dianthus*.—GEN. CHAR.: Calyx cylindrical, striate, with two or more pairs of opposite, imbricated scales at base; petals five, with long claws, limb unequally notched—stamens ten; styles two, tapering, with tapering, revolute stigmas; capsule cylindric, one-celled.

The Pink was formerly called the Flower of Jove, from its pre-eminent beauty and fragrance.

*Malva Moschata*, or *Musk Mallow*.—GEN CHAR.: Calyx five-cleft—the involucre generally three-leaved—carpels none—one-celled, one-seeded, indehiscent, arranged circularly.

SPEC. CHAR.: Stem erect—radical leaves reniform, incised, cauline ones many-parted, the segments linear—peduncle and calyx hairy. Stem two feet in height, and branching. Flowers large and handsome, rose-colored.

The Musk Mallow is a native of Europe, and flowers in June and July. The plant gives out a musk-like odor in damp weather, and is easily cultivated, forming a valuable ornament to the flower garden, no less for its beauty, than its agreeable perfume.





Designed by F.R. Pease.

Engd. by A.H. Ritchie.

*Ann Stephens*

Engraved for the Lady's Wreath.

C. Thomas Printer.



*Yellow Rose.*





ORIGINAL.

## THE KNIGHT—THE HERMIT—AND THE MAN.

—  
BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
—

### THE KNIGHT.

SIR GUY DE MONTFORT was as brave a knight as ever laid lance in rest, or swung his glittering battle-axe. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked the age in which he lived—an age, when “love your friends, and hate your enemies,” had taken the place of “But I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength, and skill in arms; and for this, the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared—and minstrels sang of his prowess, in ladies’ bower and festive hall.

At a great tournament given in honor of the marriage of the king’s daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but for two days, no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by the herald. But on the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vizor down, into the lists, and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy’s lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corslet of the brave young knight, and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground, his casque flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

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Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in single combat, to which he had challenged him.

By order of the king, the tournament was suspended, and rampant knights and ladies gay, went back to their homes in soberer mood than when they came forth.

Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight—for self was forgotten. The question—a strange question for him—"What good?" arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But, was this leaf worth its cost—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life-drops from that broken heart?

For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cost. Then came a shudder, as he thought of the lovely widow who drooped in Arto Castle—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy's bride, when she saw the battle-axe go crashing into her husband's brain—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking maniac—of Agnes St. Bertrand.

As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony.

"And what for all this?" he murmured. "What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?"

Through the long night he paced the hall of his castle; but with day-dawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned no more.

## THE HERMIT.

Far from the busy scenes of life, dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveller who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he was happy, it was a happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he was wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world, than of the holy benevolence of the next.

The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said:

"It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-men? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth, thy fellow? Not by prayer, not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. *Well done, good and faithful servant.* These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness!"

The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down myriads of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air, save the clear music of the singing rill, as it went on happily with its work, even in the darkness.

"Where is my work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches, and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean: but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will and an understanding, and active energies—am doing no work. *Well done, good and faithful servant.* Those blessed words cannot be said of me."

Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread.

"And is there no work for *me*, the noblest of all created things?" he said.

The hermit kneeled in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring, but evil work. He had harmed his fellow men—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow—fed not the hungry—clothed not the naked.

"De Montfort!—it is in vain! there must be charity as well as piety!"

Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude.

When night came, the hermit's cell—far away in the deep, untrodden forest—was tenantless.

#### THE MAN.

A fearful plague raged in a great city. In the narrow streets where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain

garments—a stranger—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

In the first house that he entered, he found a young maiden alone, and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught, of which she drank eagerly; and then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms, and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

Again he went into the deadly atmosphere, and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more, with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the enfolding arm of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile, said in their hearts,—“Verily, he hath his reward.”

For weeks the plague hovered, with its black wings, over that devoted city—and, during the whole time, this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to those who were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But, when “the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day,” had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

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For years the Castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. But at last he returned—not on mailed charger, with corslet, casque, and spear—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood—not as a pious devotee from his cloister—but, as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands

once more—not as a knight, but as a man—not to glory once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better, and happier, his fellow-men.

He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight-errant, seeking for adventure whenever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds—not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

There was the bold knight, the pious hermit, and the man; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

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THE REMEMBRANCE OF SORROW.

\* \* \* \* "Our desert days and desert trials must not be forgotten, as if they had served their purpose. They must be ever rising before us—not merely preserved in memory, like the manna in the ark, but brought forth to feed upon every day. In this way, sorrow may be most profitable to us long after its bitterness has passed away. It may furnish us with a treasury of blessings for a life-time. It may be a mine of gold to us all our days.

"We are too little aware of this. We look on trial too much, as we do on a passing shower—which falls, and then it is gone: whereas it is truly the smiting of the rock and the issuing forth of a new stream, whose waters are to keep us company through all our days of wandering. Even when sitting calmly in the sunshine, we may be drawing profit from the stormy past."—"Night of Weeping," by Bonar.

ORIGINAL.

## STORM-SAILS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Out with your storm-sails—for the blast is loud,  
And seas and skies commingle.

Pleasant smiles—

Fond, cheering tones—delightful sympathies—  
Story, and song—the needle's varied skill—  
The shaded lamp—the glowing grate at eve—  
The page made vocal by a taste refin'd—  
Imparted memories—plans for others' good ;—  
These are a woman's storm-sails. Fain we'd keep  
Each one in readiness—when'er the cloud  
Maketh our home our fortress, and debars  
The walk abroad.

Come, choose ye which to spread,

My fair, young lady. For the foot of youth  
Is nimblest 'mid the shrouds of social life,  
And readiest should its fairy hand unfurl  
The household banner of true happiness.  
What has thy brow to do with frowns ?—thy heart  
With selfish lore—as yet so briefly school'd  
In the world's venal traffic ?

Make thine eye

A cheering light-house to the voyager  
Wearied and worn.

Shed blessed hope on all—

Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest—  
Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,  
Who in the casket of remembrance, stores  
Each word of praise.

Mother, when tempests rage,

Draw thy young children round thee. Let them share  
The intercourse, that while it soothes, instructs,  
And elevates the soul. Implant some germ  
Of truth, or tenderness, or holy faith,  
And trust the rain of Heaven to water it.  
So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms, blend,  
In future years, thine image with the storm,  
Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll,  
Teaching of God.

Scholar, and child of rhyme,  
This is thy holiday. No vexing fear  
Of interruption, and no idler's foot  
Shall mar thy reverie.

And while the flame  
Of blissful impulse nerves thy flying pen,  
Grave on thy *storm-sails*, deathless thoughts, to guide  
Thy wind-swept brother, o'er the sea of time,  
To ports of peace.



### ROSA SULPHUREA—DOUBLE YELLOW ROSE.

See Flower Plate.

**GEN. CHAR.:** Calyx-tube urceolate, fleshy, contracted at the orifice—limb, five-cleft—petals, five (greatly multiplied by culture)—achenia, none—bony, hispid, included in, and attached to, the inside of the fleshy tube of the calyx. Shrubby and prickly. Leaves unequally pinnate.

**SPEC. CHAR.:** Cinerous bark—red branches, armed with straight, slender prickles—leaves, broad oval or obovate, smooth, shining, sharply serrate—calyx, nearly naked and entire—petals, large, broad obcordate. Flowers, numerous, of a golden yellow; less fragrant than some other varieties of the genus.

This very beautiful and admired Rose is a native of Germany, and grows to the height of about three feet. It is one of the most double we have, and the bud, before it opens, is hard as a solid body. The treatment required by the hybrid Yellow Rose, differs from that of the other varieties of Rose—less culture being necessary to its perfect growth and development. It wants only a good soil, plenty of room, and plenty of time to grow in, never blooming well, until it has been some years in its place, and requiring only to be guarded from the north and east winds, which injure the young shoots.



ORIGINAL.

## THE GRAND CATHOLICON;

OR,

EARTH'S SORROWS, AND THEIR CURE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

"EUREKA! I have found it!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he trimmed the midnight lamp which lighted his solitary vigils—"I have discovered a panacea for all the evils that afflict mankind. Is it not written in letters of blood, that ignorance is the fruitful source of misery and crime? Let the soul, the immortal part of man, be supplied with aliment suited to its capacities—let its thirst be slaked at the pure fountains of knowledge, and happiness must be the result. What are physical sufferings to those who sit at the feet of Divine Philosophy, and listen to her teachings—

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute"

to the ear and the heart prepared for their reception? The masses must be elevated—they must be taught to understand, to think, to reason, and this intellectual light will redeem them from the dominion of the outward and the sensual, by revealing to them the beauty of the inward, spiritual life, to which nature ever calls her children. There must exist somewhere an antidote for the miseries of man, and where, but in intellectual improvement, shall it be found? I will hold up this beacon light—doubtless those who are perishing in darkness and degradation, will look upon it and be healed."

The philosopher went forth on his errand of mercy, with a glad countenance, and a firm step, for though the wrecks of human happiness were all about him, he was strong in the new born hope of checking the tide of sin and wo, and of restoring the blighted earth to more than its primeval harmony and beauty.

He came to the cell of the convict, and found its suffocating atmosphere laden with the ribald jests and profane merriment of the outcasts there herded together, all unconscious of their guilt and degradation.

"Listen to me, unfortunate ones," said the sage—"ye have gone astray in the darkness of ignorance, and are suffering the evil consequences. Would ye not be restored once more to yourselves, and to society? Seek, then, first of all, intellectual elevation—let the dying spark of self-respect be fanned into a flame—dare to assert the dignity of your own immortal natures, and ye will rise, phenix-like, from the ashes of shame and infamy, to a new and more glorious life."

"Man," was the scornful reply, "who made thee a judge or tutor over us? What knowest thou of shame or sorrow, only by the hearing of the ear? Little good have thy books done thee, if they have not taught thee, that human passions, in the fierceness of their strength, spurn the control of reason, and mock at the restraints of philosophy. We have seen, in that society from which we are outcasts, the knowledge of which thou boastest—and it only enabled man to prey with more skill and certainty, on the rights of his fellows—we want nothing of it, or of thee. When thou canst open the doors of our prison, and say—be free—then come to us, and we will welcome thy coming."

Sorrowful, but not discouraged, the philosopher went to the chamber of sickness, and sought to beguile the weary hours of suffering and languor, by exhibiting the charms of philosophy, and the admirable uses of patience and fortitude under the frowns of adverse fortune.

"Ah," sighed the sufferer—"it is easy to talk of fortitude in the midst of prosperity—or of patience, when the frame is strong and active, and the bounding pulse of health fills every vein with joy and gladness. Wait until the days shall come in which thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them,' then tell me of hope and comfort, and I will listen to thy words."

In a darkened room, covered with the sad habiliments of wo, sat a widowed mother by the remains of her only child, still beautiful even in death, but about to be carried away for ever from her sight. "Why weepst thou so bitterly,"

said the philosopher—"thy loss is common to all who live. Death is the inevitable debt, which sooner or later, man must pay to nature, and thy grief will not arrest the stern decrees of fate, or give back to thine embrace those who have gone to the spirit land. Be comforted, remembering that thy own life is a shadow, and should not be wasted in unavailing repinings."

"Away, vain man!" she answered indignantly, "nor mock my misery with these futile words of consolation. It is because my tears are unavailing, that I weep; could they bring back the departed, then might hope once more revisit this desolate heart. Can thy voice penetrate the silent caverns of the tomb, or reach 'the dull, cold ear of death?' Canst thou give me back my husband or my child? If not, talk no more to me of hope or comfort, for both are buried with them in the dark and gloomy grave."

"Alas!" exclaimed the wise man, as he turned away from the house of mourning, "will no one listen to my words? Can I do nothing to lessen the sum of human wretchedness?"

"Thou hast erred, my brother," said a philanthropist at his side, "in supposing that mental darkness is man's greatest evil. He is the unhappy victim of a false position; the plaything of circumstances over which he has no control, and which mould, with resistless energy, his character and destiny. Poverty, with its train of fearful ills, presses upon him—pride tramples him under foot, and avarice wrings out the life-drops from his crushed heart. How can he calmly listen to thy teachings, while this load of evils is weighing him down to the dust? Let me first endeavor to amend his condition—to surround him with circumstances favorable to happiness—to restore his faith in his fellow man—then thou mayest hope for the developement of that intellectual nature, which is to assimilate him with angels and with God."

So Philanthropy gathered together the down-trodden and the poor—the children of want and sorrow, and the victims of care and discontent, into one great brotherhood, where social equality, and community of interests formed the common bond of union, and in which the grand problem of political economy—the means of securing the greatest amount both of productive labor, and individual happiness, was to be satisfactorily

solved. The very framework of society was destroyed, and a new order of things established, affording to all who sought it, a fair opportunity of obtaining a share of worldly good, proportioned to their industry and skill. "At last, then," said Philanthropy, as she gazed with heaving breast and moistened eyes, on the work of her hands—"at last, the remedy is found, and man, redeemed from oppression and want, will no more become the victim of passion and crime. He will stand erect in the original dignity of his nature, and progress in knowledge and happiness, until the wildest dream of philosophy is more than realized."

But Selfishness had taken up her abode in the community of brethren, an unbidden and unnoticed guest, and was speedily at work, deranging the movements that were at first so regular—loosening a rivet here, and breaking a link there, until the whole complicated machinery was in disorder, and could no longer be made to subserve its original purpose. It was evident that Philanthropy, in her plans of benevolence, had not duly considered this disturbing force; and she wept over the failure of her cherished hopes, less from the sense of present disappointment, than from the sad conviction that the same cause would produce a similar result in all future time.

Then was the earth given up to the dominion of evil, and stern Fanaticism, gazing with inflamed eyes and lowering brow upon the scene, exclaimed—"A world so sunken and debased as this—so full of iniquity and festering corruption, can never be cleansed and purified but by fire. Let the flames of divine vengeance be quickly kindled, and let them consume the rebels whom no kindness or compassion could hold in allegiance to their rightful sovereign."

"Wait yet a little longer," said the Angel of Mercy, who had hovered, a sad and pitying spectator, over the world from which human depravity had exiled her—"let me make one more trial, and if that avails not, my mission is ended, and justice must avenge the wrongs of Infinite Love."

While she yet spake, a venerable man went forth, bearing a white banner, on which a cross was displayed, with the inscription—"By this thou shalt conquer." Unarmed, and with no other attendants save Faith, Hope, and Charity, he

bent his steps toward a horde of savages who had hitherto resisted every attempt to instruct or civilize them. Entering a lowly hut, he spoke to them of Jesus, the friend of sinners—of his life of sorrow and self-denial, and his death of shame—of the love which brought him from heaven, sustained him as he went about doing good, and finally, poured out its unmeasured fulness in that last affecting prayer for his murderers—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” The dark and scowling faces around him, relaxed as they listened to the wondrous story—tears gathered and fell silently from eyes that never wept before, until at length they exclaimed—“This is just what we want—come and tell us of Jesus, and teach us to love and serve him, for we are blind, ignorant, and know not the way to his feet, but we will put our hand in thy hand, and thou shalt guide us in the path to heaven.” And it was even as they said; for before the banner of the cross, idolatry fell prostrate, and soon the moral wilderness was converted into a fruitful field—blooming and fragrant as the garden of the Lord.

The messenger of Mercy approached the branded felon, and while he spoke of the violated law of God and its dread penalty, he told him too of one who pardoned the dying thief, and said to her whom all beside had condemned, “go and sin no more.” The heart that had been so long hardening into stone, melted like wax under the influence of a Saviour’s love; and he who had hitherto spurned alike entreaty and authority, was found clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

“Mother,” said a youthful voice, soft and tremulous as the tones of a wind-harp, when brushed by the wing of the zephyr; “I am going to die, but it is not dark now, and I am not afraid, for Jesus has come to meet me, and you know he said once, ‘suffer little children to come unto me.’ I am going to him, and you must not forbid me, dear mamma. I shall see my father, and that darling baby brother who left us so soon, and I shall wait for you, and be the first to welcome you when you come to heaven. Do not weep, mamma—remember that beautiful hymn I learned at Sabbath School—

‘Hope wipes the tear from sorrow’s eye,  
While faith points upward to the sky.’

I should have been glad to live to be a help and comfort to you, but the dear Saviour calls me, and you have often told me, we should obey him cheerfully as well as readily."

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," exclaimed the weeping mother, as she kissed for the last time the cold lips that had never before met hers without an answering pressure. "For a little while, farewell, my precious child; thou hast gone to thy Father and my Father, to thy God and my God, and in a few short days, I shall join thee there, to be separated no more for ever. Thou wert the sole bud of promise left on the scathed and riven parent stem, and henceforth neither fragrance nor beauty remain for me on earth, but I shall find thee again, when I go to my Saviour, for blessed be His name—

'He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee.'

Not as now, a broken and faded flower, but blooming in immortal beauty, in the Paradise of God."

What was it that had robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its boasted victory? What enabled that timid child to greet the king of terrors with a smile, and sustained the bereaved mother as she accompanied him to the entrance of the dark valley, and then returning to earth, shuddered, to find herself childless and alone? They had heard of Him who is "the resurrection and the life," and his love had filled their hearts, drawing them upward with an attraction so strong, that the afflictions of this present time seemed unworthy of a moment's thought, when compared with the blessedness reserved for them in heaven. Glorious Gospel! In bringing life and immortality to light, thou hast indeed provided a balm for every wound, an antidote for every form of human suffering and wo!

The bringer of good tidings sped his way to earth's remotest bounds, and wherever he went, the wilderness and solitary place rejoiced for him, and the desert was seen to bud and blossom as the rose. He entered a family circle from which love and harmony had long been banished, while selfishness and discord had taken their place. One by one, as they listened to his words, those severed hearts yielded, until, like

kindred drops, they melted into one, and the dove of peace again came back, and folded her bright wings in the happy home to which she had been so long a stranger.

On, on, wherever the ruins of the fall were found, sped the messenger of Love, and a light more glorious than that of the sun, heralded his coming, and marked the traces of his departing footsteps. Families, neighborhoods, and nations, forgot their ancient causes of discord and hate, and learned at the foot of the cross, the delightful lesson of forgiveness and christian charity. Swords were beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks; violence was no more heard in the land, nor wasting nor destruction in its borders; for the time had come, long foretold by the spirit of prophecy, when the knowledge of the Lord should fill the earth, as the waters fill the channels of the mighty deep. Out of evil, He had brought good; out of darkness, light; out of death, life eternal; out of corruption and decay, immortal beauty and never-withering strength. A lost and ruined world had been converted by infinite wisdom and love, into a sun of glory for the universe; shedding new light on the character and perfections of its Creator and Redeemer.

"Rejoice with me," exclaimed the Angel of Mercy, as she took her place amid her sister spirits near the throne of God, "my work is done, my mission accomplished, and henceforth not one vestige of evil shall mar the fair heritage of our ascended Lord. The blighted earth, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled from the bondage of sin, blooms like the garden of Eden, while now, behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and he will be their God."

Then a voice, as of many waters, the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, answered the angel, saying, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." "And every creature in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and those that were in the sea" repeated the long and loud Amen.

ORIGINAL.

## J E N N Y .

BY WILLIAM S. BURLEIGH.

You may know her by her eyes,  
Blue as are the summer skies—  
By the mirth that, fitful, flashes  
From beneath their silken lashes—  
Or, when pity veils their splendor,  
By the glance subdued and tender,  
Soft, yet mighty to impart  
Comfort to the sorrowing heart.  
Full of meanings are her eyes—  
Full of sweetest sympathies ;  
Smiles or tears, by turns, for all  
Upon whom her glances fall.  
All the thoughts that thrill her soul,  
Sad or joyous, stern or mild,  
Dreamy, mystical, or wild—  
Oh, her eyes reveal the whole !

You may know her by her mouth,  
Full of sweetness as the South,  
When the winds, those wild marauders,  
Rob the spice-trees of their odors—  
By the luscious lips, half-parted  
As by words of kindness, started  
On their gentle mission, yet  
Lingering with a half-regret  
For, alas ! who could but grieve  
Such a home of sweets to leave ?  
By the smile with feeling fraught,  
Telling less of Joy than Thought—  
By expression, which reveals,  
More than words, her spirit's love  
For her friends—for God above—  
All her soul conceives or feels.

You may know her by her form,  
Buoyant with young life, and warm—  
None more graceful, more elysian,  
Ever blest a poet's vision ;



Or upon a painter's fancy  
Dawned with its sweet necromancy.  
Talk of statuary—pshaw!  
Here's a Venus without flaw—  
And her foot as lightly springs  
As 'twere buoyed by unseen wings.  
Would you see incarnate grace?  
Look upon her form and face!  
Phidias might have dreamed of such,  
But to put his dream in stone,  
Or to think it *could be done*,  
Were presumption overmuch!

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ORIGINAL.

## THE RISING SUN.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THE promise which Father Gotthold had made to his children in the evening, he kept on the following day; he awoke them just as the morning star had risen in all its brightness. They dressed themselves in haste. In a few moments they stood upon a gentle height, not far from their dwelling, to behold, for the first time in their lives, the rising sun.

It was a beautiful May morning; mountain and valley sent up a grateful mist, and the stream rushed noisily at their feet, while every bird sang, and every leaf stirred with delight, as if they would pass in silence before the face of the Creator.

"But whence is it, dear father," asked William, the eldest of the boys, "that in the morning, Nature seems to breathe a spirit so different from that of the evening?"

"That you can yourself explain, my son," replied the father. "When with the coming night, weariness and sleep oppress you, do you not grow, by degrees, more and more quiet, until slumber fast closes your eyes, and you utter not a sound? Lo, thus is it with Nature! With her thousand children, she has stirred through the live-long day, and received joy and sorrow, rain and sunshine, from the hand of God.

Then, when the night comes, she has grown weary, and, like a child, she betakes herself to repose. High in the heavens the moon and stars appear, like faithful guardians, careful lest aught should harm her or disturb her slumber. She then sleeps a sweet and refreshing sleep, and gains strength and vigor, so that when night recedes, she stirs upon her couch, and, full of new and youthful life, she rises with her thousand children."

"And does she rise with all her children so early? even with the smallest?" asked Frederic, while he rubbed his eyes, as if to drive away the sleep which still weighed upon his lids.

"All, without exception," replied the father. "And many a one, the nightingale, for example, needs but a very short and transient slumber. This sweetest child of Nature, for whose approach we watch so wishfully in winter, tunes its enchanting notes, almost the whole night through, as if it sang a lullaby to its slumbering brothers and sisters. Hark, how plaintively its song rises from the valley below us! How it swells higher and higher, mounting and falling, as if upon a ladder of sweet sounds!"

"Oh, it is a dear, delightful bird, and placed just for our pleasure in the bushes!" cried William, joyfully. "I shall enjoy it many a night and many a day; and, in the evening, when I feel drowsy, while I ought to wake, I will say to myself, 'Yonder sings the nightingale in the bushes, and why can not I keep my eyes open for an hour longer?'"

While the three thus talked together, the dawn had come. The wind rustled noisily in the branches of the trees, red clouds, brightly reflected in the stream, rose upon the edge of the horizon, and spread themselves along the whole sky in forms of wondrous beauty.

"I should like to know what the wind is, and what is meant by those beautiful red clouds?" said William to his father, as he drew closer to him.

"Of the wind," replied the latter, "the Holy Scriptures say, 'It bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' And David, the sacred singer of old, ascribed wings to the morning, to denote its swiftness. A beautiful image now rises to my mind, which I will at once impart to you

Perhaps the sacred singer thought of it when he sang that psalm—and I am sure it will please you."

"Oh, tell us, dear father, and quickly, that we may hear it before the morning glow has fled!" cried the boys with one voice.

And he began thus: "The sun, on account of his glory, splendor, and majesty, and from the many blessings which he dispenses, is usually represented under the noble emblem of a king. Now, you remember when our prince passed by, lately, how a great number of messengers rode before him, to announce his approach. The winged morning brings us such a message from the sun, since in a few moments it travels millions and millions of miles, and with its red banner gives to the world the long-expected signal. See! there he comes, the king! Fold your hands, and pray to the Creator who hath formed him so glorious, and hath given him such power to dispense blessings."

The father and his children sank in emotion upon their knees, and thanked God who gives us light and heat, while they beheld his masterpiece emerge in splendor from the chamber of his works.

Tears stood in the children's eyes when they rose again. "We thought it would be beautiful," they said, "but not so beautiful, so grand, so solemn and majestic! We could not have remained upon our feet; all our strength had left us from wonder and astonishment, and we fell involuntarily upon our knees, and would have covered our eyes, if it had not been for losing the glorious sight."

"It is thus that the aspect of the beautiful—the good—the sublime—influences even the human mind," said the father, with solemn earnestness—"we feel our littleness in the vast chain of existences with which the Divinity has encircled the universe, and in silent, humble devotion, we bend before the Being who has created all that moves and elevates the heart. As you prize your temporal and eternal welfare, my children, open often the two great volumes of God's revelation, the Bible and Nature, and read therein with earnestness and love."

The children embraced their father, and promised to remember this hour, and to treasure up his words.

ORIGINAL.

## THE MARRIED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

STILL turn I unto thee, my childhood's home,  
Though I am parted from the loved ones there ;  
Oft to my heart delicious memories come,  
Of thy green shades, thy valleys lone and fair.  
I am again within those hallowed walls,  
And linger in my old accustomed seat ;  
I see the summer sunlight where it falls,  
And list the caged canary's warbling sweet ;  
Look upon friendly faces, and again,  
Catch the soft notes of some familiar strain.

Love in mine own abode hath built his nest,  
And sings his sweetest lay to charm mine ear ;  
Affection at the hearth, a willing guest,  
Bindeth with silken cord, my spirit here.  
A cherub boy, beside his father's knee,  
Lips the dear name of "Mother," and I turn  
From all the cold world's heartless vanity,  
Unto an altar where pure fires may burn,  
And clasp anew the cherished idols there,  
Deeming no other shrine of earth so fair.

Blest am I, yet my heart will often go  
On spirit-wings to each familiar place  
Around my girlhood's home ;—the sunset's glow,  
On the acacia blossoms still I trace,  
The red rose flings her incense on the air,  
And the laburnum droops its golden flowers ;  
Through the old garden paths I wander, where  
My fragrant treasures mark the smiling hours,  
Each perfumed cup, each odorous bell I see,  
Painted anew by Summer's hand for me.

Forth with a bound of welcome, Carlo springs,  
And his young playmate, a true-hearted boy,  
Follows with eager step, and high he flings  
His tasselled cap, and shouts my name with joy ;  
And my sweet sisters, in a glad surprise,  
Haste at the summons, from some green retreat ;

And with encircling arms, and love-lit eyes,  
The long, long absent one, enraptured greet.  
My mother clasps her child in fond embrace,  
While tears of joy are on her gentle face.

Or haply, Winter reigns, and then I seek,  
On Fancy's wing, the high-piled glowing hearth,  
Where Christmas frolics flush each youthful cheek,  
And echo oft the tones of unchecked mirth;  
I mark them gathering round the cheerful fire,  
Or pensive, musing at the twilight dim;  
And hark! the soft notes of the household choir,  
In the sweet cadence of their evening hymn;  
My sire's loved voice ascends in fervent prayer,  
Young heads are bowed, but *one* is missing there.

Ay, *one* is missing, yet for her they pray,  
And ask of Heaven its best and earliest boon;  
Perpetual sunshine for her earthly way—  
A path with love's bright flowerets ever strewn:  
Absent, but unforgotten!—I may dwell  
Afara from all my childhood loved or knew,  
Yet at my name, fond hearts will often swell,  
And tears, perchance, some tender cheek bedew;  
And they will muse awhile, then, sighing, say,  
"How lingers time, with dear ones far away."

Sweet home, where childhood's young affections rise,  
Where first we learn what human love will be,  
Though here fast bound by newer, holier ties,  
Unchanging still, my fond heart turns to thee.  
Still, still it haunts the fair, the hallowed spot,  
Where throng the gentle memories of the past;  
Its watchful tenderness all unforget,  
Still o'er my soul its chain of love is cast.  
That love, which like the pole-star's constant ray,  
Unfailing, cheers life's dark or devious way.

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THE PEACE OF THE CHRISTIAN.—Amid the tears of grief,  
Peace keeps her silent place, like the rainbow upon the spray  
of the cataract, nor can it be disturbed so long as Jehovah's  
sunshine rests upon the soul.—"Night of Weeping."

ORIGINAL.

## THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

IN a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long-endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was every thing beautiful and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste: hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network, and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of Paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old Queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine, and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small, pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a Mosaic of precious stones, whereon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Every thing in the palace seemed moving on with the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the ante-chamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister, Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment, and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face—and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart—and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into deep thought.

All at once, Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with the quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it not! To save his own life, will he not bend that

stubborn will—and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added—"But if the loss of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from a fear of death? Is that stronger than—than——" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling, disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her old age—it was his *death-warrant* that her counsellors had laid before her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, lacking nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hand and her face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of passionate feeling, and trampled it under foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved! Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tears that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than regal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her: one, a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf, in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met



the eagle eyes of the Queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt—or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name beseems you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august Queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in his mercy, touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumphs of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied, with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let all hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great Queen—say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it, by wedding with thy baby face!"

"Oh, that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands—for she saw that their very loveliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him? Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the

mass of golden ringlets in which it had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward upon her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex' mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its palor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas, I know not; for I have ever been a humble and loving subject,—a—a——"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy even of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is

left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still, the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favor with your highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for so much love."

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

"Your son was a traitor," she said, "taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!"

"He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!" pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. "When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things."

"Beyond all earthly things!" cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

"Spare but his life," she said, "and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not

to the block!" and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it. "Take this," she said, reaching it toward the elder Countess; "it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son."

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sunk down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added: "Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!"

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions, to that of the Queen.

"The Lady Essex will remain here," she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her," cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. Mother—mother—plead for me."

"Go!" said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. "The Countess of Essex will await you here."

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor—the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the youth

and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must re-unite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and cowered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the Queen arose, and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE FEMALE WRITERS OF AMERICA.

*See Engraving.*

THE Publishers of the Ladies' Wreath design enriching their pages, from time to time, with correct portraits of some of our ablest female writers—and we have the pleasure of presenting our readers, this month, with a splendid mezzotint engraving of one whose contributions to American literature are known and admired on both sides the Atlantic. The plate itself is a magnificent specimen of the art—and it has the merit of presenting a faithful likeness of the gifted and esteemed original.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is a native of Derby, Connecticut, and in 1831, was married to Edward Stephens, Esq., with whom she removed to Portland, Maine, where Mr. Stephens was for some time engaged in mercantile business. In 1835, he established "The Portland Magazine," of which his wife had the editorial charge, and which, after conducting it with much success for two years, she was obliged to relinquish on account of ill health.

In 1837, Mrs. Stephens removed to this city, where she has since been constantly employed in literary labors—having been connected, editorially, with "The Ladies' Companion," "Graham's Magazine," "The Ladies' World," and "The Ladies' National Magazine," which is now under her editorial charge.

To those who have read her writings, it is almost unnecessary to say, that Mrs. Stephens is a spirited and elegant prose writer, equally at home in delineating the beauties of nature with a painter's eye and a poet's heart—or in depicting the deepest passions of our nature, with their developments and their consequences.

In writing historical romances, she has no living equal. These thrilling tales call up from the shadowy past, faded visions of greatness and glory that have long slumbered in oblivion, and cause them to pass in life-like vividness and reality before us. We are carried back to the times of bluff Harry Tudor, and Queen Bess, and while the spell of the enchantress is upon us, are alternately fired with indignation or penetrated with sorrow, as the crimes or woes of the actors are presented to the mind's eye in these highly finished pictures. We are never for a moment, however, made to sympathise with sentimental and accomplished vice, in the writings of this lady. The pure and healthful moral tone that pervades them, is to every right thinking mind, a higher recommendation than even their literary merit.

Mrs. Stephens has also published many well known and beautiful poems, some of which have graced the pages of this magazine.

But it is not as a writer, that the numerous friends of this lady have learned to esteem and admire her most. They know that her domestic virtues and moral worth, temper and adorn those brilliant intellectual qualities which have gained for her the literary distinction she enjoys—but which of themselves can never win the lasting affection of the wise and good. In the privacy of domestic life, as a wife, mother and friend, Mrs. Stephens finds her sweetest happiness and her richest reward, in the ardent love of her family, and the almost idolatrous gratitude of the dependents who have experienced her active and judicious kindness.

Original.

## SERENADE.

MUSIC BY GEO. F. ROOT. WORDS BY MRS. M. M. McDONALD.

*Andante.*

1. List while I sing to thee, fairest and best,

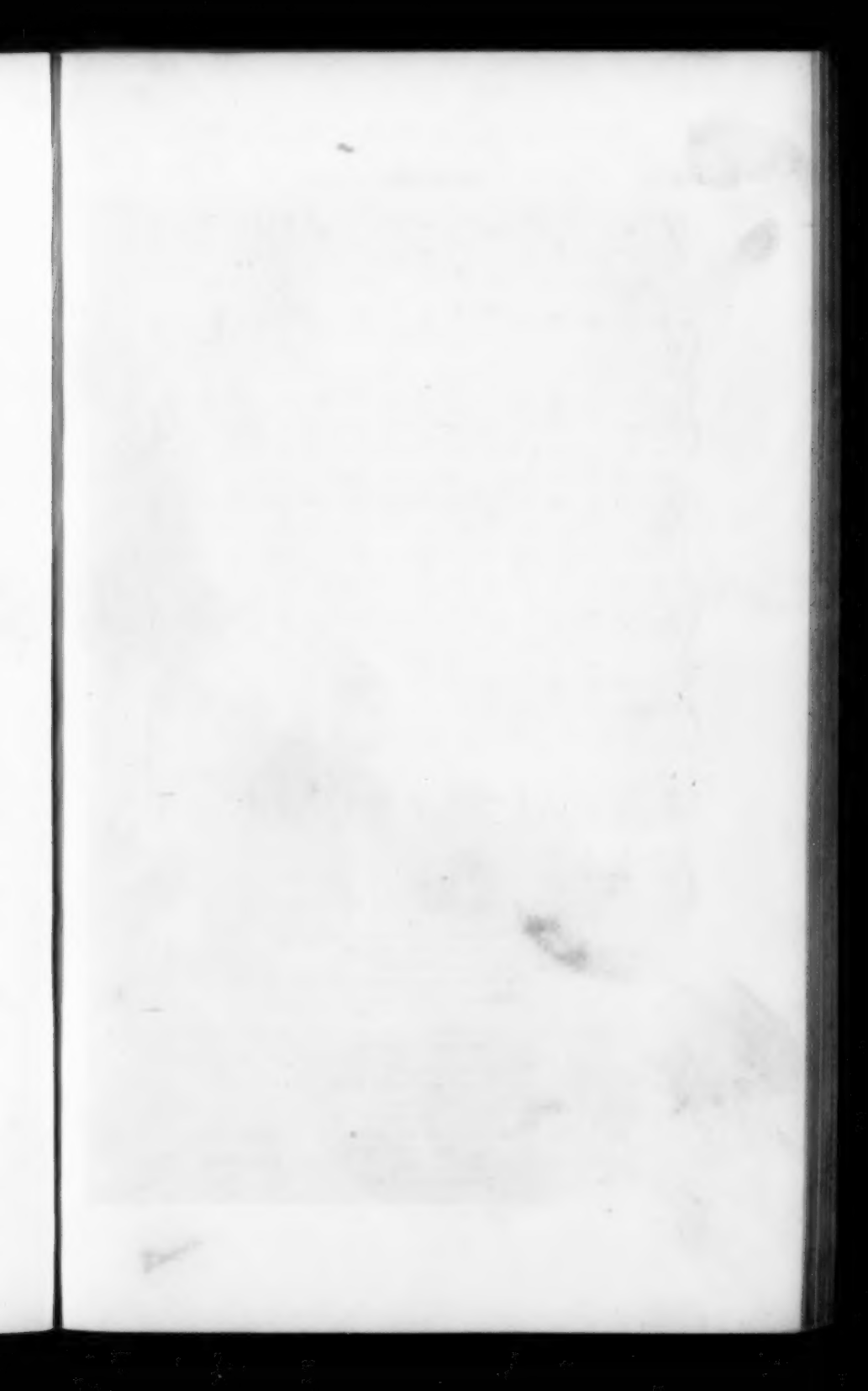
Chase thy sweet slumbers, A - - wake from thy rest;

Hear the sweet me-lo-dies floating a - - - far,

Breathed from the strings of my tuneful Gui - - - tar.

2. Steal from thy pillow,  
Thy casement unclose;  
Lift the light curtain  
That veils thy repose—  
Softly the moonbeam  
Its mantle will throw,  
O'er thy fair tresses  
And ivory brow.
3. Part but one bud  
From the jessamine spray,  
Press to thy bosom,  
Then toss it away—  
Swift through the lattice,  
Kind Zephyr will bring  
Love's fairy token  
To bless while I sing.









*White Lilly.*



ORIGINAL.

## THE VISIT OF THE ANGELS.

BY CLEMENT E. BARR.

"How balmy is the breath of this autumn evening! How sweet to linger here amid the trembling foliage, and watch the sun, as he spreads his snow-white couch along the mountain top, and gathers above him, as he sinks into it, those curtains of purple and gold—meet decorations for the chamber of the King of day! How the retreating rays are playing yonder in the leaves, glancing for a moment far away among the boughs, then hiding in the shadows, which come creeping out so still and stealthily that the dusk of evening is gathered with its 'holy hush' around us ere we are aware! Let us go forth, and cheer our spirits as we gaze on happy homes, and watch the joyous beating of grateful hearts. We know that man is fallen; but this sweet and mellow evening the lingering currents of his better nature must well up through the heavy incrustations of the fall, and he must walk abroad, as he did in Eden, in the thrill of an existence all whose pulsations are rapture, and all whose thoughts are adoration."

Thus spake an angel to his comrade, as from the brow of a wooded hill they looked down upon one of Earth's loveliest valleys. The radiance of joy illuminated that cherub face, and as the breeze lifted the golden ringlets from his brow, and the moonbeams gleamed upon his lovely form, and seemed to blend with the soft light of his heaven-blue eye, his very pinions trembled with delight. The other had a calmer face. His brow was high and broad, and there rested on it then a shade of thought or memory, which looked almost like sorrow. Gently he answered—

"Dost thou remember man in Eden? Dost thou remember how we lay upon a fleecy cloud above the eastern gate on that first Sabbath morn, and gazed upon the pair so radiant with God's image, made for a destiny so high, and placed in

a home so much like heaven! There were no sculptured columns, no ambitious spires to point above, no temples reared in our Father's name, no organs pealing out rich music to enchant the heart, yet all was harmonious worship. The very trees seemed murmuring thanks to Him who planted them, the flowers did bend their beauteous heads before Jehovah, the birds were warbling praise, and the beasts rose from their lairs so gently, and met the morning light and breeze with such a look of happiness, that *they* almost seemed to utter thanks. And then from their bower forth came the two erect in form, with thought and immortality upon their brows, and raised their eyes up to the sky, and sent their hymn of joyous adoration thrilling through all the ranks of Heaven until it reached the throne of God; *then* there was melody on Earth: for holiness was there and happiness. A few bright sinless days those beings dwelt in Eden, and all the Seraphim had learned to love them, and to hope, vain hope! that long might bloom that garden of delight, and long might move those forms of strength and grace among its spicy groves and o'er its flowery plains, just by the threshold of the Eternal Paradise. Vain hope! my Spirit Brother! thine eye grows sad! - Yes, thou rememberest too that other day. The red unclouded sun cast from the zenith rays of fire—the flaming sword gleamed in the air. No breeze stirred leaf or flower, and not an angel pinion moved save theirs who did the bidding of the Holy One, and drove the pair out from their paradise. We watched in silence then—were sad, for we a second time had witnessed *sin*, had heard harsh discord mar the melody of love. And since that hour, few strains have floated up from Earth to Heaven but those of cruelty and crime. And yet, God has not wholly cursed the Earth. It wears, at times, almost the smile of Eden. This night is scarce less lovely than that primal Sabbath morn. But where are the heart-born harmonies to tremble forth in concert with the melody, which floats from all the strings of Nature's lyre to wake up adoration in the soul of man, and woo his thoughts from sense and sin to immortality and God?"

But hark! Music is rising from the borders of the vale. The notes are like the nightingale's, and yet not his, for he is

#### THE VISIT OF THE ANGELS.

sailing on the clouds, and stays not near the Earth on such a night. That wild, sad wail is yonder maiden's, who stands, like some pure spirit, in the moonlight pale. Her deep and almost speaking eyes are turned above, her face is cold and white as the polished marble, and yet how beautiful! Could Eve in Eden have been lovelier? List!

"My joys have fled, my hopes are dead,  
And I must pine alone.  
How blithe and gay my bridal day!  
But all has flown—has flown!

"For my life's star hath faded far  
Into the depths of space,  
And my last bliss was that cold kiss  
Upon his death pale face.

"My sun hath set, I linger yet,  
But 'tis in night to mourn;  
No cheering ray—no dawning day  
Can visit me forlorn.

"Oh how I hate the cruel fate!  
Which tore him from my side;  
With death to chill the hopes, which thrill  
The bosom of a bride.

"'Twas in the light of such a night  
That first our love was told,  
And yonder moon looked warmly down,  
That's now so chilling cold.

"Her steady pace and quiet face  
But mock my raging pain;  
And thus looks God, from his abode,  
On mortals who complain.

"He made this heart, 'twas born to smart,  
He sent one glimpse of joy,  
One gilded ray of heavenly day  
To tempt and to destroy.

"The withered flower—this lute whose power  
To charm has gone for ever—  
This blighted thing, my soul, I fling  
In scorn back to the Giver."

Fearful then was the light of those upturned eyes. The younger spirit, whom the beauty of the hour and of the singer had charmed at first, said sadly to his comrade: "Truly, the melodies of Earth are no more. The tones were very sweet, but what discord was in the heart. Oh! how fierce passions are straining and snapping the chords of that instrument, which God made for harmony and holy praise. Let us away, and fly to yonder world, which floats like an island in the sea of space, unstained by a human footprint, by a sorrow or a sin."

"Stay!" whispered the elder, in a voice of thrilling sweetness—"dost thou remember Calvary? The lyre may be re-strung. Dost thou remember when that "new song," whose melting and triumphant strains we love to hear, yet cannot learn to sing, trembled upon the air of Heaven—"Worthy the Lamb; worthy the Lamb?" The harps from which it vibrated were once swept by passion and by pride on earth, and made that human music, which is so harsh to holy ears. Stay!"

He spread his wings, and floated like a cloud down where the maiden stood. A sound awoke which seemed the murmur of a freshening breeze. No words were uttered audible to human ears. It stole mysteriously, like thought, into the listener's mind:

"Above thee bend an angel's wings,  
List, child of Earth, a spirit sings!  
The Holy One, who reigns above,  
Is perfect righteousness and love.  
He made thy spirit like his own,  
By sin it hath to madness grown.  
That love was to a mortal given,  
Which should have been fixed first on Heaven.  
A mortal heart thou mad'st the goal  
For th' immortal longings of thy soul;  
And thus thy hour of seeming light  
Was but a caged bird's narrow flight;  
And, when it passed, all hope was gone.  
The end had come, the goal was won.

"Go now and look upon thy god,  
Crumbling beneath the autumn sod;



Go call on him to ease thy pain,  
To him, and not to Heaven complain.  
He's dust and ashes—cold and still—  
And fled are feeling, thought and will.  
Sad child of Earth, thy folly own !  
Thy fruit is of the seed thou'st sown ;  
Thy pride subdue, and humbly bow  
To seek thy scorned Creator now.  
The bruised reed he'll never break,  
But smile upon a spirit meek.  
The broken heart with hope will bind,  
The balm of peace pour on the mind,  
And give for this frail phantasy  
His own eternal love to thee.  
Then grieve not, doubt not, trust and live.  
The Holy Spirit he will give  
To cheer thee on thy earthly way,  
And guide to realms of endless day.  
Sister of Earth, with heaven-lit eye,  
Why will you proudly, madly die ?"

As clouds break from the eastern sky at the hour of dawn, and the sun comes up in glory from behind the shadowy pines, so did care and sorrow clear from that watcher's brow, and her eye beam forth with a beauty it had never known before. It danced not, as when earthly joy had thrilled the senses. It flashed not such passionate gleams, as earthly love once kindled there. All these false fires had died away, and there was lighted on the altar of the heart that holy blaze, in which the dross of sin is slowly burned out from the spirit, and the dawn of an eternal day is sent to light up all the chambers of the soul. The expression was chastened and saddened by recollections of error and guilt, but brightened by faith in a present Saviour, and by hope for all coming time in an Omnipotent God, until it glowed with angelic beauty. The lips moved, as if thoughts too great for utterance were breaking in murmurs there ; and in the heart there was a melody sweeter than the tones of an Æolian harp, to which the angels listened with hushed attention and delight. It was too high and pure for human verse ; like the music of the spheres—the harmony of motion in obedience to the will of God.

"All is not discord yet on Earth," the cherub cried. "How sweet these first faint warblings of the new song, sweeter than

the praise of Eve, when she stood in her unfallen beauty beneath the shade of Eden and sung her bird-like orison. What enchanting depth and richness has the Cross imparted to human prayer and praise! What a symphony is that of faith triumphing over conscious guilt, drawing notes of grateful rapture from its chaos and despair, taking the riven lyre and making it more melodious far than before appetite had relaxed or passion snapped its chords! That new string, Redemption, how it drowns every discord with its deep and soul-subduing power! It breathes through every strain, however rude or wild or sad, until they enchant even the seraphim. And all this the King hath brought from a scene of anguish and of death—from his own Son's agony on the cross, and hath made, not us, but these our earth-born and sin-bound brethren, the only singers of this song. Unfathomable wisdom, power and love!

"Yes, and we have heard but the prelude yet: a day is coming when the full anthem shall roll around the world, and its chorus be caught up in the skies, to echo for ever through the aisles of Heaven. That day is coming. The day star we have seen, and even now the rosy light is trembling above those dark sin-mountains. Soon will the Sun of Righteousness arise upon all lands, shine from the zenith on all hearts, and awake from millions the song which his sufferings and resurrection taught—until Earth shall be again all harmony and love and praise. Such harmony as the morning stars at creation could not make. Such love as spirits who have never fallen cannot know. And such praise as he only can utter, who has risen from degradation and from death to be a King and Priest on high—praise to the Lamb which was slain."

They spread their wings, and as their white forms seemed to fade away among the fleecy clouds of evening, a strain of music floated down:

"On, on with the news! Another bright gem  
To flash in the Savior's diadem.  
Soon, soon dawn the day, when from every elime  
Shall roll up this music so sweet and sublime.  
When wars shall be over, when sorrows shall cease,  
And o'er all He shall reign, whose kingdom is peace."

*Walnut Hills, Ohio, November, 1847.*

ORIGINAL.

ELEONORA FONSECA;

OR

THE ITALIAN WOMEN.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

WHEN we visit a foreign country, we should leave at home our national prejudices and prepossessions, that we may examine impartially the history, national character, religion and politics of the land in which we travel—justice and philanthropy should be our guides, and we shall not then give credence to the false representations of those who travel only in body, while their spirits remain fixed to one narrow spot. We frequently find travellers, who, always wrapped in their selfish nationality, see in other countries nothing but ignorance, corruption and vice—they judge of things from the first impression, and are satisfied with their own opinions, without seeking to find the causes of the evils of which they complain. Italy, perhaps more than any other land, has suffered from this injustice. It has been said, even by American authors, that its people are vicious and degraded—that the Italian women, especially, have neither education nor principle—that they live only for the gratification of vanity and passion, and that interest, instead of affection, influences them in all the concerns of life. These wrong and injurious judges, who know as much of Italy and her daughters as of what passes in the moon, should learn something more of the land they thus slander, before uttering their opinions. Could they know the great misfortunes that have passed over that fair country—that the very people who gave to the world civilization, laws, sciences and arts, have been ruled for centuries by the most tyrannical governments—that we have there neither public press nor liberty of thought—that the exercise of these sacred rights is rewarded with imprisonment and death—surely they would be more just to Italy and her unfortunate children.

But, granting that in Italy there is as much corruption as these writers believe, what is the cause of it? It proceeds, first, from the religion of the country, which is hopelessly corrupted by its own ministers. This religion destroys the sublime mystery of marriage ordained by God himself. By auricular confession, the priest obtains the influence and command over the wife which belongs only to the husband; he guides and controls her who should have no confidant out of the sanctuary of her family, and with the partner of her bosom. The Italian women are not so ignorant and depraved as they are often represented. No other country in the world can boast so many poetesses and literary women as Italy. Read the history of the past, and you will find Italian women occupying, in the most celebrated universities, the professorships of Greek, Latin, of literature and science. The modern history of Italy will prove that few nations have had so many patriotic and heroic women as Italy. An Italian woman hesitates never to face any danger for the objects of her affection—her family and country. How many of these noble heroines have perished in suffering and exile for their love of country—how many have ascended the scaffold with the intrepidity of a warrior, and the constancy of a martyr! Tyrants in Italy persecute women as well as men—they adopt the policy of Spicas—“*eminentiores mutilares.*”

The name of Eleonora Fonseca is that of a noble Italian lady, who perished on the scaffold for the freedom of her country—one of those names which never die, but still live as a bright example of excellence in the heart of every true Italian. It was in 1779, when the people of Naples rose against the government of the Bourbons, and constituted themselves a republican government after the model of the French republic. A few days sufficed to put down the royal authority, and the king, with his bloody wife, together with Lady Hamilton, fled to Sicily, after protesting in vain against the new order of things. Cardinal Ruffò, a true disciple of the god Moloch, assisted by Austrians, Russians and Turks, after many battles, after having spilled rivers of human blood, and slaughtered thousands of noble and brave citizens, entered Naples in triumph, at the head of a band of butchers, bearing on the tops of their pikes

the heads of the murdered republicans who had fallen by their hands. For many days the devoted city remained in the power of these furious tigers, while in every street and square scaffolds were erected for new victims—and all suspected of liberal sentiments were butchered without mercy. When the king returned to Naples, he sanctioned all these enormities, and rewarded Cardinal Ruffo with a large income, and the title of Prince! While the celebrated Lord Nelson, the English Commodore, was executing the noble Neapolitan Admiral, Caraccioli; while he was rejoicing over the misfortunes of the country, and degrading his name and rank by his infamous amour with Lady Hamilton, the ministers of the king, and the terrible royal police were persecuting the suspected republicans in the most barbarous manner. Among these martyrs of freedom, and of patriotism, was Eleonora Fonseca, the first Italian woman of the age. We shall not farther stain our pages with the name of Emma Lyon Hamilton—the most degraded of English women, but leave her to be judged by an impartial posterity. Let us see how Eleonora Fonseca was rewarded for her talents, and her exertions in the cause of humanity. When a republican government was established in Naples, all the talented minds became editors and public writers. Eleonora established a small daily paper, for the diffusion of knowledge among the common people, for preaching the true principles of the gospel, and for the support of the sacred cause of freedom. Among the admirers of this noble and high minded woman, was the great Metastasio, and many others not less gifted than this celebrated poet. She also established free public schools for the lower classes; in a word, she was the idol of the people, the honor and example of her countrywomen. When the king returned to his throne, he caused this admirable woman to be arrested, and condemned to die by the hands of the public executioner. In this situation, she was superior to her misfortunes—and the day before her death, was cheerful and happy, refusing to confess, and saying to the priest, that she had done her duty in a just cause—that she had nothing to communicate to any one but the Saviour of all—to the God-man who laid down his life for the redemption of mankind. When the melancholy procession

left the prison for the scaffold, Eleonora walked toward it with smiling courage, asking only for a cup of coffee, and looking round on the spectators, with pity and regret for their misfortunes. As she ascended the scaffold, the executioner trembled before this noble woman, and approached her with sorrow and tears. "Do your duty," she said calmly, "and satisfy your blood-thirsty master." She then turned toward the assembled multitudes, whom she addressed in the most touching manner. "My brethren," she said, "weep not for me, but for your own misfortunes. This scaffold is not a place of fear or sorrow to me, but of hope and glorious triumph. One day, a monument will be found here, to commemorate your martyrs and real friends. To-day you are ruled and blinded by tyranny—to-day they make you cry, 'Long life to kings, and down with our liberty and country!'—but the day of just vengeance will come, and then you will know who were your friends and your enemies. Remember that the blood of republicans is the seed of republics, and sooner or later, a republic will be founded in the city where I die." She would have proceeded, but her voice was drowned by the noise of a hundred drums, and in an instant the heroic Eleonora was no more. Her mangled body was exposed to the populace, but her soul had ascended to heaven, where she bows before the throne, with her brethren who suffered in the same noble cause. Eleonora Fonseca was an Italian woman—she lived and died for her beloved and unfortunate country. Praise and eternal remembrance to thee, exalted and admirable woman—thy virtues shall live in our hearts while one son or daughter of Italy is found to cherish the memory of the past, or to hope for the future redemption of our beautiful father-land.

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#### WOMAN.

"Not she with traitorous kiss the Savior stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue—  
She, when apostles fled, could dangers brave—  
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

ORIGINAL.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. A. E. HYDE.

ROBED for thy bridal, virgin flower,  
They look on thee with love and pride ;  
And prayers that heaven may shield and guide  
Are breathed for thee this hallowed hour ;  
O, fervent, fervent are those prayers,  
Thou nursling plant of fondest cares.

Life's crowning bliss awaits thee now ;  
Yet ere thy tremulous lip hath prest  
The golden cup of richest zest,  
A passing shadow dims thy brow,  
For thou of those dost think to-day  
From whom that cup was dashed away.

Bright flowers from the same parent stem,  
This festal hour they do not grace—  
Void is those lovely sisters' place  
In the warm hearts that cherished them ;  
The mourning robe not laid aside  
For her who was a plighted bride.

Thy childhood's friend, and where is she ?  
They dressed her too in white array—  
There came for her a gathering day,  
The early loved and won like thee ;  
With tearful eyes, a stranger crowd  
Gazed on the sleeper in her shroud.

But brilliant is thy bridal eve,  
And bright the promise of thy morrow—  
Then, though thou wear'st the trace of sorrow,  
With grateful heart the good receive :  
Go, in thy distant city home,  
To seek a city yet to come.

And deem the chastening kindly given,  
Which touched with grief thine early years,  
So earthly joy, baptized in tears,  
Shall not allure thy heart from heaven ;  
Nor, mid the blessings of thy lot,  
He who bestows them be forgot.

## THE CLOUDED NEW YEAR.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I wish you a happy New Year," said Mary Anable, with a very sweet smile, adding by way of emphasis, a warm kiss to the pale cheek of her widowed mother. A tear, as she returned the caress of her daughter, was the only reply made by that mother.

Mary soon made arrangements for their morning meal, and when it was over, and the blessing of God had been sought, sat down to her sewing, while her mother, too feeble to labor, half reclined in her easy chair.

"I wish," said she, "that my daughter would lay aside her work, and go out and take the fresh air. The sun shines brightly; and it cannot be very cold."

"I am very well, mother," replied Mary. "It is necessary that this piece of work should be done to-day. Perhaps I shall finish it in time to take a short walk before nightfall."

"Will any one call here to-day?"

"I think not. The ladies of the village are adopting the practice of remaining at home, and receiving calls, and gentlemen will not be likely to find their way here."

"It was not always so."

"It is no matter."

This last remark of Mary was made with a smile so sweet that even the wan lips of her mother could not refuse to respond to it.

Mary plied her needle, while her mother closed her eyes and thought of the past. A few years before, and her husband was living, and they were possessed of all that was necessary to their comfort. A tasteful dwelling, and a fertile farm, affection, health, contentment, the means and disposition to relieve the suffering, were theirs. Death came and took the husband and father to his rest. Then came the legal spoiler. A stranger laid claim to the homestead: the ministers of the law decided in his favor. The widow and her daughter were



constrained to take up their abode in a very humble dwelling, and to supply their wants by the labor of their hands. Previous to her father's death, Mary had enjoyed the best advantages for the prosecution of study, which was her delight: but when their calamity came, she laid aside her books without a murmur, and engaged in daily and almost incessant toil.

Mrs. A. soon became unconscious of the sorrow which a review of the sad past awakened. She fell into a gentle slumber, Mary paused from her work, for a moment, and gazed upon the pale face of the sleeper, once so fresh with health, so radiant with affection. A tear dimmed her eye, as she marked the change which had passed upon her, and thought of the greater change which so soon awaited her. To what would her heart cling, when that wasted form should be laid at rest in the narrow house? Her labors and anxieties might be less, but what are they, to loneliness of heart?

Mrs. A. awoke. Her eyes met those of her daughter, who was slightly embarrassed as she resumed her work.

"My poor Mary, what will you do when I am gone? I know I am but a burden to you, but"—

"Mother, I entreat you not to speak again of being a burden. I had rather you would charge me with being ungrateful."

"I know that your heart never regards any thing as a hardship which it does for those you love. My dear, I shall, I trust, soon be with your father: you will be left to pursue your pilgrimage alone."

Again she closed her eyes, and was silent, while a few tears coursed down her hollow cheeks.

"I need a stronger faith," said she. "I have tried to commit you to the Lord, and to feel sure that you will be provided for. It must be that our present trials shall work together for good, but I need faith."

Mary laid aside her work, and kneeling beside her mother's chair, offered a prayer for faith—a prayer which breathed confidence into the mother's heart.

The morning wore away. Numbers were seen passing who had been accustomed to visit them in other days. No knock

was heard at that humble door—no voice wished the widow and her daughter, a happy new year.

Darkness at length came, and with it a furious storm. The mother early retired to her couch. "Mary, dear, do not sit up late to-night."

"I am not sleepy, mother: I will retire as soon as I am sleepy."

Will the thoughts and fears that are thronging her mind permit her soon to be sleepy? The needle is ever moving, save when for a moment, her long delicate fingers were pressed upon the eye, as if to restrain the tear which claimed leave to flow. The village clock struck twelve. She laid aside her work, and seated herself before the decaying embers. Now she gazes steadily upon them, and now she presses her eyes with her hand. Poor lone one! The only heart which beats for thee, will soon be stilled for ever. Thou hast no brother to lean upon: no sister to share thy sorrows. Now her eyes are closed, and she is smiling. Weariness has overtaken her, and she sleeps. She is a child again. She is running to meet her father, who is returning from the field at the close of day. They sit with the happy mother at the table, where the voices of affection make sweetest music.

The scene changes. She is busy at her studies. She is called to receive the adieu of one who had been her assistant and guide, who was taking his departure for a foreign land. He lingers at the door, and utters a few words which produce a strange fluttering at her heart. She stands and watches his receding form, as he walks down the avenue of elms. The vision was ended by the faint call of her mother, "Mary, I am faint: raise me." Mary did so, and applied water to her lips. "I have a strange feeling here," said Mrs. A., laying her hand upon her heart. Mary could not speak. She perceived that death was near. "I will lie down again," whispered the sufferer, but the attempt increased the oppressive feeling. "My dear, I am dying," said she. Her head fell back, and she ceased to breathe. Mary felt her pulse. It had ceased its play. She laid her hand upon the heart—it was stilled.

Amid the howling of the storm, the lone orphan watched

with the dead, shedding no tear, stunned, overwhelmed, but conscious.

The morning at length came. A pauper was seen from the window. She was called in, and she and Mary laid out the dead.

Again Mary was left alone, and tears came to her relief.

When the news of Mrs. Anable's decease, and the sad circumstances connected with it, were spread through the village, various emotions of pity, self-reproach, and indignation, were awakened. Some hastened to tender cordial sympathy and assistance to the orphan mourner. Some wondered they had not heard of the sickness of the deceased, and attempted to excuse themselves by blaming Mary for not calling for their aid. Some few, who, in other days, had shared largely in the bounty of the departed one, who were too poor to render any return, and who deemed it presumption to offer their personal services, were bitter in their denunciations of those who had looked up to the Anables when in wealth, and neglected them in their hour of need.

"We see," said one of another class, "about how much religion is worth: there was Anable, who was really an honest man, and lived up to his profession. He kept giving away his property, lending it to the Lord, as he said, and we see what has come of it. His daughter has had to slave for a living, and his wife died with none to watch with her."

"If it had been known that they were in want," said his neighbor, "we shouldn't have let them suffer."

"I guess it was pretty well known," said the scorner, "or would have been, if *the brethren* had not been afraid of being called upon to render assistance."

The preparations for the funeral were made. There were no relatives to be sent for. All were many miles distant. The prayer was offered, the word of exhortation spoken, and the procession was formed. Mary was the sole mourner. Could she follow that coffin alone? Oh for one to walk with her—for one arm to lean upon! Never did she so thoroughly feel that she was alone in the world, as when the coffin was borne from the house, and she began to follow it alone to the grave. She had not proceeded far with tottering steps, when

a carriage was seen coming rapidly after the procession. There was something in this which jarred on the feelings of the more refined, and they dreaded its effect on Mary, should that carriage thus pass them. There was no need, however, of effort on their part to prevent it. It drew up as it approached the procession, and a gentleman alighted. He went to the side of Mary, and simply pronounced her name. She took his arm, and they walked together to the grave.

Who was the stranger? It was he with whom her thoughts were busy, when the faint voice of her dying mother disturbed her vision. Francis Newton had long been absent, but he had not forgotten one to whom he had given his young affections, though it was a secret unsuspected even by her. He had just landed, and having greeted his mother, and his own dear sisters, was hastening to the dwelling place of one who was dearer to him still. As he approached the village, he heard of the trials which had befallen her, and of the sad event which was that day to take place. He hastened onward, and was just in time to go with her to the grave.

Thence they returned to the desolate dwelling. For a season there was weeping there, and communion of heart without words. "Mary," said he, at length, "you must return with me to my home. My sisters will receive you as a sister—I will not leave you here alone."

Perhaps conventional propriety was violated, but the orphan was soon experiencing the affection and sympathy of Mrs. Newton and her daughters, and in due time, became the wife of Francis.

"Well," said the scorner, "it has turned out better than I expected, after all." One who was not a scorner has said, "I have been young, but now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his his seed begging bread."

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"It is the duty of every Christian, as he hopes to be accepted of his Judge, to take his mind out of the napkin, to DOUBLE all his powers by cultivation—a duty that is grievously neglected, and one most intimately connected with the triumph of the gospel."—*Bushnell*.

ORIGINAL.

## AN EVENING MEDITATION.

BY E. F. R.

"For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping."—*Psalms*.

THESE affecting words, written many years ago by one whose exalted position did not exempt him from temptation, or sin and suffering, are in these latter days, the secret utterance of spirits as highly favored by fortune, and as often visited by the Holy Spirit. To many, they may seem the language of temporal privations and anguish. In this light we shall presently consider them, although their reference to spiritual poverty, sickness and suffering, is the main view upon which we have been led to meditate. It is one of the peculiar and lovely attributes of the Bible, that it has for every state of feeling, utterances which act as safety-valves for the excitement of the soul. Thus the words that have absorbed our meditations this evening, have relieved thousands of broken spirits, who had no utterance of their own, powerful enough to throw off the weight of feeling.

Of what little moment are the gauds of life to those who are famishing for spiritual bread, and eating the ashes of despair, surrounded by the fountains of pleasure, while the waters of life flow swiftly away from them. In vain is it to boast of the possession of happiness, if God sanctifies it not. Is there a being so ignorant of human nature, as to suppose the prosperous always happy, the unfortunate utterly miserable? It has become a truism, that the reverse is often the case; yet there is a deeper view of the subject often overlooked by the heedless mind. To this I would gladly attract the attention of all, especially of the young. He who feels not to his heart's core, the mercy and love of his God, is in a state of privation. For this is the feast of the soul. There is no bliss equal to an entire knowledge and reception of the bliss shed on the soul by reciprocated love of God and man. Many wish to be good,

to be upright before God and man, and conscious of slipping in the straight path, cry out in the words of our motto, and bewail their spiritual famishing. It is not of these we are now thinking. It is of those who are conscious of their own purity of intention, and of an absence of that lively emotion of the soul, more clearly understood by the figurative language of the Bible, as a "walking with God." There are those surrounded by an agonizing combination of influences, who, in snatches, taste of this true bread of life, this heavenly manna—who shout with joy amid the flames, and, Phoenix-like, rise triumphant from the ashes. These, outwardly, come under our text—but inwardly, rise transfigured above it. These, too, when seduced by outward joys, know, to its fullest extent, the woe that cries loudly in those touching words. They know, by sad contrast, the bitterness of the ashes they taste, and of the gall mingled with their drink. After enjoying the blessed presence of God, how desolate the chambers of the soul from which he has departed. We knew of one, driven by cruelty from home and kindred, suffering the pangs of poverty and undeserved censure—taunted, scorned, misunderstood, and unappreciated, yet happy, with a joy lofty and pure. We have heard some express surprise that he did not sink under so great a burden of sorrows. Ah, they knew not of the rapture in that wounded bosom. When told of a calumny hurled against him, he said, "It would have moved me once, but now I have learned to value God's opinion alone, for by that I shall have to abide eternally." To many afflicted with worldly troubles, our text has a flattering unction, but not to the purified child of God. Many read these words as though written for themselves, and in the depths of affliction compare themselves with him who wrote them; not perceiving that of things spiritual the Psalmist sung—that he spake of the downfall of a soul once elevated by noble aspirations and pure motives—the most melancholy of all adverse changes. It is not strange that people should feel deeply the variations of fortune, that they should be indignant at aspersions cast upon their characters, and have a keen sense of wrong and injustice; but it is an evidence of our wandering state, that these circumstances are allowed to embitter our whole lives, and cast a gloom over the

fairest portions of our existence. If man would apply the text more frequently to his spiritual adversities, as connected with the approval of his God, he would soon be lifted up far above these events, so trifling when compared with the great concerns of immortality. When we look around upon his bountiful gifts, is it not the height of ingratitude to turn away unloving, to brood over the wrongs inflicted by his creatures? He who does this, knows not of the famishing unto death which leads to the fulness of life.

To the thinking being, how sad, how utterly mournful that insensate state of the heart, which arises from a falling off from heavenly things! God, in his great wisdom, oftentimes withdraws from his living temple, and the blackness of night gathers there. Then it is that the redeemed soul cries aloud in the language of our text. Surrounded by temptation, and the Saviour afar, it bows its head in the dust, and eats of the ashes of sorrow. Friends may desert, fortune pass away, and sickness torture, but he feels it not. Struggling through the darkness of the inner porch, he sees not the gloom overshadowing the outer. These are they who enter the kingdom "through great tribulation." That we may attain to their sorrow, should be our fervent prayer. This is the healthy state of the soul. It is diseased when it knows not of its own privations. Better that it should bewail thus, than lie inactive and passive.

Of those who view our motto in a temporal sense, the number is legion. There is much unavoidable sorrow. We feel deeply for those who seem all their lives to mingle tears with their drink. The good share largely in this allotment of sorrow, and it is sweet to give them our sympathy. Man is cruel to his kind. Jealousy defames; envy flings the malicious taunt; covetousness robs; licentiousness first suspects, then destroys. For these sufferers we sincerely feel. Heart answereth to heart as the sad wail goes upward. But we can hold out little hope of better days to them until they humbly use the language of our motto, in its spiritual sense—then shall we know that they have attained their birth-right—then will they have a sense of the Divine influence on the immortal soul. How much more potent, more lovely in its presence, and saddening in its absence, than all the combined influences of His created things!

## THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued.)

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been alone in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the Queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.



But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty. Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bed-chamber opened the door, and announced—"The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the Queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth, sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you doubtless—and your son: felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He——"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our whole council—nay, against all England!"

"Alas, alas!" said the Countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the Queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heart-broken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with both hands: very pale those hands were, and so also was her face, but every feature seemed locked with fierce resolution: she was calm and stern as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take up the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flou-

ishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered—"then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes—"Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not—"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex' death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the Great God of heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

## CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex' execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again, sweetly, as if nothing had happened. Alas, how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of

those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the baughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

• • • • •  
 "What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yeoman of the guard, as he arose, an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without, of explanation and entreaty, soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visitor, who paused by the entrance, and, taking the yeoman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech of her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you the Queen would arise from her couch, at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you, this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value liberty and life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in the deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to her death-bed. I *must* see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this, I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumber at this hour."

"The business *is* weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any *earthly* peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only the message by word of mouth?" said the yeoman, still hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large, square

missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend—hasten, I beseech you, and give it to the Queen. Heaven only knows what torment my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillowed upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparking with rings—"I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This work will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman, sharply. "Give it to the first Lady of the Bed-chamber—and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter, it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady about the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count any thing with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turn-

ing to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for *my* sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before *her* without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yeoman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I could find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foppish airs, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and, grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"You trifle with a message from the dying," he said, sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any farther excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more

infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy-chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labor that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity, he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, *will* have speech with the Queen—that this letter *must* be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet, if the poor Countess is in such strait—if she is in

truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying! The Countess of Nottingham—who told me that the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor. "Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick! No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who wakes in the ante-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger!"

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summon the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and



black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard: no word was spoken, save when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone:" and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright, and majestic.

"It is the Queen!" cried the dying countess, lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen—and I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham, you have sent for the Queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman," she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring!"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath—and a wild, fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath: her lips grew livid—her eyes burned as with fire—and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath: "*Woman! God may forgive you, but I never will!*"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death-throes, cowered down and groveled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman, and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unqueenly act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrilege to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over that death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace-grounds, and leaped heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring, a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks, she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

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### LILIUM CANDIDUM—WHITE LILY.

See Flower Plate.

GEN. CHAR.: Perianth campanulate, segments mostly recurved—each with a longitudinal groove within, from the middle to the base—stamens shorter than the style—capsule subtriangular—the valves connected with latticed hairs. Stems, leafy and bulbous. Leaves sessile, alternate or verticillate. Flowers terminal.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Candidum*, or *White Lily*. Leaves scattered, lanceolate, narrowed at the base—flowers campanulate, smooth inside. The stem is about four feet in height, supporting a raceme of flowers, very large, fragrant, and of exquisite whiteness.

This splendid flower is a native of the Levant, and blossoms in July. It has long disputed with the rose the sovereignty of the floral tribes, and as the emblem of purity, is certainly entitled to the very highest rank among its beautiful sister flowers.

## SYBIL'S CAVE—HOBOKEN.

See Engraving.

This far-famed scene, so well known to all pleasure-loving New Yorkers, has been admirably transferred to the page before us, by the skilful burin of the engraver. The whole view, from Sybil's Cave to Weehawken Mountains, stands out before the eye, in all its picturesque beauty. In the foreground of the plate is the Cave, a place carved out of the rock, and bored for water, which is sold, in large quantities, at a penny a glass, by the lessee of this inviting grotto, as he stands, "bucket in one hand, and tin-dipper in the other, watching, with a calculating eye, the adventurous pennies, and the dewy, cool tumblers." This little nook seems consecrated to quietness and peace; and yet it has been the scene of violence and murder. For, directly opposite, were found the remains of Mary Rogers, the well known "cigar girl," whose melancholy fate created so great a sensation in this city, a few years since.

Hoboken, as our plate indicates, is situated on the banks of the Hudson, opposite New York; and is one of the most beautiful spots in New Jersey. It is the favorite resort of our citizens, as a place of rural amusement. Its crags and valleys, its graveled walks, canopied with overhanging boughs and branches—its swings, flying-horses and whirligigs—its quiet groves, where the pale dyspeptic may invigorate his feeble muscles, if he will—its magnesia and sulphur rocks, dripping healing waters from every pore; and, lastly, its Elysian Fields, where amusements of every description may be found, suited to the various tastes of the thousands, of all ages, who throng these exchanted grounds;—all these attractions constitute Hoboken the most popular, as it certainly is the most beautiful, of our suburban retreats.

We may add to our brief sketch of this delightful spot, that, in days gone by—and, we hope, gone by for ever—it has been the scene of innumerable duels. It is the ground on which Hamilton fell, by the hand of Aaron Burr, and where Price was killed by a British officer. Did our limits permit, we should be glad to give our readers a full chapter of historic and traditionary events connected with Hoboken. Almost every feature of this romantic place is allied to associations and reminiscences, which must ever render them objects of interest to all, and especially to the descendants of the early settlers of this island.



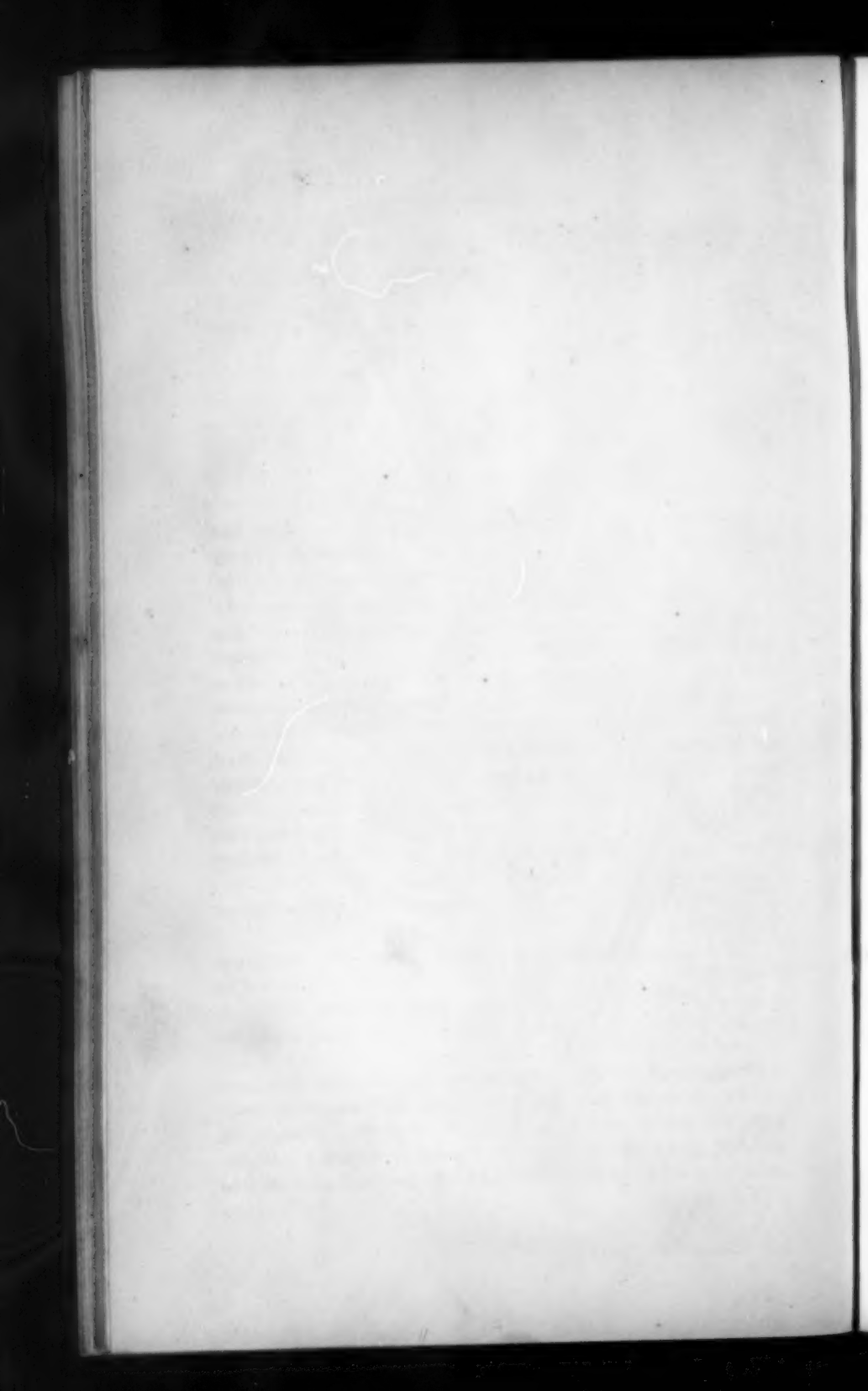


18

THE CITY OF BOSTON



*Hyacinth.*





ORIGINAL.

## SOUGHT AND FOUND.

A STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY E. C. MERRIGATE.

### CHAP. I.—THE PRISONER.

Down seven stone steps, crowned with an iron door, the heavy, sullen footsteps of two men, step by step, with a clank of iron between them, were heard. Dear daylight shed its last sweet beam on that iron door, and for ten long years the last it could bestow on one of those who walked there. But not the sunlight parting sadly with him at that door—for it grew faint to death there—nor the cold cheer of windowless granite, the dull light of the lantern, nor the savage face (more savage in that light) of his conductor, sent any thrill to the young felon's heart, or touched it with one new emotion. Red wrath was in his scornful face, wrath in his proud heart, wrath in his impatient gestures, and on his blasphemous tongue.

"Growl, young tiger! we'll give you a nest of granite, and a steel collar, and a bed, where your tongue may tire before it gets an answer!"

A gnash of his teeth was the young man's only answer to the mocking of his grim guardian.

"He—he—cub! snarl and gibber! I owe you a little, top o' the law's account; and now y're here, see if I don't quit the score!" and the brutal keeper gave the gyves a wrench on the wrist of his prisoner, that made him gnash again for very pain.

Clank, clank, tramp, tramp, along a low, narrow, dark passage, flanked on either hand by narrow cells with grated openings into this dismal hall, the train proceeded. Dimly, the haggard faces of old criminals showed through the gratings, some with eager looks, half-hopeful, till the clank of irons told

them that the unwonted light came to lead another victim into, not out of, that foul place; and some, with unquenched hate still glaring in their eyes. Long, shrivelled arms, thrust through the bars, now writhed with scornful gestures, now stretched supplicatingly to the passers; and a low chuckle of delight, out of the dark that showed no form or feature, came from one cell as the clank of chains went by—a fiendish triumph from the “Murderer’s Grave,” a cell devoted to the last hours of the condemned—for there a lost wretch greeted thus each newer victim as he passed. At the end of this black passage a huge door, whose great bolts sunk in triple beds on the four sides that bounded it, glided back and let them pass; and here, as the gate fell to with a sullen clang, the keeper paused.

Looking into a cell on his right, to which a current of fresh air, and a little imprisoned light came from a deep window, high up out of reach, the jailor shook his head, muttering to himself—“No, no, that’s too extravagant; a winder’s too nice; he shall go farther.”

A few steps more brought them to a dungeon, where no kind beam had ever found its way, and no sweet breath could come; a low, cold cell, with a grated opening twice as deep as it was broad, where food could only be taken piecemeal through the bars; the very turnkey set not his foot there in his rounds. The cell had been long vacant, and would have remained so now, but for the spite of the official monarch of this cheerless realm; for by a little resistance to the chain that was being fastened on his hands, the prisoner gained that dark ruler’s displeasure, which was vented by thrusting him into this den of night. Mockingly the turnkey thrust the young man in, and before loosing the fetters from his prisoner’s limbs, he raised the lantern to his face with a black grin, as if it were a joy to gloat over a fellow-being’s misery. But he saw something there in the sudden calmness of stern and horrible purpose, that made his own dark features ghastly. A rattle of the chain as it fell from his hand, told of his terror; another, as it arose with the two arms of the desperate youth, and fell with a crash upon the coward’s shoulder, told what cause he had to fear!

The blow fell not on his brain, only because he shrunk from it; and before the shackled prisoner could lift his irons for another, the wretch was past his reach: the door was thrown between them, and the courageous officer of the state fired a pistol-shot at random through the grating, and fled, careless of what might have been the result, and determined to tame by starvation the spirit he provoked by brutality. The shot had no effect but to fill with stifling sulphur the narrow cell, and to wring an oath with a cry of regret that his body had not been in its path, from the frantic prisoner.

He sunk where he stood, for in the darkness nothing was discernible; and, clenching his fetters with his hands, he cursed aloud, and howled till his voice grew weak; then he dropped his head upon his knees, and muttered to himself. One near him could have heard such words as these:

"Ten years! O God! ten years of darkness and stone and iron! Ten years **HERE!** Forgery! The curse of the withered and heart-scalded, light on the wretch who first invented traffic! and doubly hot on him who made words stand for things, and an ink-blot a horrible significance! Forgery!—they lie! I only wrote the name of my employer, as I had done a hundred times before; and only that I wrote it on my own account, and not his, I must take this!"

His chains rattled with his anger. "It is much," he continued, "that I should counterfeit a petty scrawl, a thing of their invention who use it; but the lying wretch whose whole life is a counterfeit of honor and truth, and God's hand-writing, law—fit tool for such sanctioned forgers—has no terrors for him! To counterfeit a smile and the warm pressure of friendship, when the whole heart is black and icy cold, is the daily lie of cursed society, and neither God's justice nor man's revenge has any retribution. Bonds of dues owed from man to man are sacred, and surrounded with terrors; but the hypocrite's prayer and the sycophant's smile, and all the forms and seemings which are bonds on human hearts, may pass current as the winds, and none may say them nay."

Ah, wretched youth, hush! those stones there in the black night, *may* have ears, and thou hast mingled with thy evil words enough of truth, bitter and bitterly said for wrath's sake,

to have doomed thee once to a darker fate than thine, though thou hadst been white from all offence, and only inspired by honest good-will and integrity.

"Well," said the forlorn youth, "let the cursed world triumph! I did forge a name, but the base fawning of humility, the craven bow of servile obedience to law or custom, I will not forge or pass. Nay, curse on the law and the law's minions—I can bear! Curse the day that laughs over me—it cannot come here to laugh! Curse man, and beast, and the free air, and all that would mock me, but, for my dungeon fortress, cannot! Curse the friends who ruined me—the grave fools who would have saved—the beggary that made me seek wealth—and the fortune that cursed me with its poison influence! Nay, curse all that is—myself, and all that knew me—the father who begat me—and the moth——"

A hot hand smiting on his very brain and heart struck dumb the wretch, before his lips could fashion the horrible imprecation. A dew-drop, sweated from his cold cell, struck on his cheek with a rebuke that it should be dry at the memory of his mother, and a pale blue light, a dim phosphorescence from the damp filth of his unused cell, fluttered before him, as if to hint to the guilty youth how closely he treads upon the brink of hell, who, in whatever place he may be, dares to curse his mother. The youth fell mute upon his dungeon floor, and a tender voice—the farewell voice of his mother—seemed to sound in his ears as it had sounded when he left their poor home for the great city:

"And now, Willie, my boy, shun wicked company; and if evil suggestions come, remember your poor old mother. God bless you, Willie! Good bye!"

He saw her lift her spectacles to wipe off a tear from her old eyes, as she turned back to her wheel, while he, full of young hope and promise, went forth into the world, and——

#### CHAP. II.—THE SEARCH.

A woman, leaning on a staff, and covered with a tattered cloak—an old, gray, withered woman—old in years, and very old in heart—rapped at the keeper's door in the —— Street

Prison, in the "City of Brotherly Love." A gruff voice bade her in, but the old palsied hand only knocked again when it strove to lift the latch.

"Why can't you come in, and not stand there fumbling and mumbling?"

At last the latch rose, and the poor woman, not unused to such rude greeting, came forward. The jailor, half abashed, muttered something about, "Didn't know 'twas a woman—men bother me—too much company,"—offering at once a wound and apology in his morose way.

"Don't mind me, sir," said the poor woman; "I'm a poor old creature, that has looked in a'most all the dark places that man has made for his brother, sir—a looking for my poor boy, God bless him! Can you tell me, sir, for the love of God and pity of a poor creature like me, if my boy is in this prison?"

"Is the creature a fool or mad?" muttered the man of office. Kicking a chair toward the woman as he spoke, he growled, from habit rather than a will to growl, "There's boys enough here, marm—how should I know?"

"To be sure, dear me, you shouldn't know my poor Willie, and it's likely he's changed. But, could you tell me if there's a lad here named William Biron—or rather, he was a lad ten years ago—brave one-and-twenty—when he left me; and since, I hear he was put into prison somewhere; but he must have changed his name, poor boy, as he did his nature."

The prison-keeper run his eye over a list of commitments, till he heard the last words of the bewildered woman.

"Why, bless you, did you come here to bother me? If you don't know where your boy is—who appears to be a bit of an 'old boy,'—how should you know any thing about it, or I other?"

The penal functionary meant no offence, "but his jocose nature," as he sometimes expressed himself, "would take to fun, just to relieve his office of the *humans*,"—a rare term to be had for a rarer feeling of sympathy. The weak and wasted old woman dropped into a chair from exhaustion and misery, and, with a look of sincere deprecation, which neither her faltering nor his rudeness demanded, she said:

"I beg your pardon, sir: God knows I would never come but for the love of my poor boy."

"But what do you know about him?" asked the jailor, in a subdued tone.

"Ten years ago, sir, he was as good a lad as ever a mother need look at—the sole help of his old mother—for I was old then, sir; and it is misery, more than years, that makes me so much older now. If there was any fault, sir, it was that he felt too sharply the bite of poverty, and the scorn which it will sometimes meet, unjustly; and I fear that was his hurt."

"And he's in prison, eh?"

"Yes, sir, to the shame of my old gray hairs; but I'll tell you what I know, though it breaks my poor heart. Ten years ago I sent him to the city, to try his luck in business; and who he served I can't tell, for he never wrote the name to me nor the business; the dear child was waiting to surprise me. But at last I heard no more from him, and thought he must have died. Searching all the papers I could find, I tried to get a word of him, though it were a bad word. I sold the dear boy's clothes, and advertised him, only I saved the little 'slip' he had when he was a baby. I couldn't bear to part with all, and that was full of dear memories."

And for a moment the grief that made her garrulous, melted to tears, and made her dumb. The jailor was silent, and looked sour, which was a sign that he was touched.

"For all the little I could do, I could get no trace of him," continued the wretched mother, "till once somebody sent me a paper with a passage marked in the dying speech of a murderer, who was hanged in New Orleans—I have it yet. O dear! it's all the trace of my dear Willie I have found!"

She drew from her pocket a little folded bit of leather, worn and tear-stained; and opening it, a fragment of a newspaper was shown, pasted on the inside. "Here, sir, I have carried it long, and the tears I shed have dimmed it some, and my eyes too."

From the dying speech of the murderer, the jailor spelled out, stammeringly, these words: "And if my words can ever reach him, let them warn the last of my young companions in crime, before it is too late—the bright Will Biron—I have

reached the last step; *he* has reached only the felon's dungeon. When he shall again see the light, I shall have been ten years in —"

The rest was obliterated.

"Ah!" groaned the poor mother, "that was my boy—my poor Willie—and eight of these ten terrible years have I spent in hunting from prison to prison for him. Now tell me, for the love of God, if he is here!"

"I guess not, marm; I don't see no such name in the pile."

He mumbled over, half to himself, a list of names before him. "John Jones, June 7th—five years, for barn-burning; James Smith, *alias* Simpson, July 1st—two years for house-breaking;" and on through the year all the commitments of the eighth year from the date of his present speaking.

No Willie Biron there, though the mother listened with so much anxiety and desire, to catch his name in that dark list, as once she would to have heard his better fame. Bending forward to take every muttered tone in her failing ears, the absence of the one she sought fell on her heart like a want. She begged the keeper to let her go through the prison.

"It may be he has changed his name, and will know the voice of his poor old mother."

The man could not refuse, rough-hearted as he was; so growling out an ungracious assent, he lighted his lantern, thrust it into his pocket, and taking a huge bunch of keys from an iron safe, proceeded to lead the way. The aged mother noticed her grim companion no longer; her old eyes glistened, her step was not now so faltering, as she followed on with hope in her worn heart, though often so sorely disappointed.

"O Willie!" she cried, as she entered among the cells, "will you hear the voice of your poor mother, and speak to me if you are here? You needn't shame to be known now. The world may say what it will of you, but your mother loves you. Willie Biron! my poor boy, are you here?" So from cell to cell she went, calling with tremulous voice. Old men wept to hear her, and young men hid their heads to think of their own mothers, forsaken and left to shame and sorrow. But no answer came to give her heart its long and sole desire. Through all the passes of the prison she went, all that the



light of day could visit; and now the iron door of the great dungeon lets them in.

She shuddered as the clanging door fell back, to think it possible to find her darling there. The lantern was drawn up from its hiding-place, and raised to the grates, as each prisoner was called forward to receive the scrutiny of those tear-wet but searching eyes.

"O Willie—Willie Biron—my boy, my dear boy—are you here in this dark place? If you hear me, Willie, it's your poor old mother that speaks, and you'll answer me for the memory of the time when you were a little child. O Willie Biron, are you here? Speak, for the love of your old mother who loves you, whatsoever you have done! Let me see you once more! O God, let me see him once before I die!"

She turned, from disappointment after disappointment, her wrinkled face to heaven, and supplicated God to help her. The hard, rough keeper, stood fixed with wonder, and a touch of the human seemed to vibrate in his bosom, for he stood sullenly still and scowled, without fixing his eyes anywhere or moving them—sure mark that such a nature has been humanly stirred. He suffered the lantern to be taken from his hand, by the poor mother whose strange words thrilled the darkest lairs of crime, and started tears where they would never flow but in the dark. Not a doomed felon in that blackest cave of penalty that mocked her, and alas! not one that answered to her darling's name!

Another blank in the long annals of her awful search; and the poor mother, struck by another blow, went farther into the open air, to wander—whither?

#### CHAP. III.—SEARCHING ENDED.

Down seven stone steps, topped by that iron door which more than eight years ago received a form it had not let pass out, two persons trod; the one, a kind, good-hearted man, who had superseded the cruel keeper of former times in his office; the other, an aged woman leaning on his arm.

"The man you seek, perhaps, is this way," said the attentive guide.



"God bless you, sir. I shall be happy if it proves so, for I came to this very door near seven years ago, and the man who could not have done less to a robber, wouldn't let me in, and many and many a mile have I walked, by the help of kind charity, only to come back to this place again, and now I am just ready to die, if my hope fails here."

The prisoners, attracted by the light, came forward to their windows, and even among the deepest sunk in crime, there shone some human meaning in the glances they bestowed upon their keeper, for he had sought by kindness, to undo the wrongs which hate, the world's scorn, and their own dark passions had done to them.

"Far ahead is a prisoner. I could wish, if you must find your son here, he were the one. When I came here, there was in the foulest dungeon of the prison, a hard, sour man, bitterly taunting every one to whom he was allowed to speak. The former keeper had abused him beyond the measure of his common abuse, and a proud spirit that would not break, only turned from vain revenge to sullen hate. I went into his cell to take off the chains, which had been left, without warrant, on his limbs; and though I spoke with kindness, he trusted me not, but struck me with the manacle from which I had freed him, a very cruel blow. I told him I should not use my privilege, to whip and chain and starve him for it, only what the law demanded should I inflict, and for all private wrongs, he had my free forgiveness. He was silent and savage, and for all my notice remained so for days. At last I wrung a reply from him. I asked him to be a man, for he was yet to go among men—

"A butt for their vile mirth," he answered bitterly. The ice was broken, and I continued—"But conquer your stained name, and win a good one by a strict life which can be yours through a trust in God—

"In whose just providence," he said, "huge crime walks unrebuked, while little sins are avenged ten-fold."

"I appealed to every memory, hope, or aspiration that I believed yet lurked, or ever lived in his bosom. They only awoke new tokens of despair, and utter hardness, but at last a thought came to me, and I said, 'Young friend, God keep me

and you, as I pity you; but I shudder to think that your fate is not the worst your act may have produced. It may be you have a mother, whose trembling frame hangs over the grave, heavy with agony for a loved son in prison and shame."

"God reward you that you said it, whoever he was," said the poor mother, who, beguiled by her interest in the prisoner, had been led into a vacant cell to hear the story, unconscious of the pause, though eager to test her last hope.

The jailer continued: "The poor youth lifted his pale hands, and smote his breast, exclaiming—

"O forbear, forbear;—my mother, O my mother!" and I turned me from the sight of his tears to hide my own. That day he consented to let me move him to a better cell, where a little sunlight, a little fresh air, and the waving of green grass about the dungeon window, might be some solace to imprisonment. Since then he has been a growing and generous spirit, contrite and humble, yet not meanly crouching. Ceasing to accuse mankind, or himself bitterly, he waits in patience for the time of his release. He never told his name. It is not that you ask for, on the files of the court. But a few steps now," he said, for they had resumed their walk, "will bring you to his cell."

The great door yielded, as its four-fold, triple bolts fell back. A little stream of light poured across their path from a cell within. The great door closed again with a jar, the cell was opened, and the dimmed eyes of the grief-bowed, and age-bent woman, fell upon a pale, sad-faced young man of about thirty, who lifted his eyes with a faint smile, as the keeper of the prison entered, but turned with an instant's glance of inquiring wonder, on the changed form before him. It was but for an instant. The mother spoke.

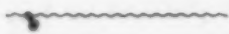
"Willie, my boy, is it you?"

"My mother!"

The jailer retreated, leaving mother and son locked in each other's arms. Ask not of me how passed the next half hour in that lone cell, how memory flooded all the past with tears, how the long heaviness of eight distressful years of pilgrimage rolled in a moment from that mother's heart, and left no thought there of the erring, and the lost, but only one deep,

glowing, overwhelming sense of gratitude and joy in the penitent found, the darling of that poor old heart, so long awestruck, now so blest!

That half hour passed, and left no cloud between them, and long and short as it was—long in the passing, and short when it had passed—it sufficed the jailer to do some business in; for when he came back, he brought the Governor in person to the cell, with a full pardon in his hand, if he should find the prisoner worthy; and before another half hour passed, Willie Biron and his blessed mother were on their way to their old home again, where the kind charities of the good had given her the means to retreat, and see her son a prosperous farmer in the neighborhood, before she closed her satisfied eyes in death.



## DEATH ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE KÖRNER.

My wounds burn sore,—my pale lips slowly heave,—  
My heart's faint beating tells my time to live  
Is short—death comes—but yet I must not grieve.  
Lord, as thou wilt!—to thee I yield my soul!  
The visions of delight that o'er me roll,  
And the sweet song, that charmed my dreaming sense,  
Came from the angels, who, to guide me hence,  
Are come. Courage! Why should my courage die?  
The love that in my heart has burned through life,  
Shall not desert me in this fearful strife—  
I die in struggling for my *Liberty*!  
I see a seraph stand!—she points my way!  
And as my senses slowly thus decay,  
Her soft breath wafts me to eternal day.

ORIGINAL.

## THE TRIUMPH.

2 Chron. 28: 6-15.

BY MRS. S. H. B. SMITH.

THE victorious host swept proudly on, yet encumbered with their heavy spoils—and the harvest-moon smiled a second time upon Samaria's hills, ere they approached the capitol, where, to greet their triumphal entry, the pomps and pageants awaited them, which bespeak a nation's gratitude.

Fond, heart-warm glances were bent upon those smiling hamlets, as the soft perfumed air bore to the returning wanderers the breath of their own vineyards, luxuriantly sleeping upon each purple hill-side. Impatient eyes wandered eagerly, and often, towards those bleating flocks, those camels heavy laden with a nation's wealth—for, from its lowliest cottage, to its proudest palace, Judea had been utterly despoiled of both treasure and ornament. Many a heart gloated in silence over the uncounted gold, which should yet ransom some princely captive. And if, at times, a half-stifled moan from the weeping train thrilled the conqueror's bosom with momentary remorse, it was quickly silenced by the thought, that they were rightfully their own—bought, yes, dearly bought, with the priceless blood of brother or kinsman.

But clarion and trumpet announce the approach of the princes of Israel, to give fitting and reverent welcome to their youthful monarch, returning, at the head of his veterans, from his first hard won battle field. And from the wide open gates, Samaria's proud dames and beautiful daughters strew the victor's path with roses—such as open their brilliant blossoms, and breathe their matchless fragrance, only under the light of Syrian skies.

What lowly form, in pilgrim weeds, stays the glittering pageant, as he steps, unbidden, in the forefront of the princely array? The moon-beams falling on his high pale brow, and

thin white hair, reveal the face of Oded, the holy prophet of the Lord. Surely he comes to bless his country's champions. Why, then, fades the flush of victory from the brow of valor, as it meets the stern glance of his reproachful eye? And he speaks not of the courage, which has freely perilled life, to promote their country's glory—but of the unatoned blood of an hundred and twenty thousand of their offending brethren, who sleep their last sleep beside their own desolated hearthstones and vineyards. Not of the proud spoils they bring to enrich their native land—but of the rapacity, which has left a desert, where but yesterday, they found a land fruitful, and pleasant as the garden of God. Not of the wrongs, which had provoked their anger—but of vengeance, taken upon a discomfited foe, with a rage reaching to heaven. And sternly does he bid them, as they would avert Jehovah's wrath, to restore both captive and spoil to the vanquished foe. How brooks Pekah, the proud son of Remaliah, to have the fresh won laurels of victory thus rudely torn from his kingly diadem, by the hand of a subject? How listen the sage princes of Israel, her grave counsellors, to the uncompromising demand, thus to relinquish the only indemnity they might claim for an exhausted treasury and a depopulated territory? Will the armed warrior quietly surrender the prize gained at the expense of wounds still smarting, of maimed limbs, and of his own, or kindred blood? Let the city of palm trees answer—where the generous conquerors shared the warm welcome which greeted those who had been mourned with a grief more bitter than the tomb can claim.

O, Jericho! fairest of fair Judea's cities—smiled ever the sun, in his wide circuit round this world of ours, upon aught so heavenly, as when, beneath thy groves of palm, the captor and captive clasped, in parting salutation, the hand of friendship—and forgiving and forgiven, blessing and blessed—the twice ennobled conquerors returned to their native land, rich in the pure and lofty sentiments of hearts elevated and refined by the performance of an act, whose generous magnanimity finds in history's long annals no parallel.

ORIGINAL.

## HARRIET.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

THERE is music in thy name,  
And it falls upon my ear,  
Like a lute-note soft and clear—  
Is it strange I love it so,  
And with joy repeat it?—No—  
Wife and daughter bear the same.

It is linked with memories  
Ever-during, sweet and holy—  
Some, alas! of melancholy—  
For to *one* that name was given  
Who was early called to Heaven—  
Joy is in her lustrous eyes!

Joy is hers for evermore—  
In her large and lustrous eyes  
Lives the light of Paradise!  
Safe is she and blessed—yet  
Still her absence we regret—  
Selfish still—*our* loss deplore.

HARRIET!—'tis the name I love—  
Something more than music dwells  
In its pleasant syllables—  
Something linked with all of best  
That hath e'er my being blest—  
Linked with hopes that soar above.

Hence, to hear it am I fain—  
'Tis a word of blessedness  
Which my eager lips caress;  
And a gush of joy, that thrills  
Like the sense of conquered ills,  
Permeates my heart and brain.

So for thy sake, and for *theirs*—  
Wife and child—whose lives entwine  
In sweet harmony with mine—  
Do I speak thy name with blessings,  
And with purest soul-caressings,  
And with spirit-uttered prayers.

ORIGINAL.

## THE SETTING SUN.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

AT the close of a beautiful spring day, Selmar walked out over the fields with his youngest son Gotthold, a boy of ten years of age. Their path led them by the church-yard. And the boy drew close to his father, and said, "Father, let us visit my dear mother's grave." They went thither, and hung fresh wreaths of forget-me-nots and ever-greens upon the tomb-stone of the departed. Suddenly the boy exclaimed, "Father, look yonder in the west; how clear and beautiful the sun is setting!"

"And does it not seem to you," said his father, "as if he smiled kindly upon us, as if he would bid us farewell!" And a tear stood in the father's eye as he spoke these words.

"Why do you weep, father?" asked Gotthold.

And Selmar replied—"I was thinking of your early deceased mother; like the sun, she also labored quietly and silently in her sphere, and when she had finished her course, her face was cheerful, and she smiled once more upon us."

These words touched the boy's soft heart; he clasped his father's hand, and said with a trembling voice, "But, father, why was it that mother was forced to leave us so soon?"

And the father replied—"Would you ask why the sun now sets? He has finished his day's course, he has imparted light and warmth to a whole world. He who prescribed to the sun his path, prescribed one also to your mother and to us all. And if we have done good upon the earth, like the sun we shall end our course in joy. And in the morning, when you behold that bright orb appear again, think then, my son! thus joyfully and happily will your mother rise again, and all the just with her."

And the boy heeded the consoling lesson, and as often as he beheld the sun rise and set, he thought of his mother's silent course, and of her resurrection to a new day.

ORIGINAL.

## LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENT E. BABB.

It was Philip Truman's first evening at home. A cheerful blaze was on the hearth, a smile of happiness upon his bride's sweet face. The choice of his heart from boyhood, beautiful, and gay, and devoted to him, and all his own at last, what wonder that his heart thrilled with a deep and proud affection—that she seemed an angel in his sight, and the spot which was consecrated by her presence, a very paradise.

In a world so full of selfishness and of ceremony—much of whose intercourse is so formal, and many of whose professions are so false—it is delightful to behold a scene like this, where the heart's natural affections gush freely forth. We may say, indeed, that here is no assurance of abiding joy, and Experience may come with his tear-blotted record, and shake his head, and mutter, "Ah! it is always so, but—wait. What though the dawn be rosy, the day may be dark." And strange forebodings may and often do intrude into human hearts, when they seem overflowing with happiness. Have we learned too well that disappointment is the common lot? or is there a void within which nothing below the stars can fill? Or does the future fling back a warning shadow on the present? Or how shall we explain the fact, that that wedded pair, as they sat for the first time by their own fireside, became silent and sad? They did not doubt each other, they knew no cause for fear, and yet they seemed to be but in a dream, from which, with all its rapture, they must soon awake, and could not know how soon.

There was light around them—the light of love—and yet upon its sunny sky this cloud of apprehension would often gather most mysteriously.

Our stars denote an interval of ten years. The scene is now a dark and dismal night upon the far frontier. The fierce



north wind is raging around a rude and lonely cabin there. Its stout logs will not yield, but the inmates crouch and crowd together, and shiver with cold and fear, as the blast rushes through the crannies, and tears at the frail bark roof. This is Philip and Mary Truman's home. They are exiles from the luxuries and comforts of their first abode. But though many clouds have lowered above, none yet have come between them. Time, since their wedding-day, has written much upon their faces and their hearts, and yet they to each other beam as brightly and beat as truly as at first. Three children cling around them, as they sit together on that bitter night. They look pale and sickly, for the fever of the West has fed on their young blood during the autumn months, and now they cannot bear the cold. There is a sense of pain—an aching numbness in every joint, and weak and suffering they lay their hot heads in their mother's lap and mourn most piteously. And then did Philip Truman press his hands upon his throbbing brow, and bend down in a trance of deep and dreadful thought. His life seemed dark—too dark to be endured, but he caught one gleam of light. It was flickering and lurid—but, it was light.

Brown, Truman & Jones, had been prosperous merchants in an eastern city for several years. Some trifling losses, such as are incident to every large business, had occurred, but nothing calculated to awaken any serious apprehension, when, one evening, the senior member of the firm, who presided in the counting-room, and was the financier, summoned his partners to his desk, after the store was closed, and startled them with the intelligence that they were bankrupt. He had the balance-sheet before him, said he was himself horrified by the result, but that it must be so, the figures could not lie. They examined the paper, conned it over item by item, compared it with the books and vouchers, tested the extensions and the footings, but all to no purpose. There it stood, "Deficit to balance, \$——." What could they do? Their paper was maturing, their resources were exhausted. His partners proposed an immediate assignment, as delay would but involve them deeper, and though Truman felt dissatisfied—an undefined suspicion, what could he do but yield?

Among other items of news next morning, it was announced that Brown, Truman & Jones, had failed. Those who held their paper hurried at once to see what dividend they would pay, and the rest of the world merely said, "Is it possible?" and then forgot all about them.

Philip Truman went home with a heavy heart; and but for the noble self-forgetfulness and courage of his wife, he would have sunk beneath the blow. All his efforts to unravel the mystery of his ruin were unavailing, and he gathered together the wreck of his means, and went to meet poverty and toil and sickness in the west. He had been there but a few months, when he saw, in an eastern paper, the following advertisement: "Brown & Jones, at the old store of Brown, Truman & Jones, importers, dealers, &c." This awakened strange thoughts, and evil thoughts; but he conquered them, and struggled patiently along his hard, dark way, until the evening we have described above: and then the anguish of his babes aroused those thoughts again to rage like furies in his heart.

Winter had now set in, binding land and water in its icy arms. The family of Philip Truman were wholly unprepared to meet it. Sickness and poverty had prevented their making any preparation. During the summer and autumn, each day's recurring wants had taxed to the utmost their enfeebled energies. And when the snow-storm burst upon them, and almost buried them in the wilderness, they were destitute of every thing necessary for the season. Luxuries they had nerved themselves to forego, but to be without the homeliest comforts—those coarse protectors from the rudeness of the weather, which even the humblest have, this they had not expected. That gentle wife and those pale babes, nursed in affluence, and now exposed to cold and hunger, how could he bear it?

Early next morning he arose, and told his wife that he would go to C—, and try to get some of the things they needed, that he could not stay there and see them suffer so. She knew that he had no money, but with a wife's fond confidence she was sure that he could not fail, even in a city of strangers. And yet she watched him long and anxiously, as he fought his way through the drifting storm. He returned

next day. He had succeeded, and plenty and joy were in that rude and lonely dwelling. But Philip Truman seemed more wretched than before. There was a restlessness, a wildness in his eye. He was startled by the slightest sound; and whenever any one was seen upon the unfrequented road, he would tremble and turn pale. He seemed pained when his wife remarked his altered looks. He even shunned her and the sweet prattle of his babes, and spent much of his time alone in the forest, or sitting by the evening fire with his face buried in his hands. At length she knelt before him, and told him with tears that she could not bear to see him thus the prey of uncommunicated sorrow. She urged him to let her share his grief, as she had always shared his joys. She told him that they now had all she could desire, and would be very happy, if they could only see him smile. He answered bitterly, "Don't urge me, Mary, never—I can never smile again."

"But why, dear husband? We are poor, indeed; but while our hearts are true, what cause have we for grief or fear? We have in each other and our babes a world worth more than the tinsel one we lost, when wealth forsook us."

"Cease—cease, I pray you! 'tis bad enough to know, too bad to tell: your questions only make me worse." And he bent his haggard face upon his hands again, and would say no more.

Disease soon seized upon him, and he seemed pleased at its approach. He refused all medicine, spurned the warnings and the gentle nursing of his wife, and marked with joy its ravages upon his frame. And now began the darkness to gather most heavily around that home, and now began that wife, whom love thus far had kept from sinking in the deep waters of affliction, to learn "the reed on which she leant." She looked into the tomb, upon whose verge her husband seemed to lie, and asked herself, where is my hope, my confidence, when he is dust? She thought of her Heavenly Father, neglected alike in her prosperity and in her sorrow. She thought of the legacy of his dying Son—that Bible which had laid so long unopened. She thought of the high and holy privilege of communion with Him, which he offered to all,

and especially to the poor and the afflicted—and her heart melted into penitence and humble love. She bowed her bruised spirit at the foot of the Redeemer's cross, and he bound it up with peace. And then she sat down by her husband's bed, and tried, by the sweet teachings of the Book of Life, to soothe his anguish and despair. He soon saw that she was changed. Her love, which had ever been so gentle and unselfish, seemed to have acquired a new element of sweetness and of fascination. He learned its source, and also learned at length to drink himself from the same pure fountain. And then it was that he told her of the weight which was crushing his heart. He narrated his suspicions at the time of the assignment, their apparent confirmation in the new partnership formed so soon after the bankruptcy, and how the tempter had, by his wants and this suspicion, lured him to dishonesty. He had, when at C——, forged the acceptance of Brown and Jones, and got it discounted to buy those things which he had brought home. He added, "I have not hoped or wished to live since I did the deed. My only fear has been that I might not die before it was found out, and that being arrested as a felon, I might bring grief and disgrace upon my wife and babes. I have thought, that after I was in my grave, no one would harm the widow and the orphans; that my partners would not expose the crime, when it could only disgrace my name and pain my friends. So have I reasoned, madly, wickedly! and God has punished me with sickness and impending death. May He, for Jesus' sake, yet pardon me, and be, when I am gone, a husband to you, and a "father to the fatherless."

Seth A. Brown, senior partner in the house of Brown & Jones, stood at his desk one blustering winter morning. His journal was before him, his pen in his hand, but he wrote not. Memory had seized that hour to bring before him some scenes of his past life, which he loved not to recall. His selfish heart was softened by the retrospect, and he muttered, "Poor Phil! I wonder what has become of him!" A clerk entered and handed him a paper. "What! draft for \$300, by ——, on Brown & Jones, and *accepted*! Humph! Never heard of it, sir, or even of the drawer. Where did it come from?"

"From the West, sir, from C——."

"Well, send it back, for it's a wicked forgery! But stay a moment;" and he gazed intently on the paper. "From the west—he went west. It's amazingly like his hand. Poor fellow! want may have driven him desperate. I'll see to it." And then added aloud, "Perhaps, sir, I am mistaken, and it is right after all. Here is our check for the amount."

Hard hearts will have hours of strange melting—moments of impulsive sympathy and benevolence. Perhaps Seth A. Brown felt for Philip Truman's wrongs and woes; perhaps he dreaded a legal sifting of his relations with that gentleman. Be this as it may, he wrote a letter, placed two inclosures in it, and sealed and directed it to "Mr. Philip Truman, near C——." He then took a second sheet, and wrote as follows:—

"*Dear Sir,*—On receipt of this, you will please make diligent inquiry for Mr. Philip Truman, to whom the inclosed letter is addressed. Learn if it was he who presented a draft, bearing date December 1st, 1828, drawn by ——, and accepted by Brown & Jones, to Messrs. Clark, Combs & Co., of your city; and if so, you will forward the within letter to him by some trusty hand, being particularly careful to avoid giving him any clue to the source from whence it came.

Yours truly,

SETH A. BROWN."

We return to the scene where we left Philip Truman. His narrative was scarcely closed, when the tramp of a horse is heard. A sound so unusual there, and so connected with the apprehensions which filled their hearts, startled them at first: but they gained strength to await the event with calmness, though they doubted not that a warrant to arrest was about to be presented. The horseman rode to the door. Mary Truman answered the rap of his riding-whip. He asked, without dismounting, if Philip Truman lived there, and if she was his wife. Receiving an affirmative reply, he placed a letter in her hand, then wheeled his horse, and galloped rapidly away. She returned to the bedside of her husband, and broke the seal. And how was their wonder heightened, when fell upon

the quilt a bank note for \$500, and—the forged draft! The letter ran as follows:—

“*Sir*,—Accept these inclosures, and make no inquiries about them—have no scruples, for they both belong to you, though how I cannot now explain. Stern indeed must have been the want, which drove an honest man to a dishonest deed. May you be prosperous and happy! Farewell!”

The reader will readily understand whence this letter came, but it was long a mystery to Philip Truman and his wife. It seemed to them to have been sent of God, and to Him they poured out the gratitude of their hearts. The load was taken from the sick man's breast. He burned the witness of his guilt; he confessed it anew with tears to Him to whom he had given his spirit; he received that peace which comes only from above; his strength began to return, slowly indeed, but steadily, and in a few weeks he was well again in body and in mind—a happier man, and possessor of a happier home, than when he first sat by his own fireside ten years before. Out of darkness had sprung light—a dawn which would go on brightening even to the meridian of a cloudless and eternal day.

That little clearing in the forest is a wide plantation now—that log hut has given place to a stately mansion, but the gray-haired father and the venerable mother who dwell there, are as humble, as grateful and as pious, as the sick husband and the sorrowing wife were twenty years ago. Calm is the evening of their days; and they look forward, without fear, to the hour when, as sheaves fully ripe, they shall be gathered to the garner of the skies.

*Walnut Hills, Ohio, January 1st, 1848.*

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“*There's rest in heaven. I'd wish to live  
So that my tomb might tell,  
The highest praise that friends could give,  
That I had labored well.*”

ORIGINAL.

## H Y M N .

BY IRWIN.

Go to Jesus, child of sorrow,  
Kneel, and watch, and humbly pray,  
Man hath brought a darkened morrow  
To thy brightly opened day.  
Dry those fastly flowing tears,  
That no mortal eye doth see,  
Throw aside all worldly fears,  
Jesus died and bled for thee.

Ere the weary day is past,  
And the evening shadows fall,  
At the cross thy burthens cast,  
Jesus will receive them all.  
With the morning's earliest breath,  
Bow the head, and bend the knee;  
From the toils of sin and death,  
Jesus stands to set thee free.

When the day's long tasks are done,  
And its cares and pangs are o'er,  
Count thy errors one by one,  
Then arise and sin no more.  
O'er the tide of human wo  
Beams the eastern star for thee,  
Turn thy gaze from all below,  
To the Rock of Calvary.

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THE TRUE LIFE.—“ Duties lazily and lifelessly performed ; half-hearted-prayers ; a deportment, blameless enough perhaps, but tame and inexpressive, and, therefore, uninfluential ; words well and wisely spoken, perhaps, but without depth and intensity, and, therefore, without weight,—these are not things which God can tolerate in a saint.”

ORIGINAL.

## THE SELF-MADE ARTIST.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

MORE than thirteen years ago, a fatherless and penniless boy was floating for the first time down the noble Mississippi. He had been, almost from infancy, a sensitive and studious child, fonder of his books and pencil, than of the ordinary sports of childhood. While his brothers were at play abroad, John Banvard, (for this was his name) was usually occupied in the construction of some scientific instrument—a camera obscura, or solar microscope, or in making sketches of the objects with which he was surrounded. In this way he became, while yet a mere lad, quite an accomplished draughtsman, and acquired a skill in mechanics which in after years was of the greatest importance to him in realizing the day dream of his early youth.

It was impossible for a thoughtful, imaginative boy, like Banvard, to look for the first time on the magnificent scenery of the great Father of waters, without experiencing a crowd of new and strong emotions, but the glorious gift of genius was already his, and the inspiration did not pass away until it had made a permanent impression on his mind, and determined his whole future course. He had somewhere read the remark of a foreigner, that America boasted the finest scenery in the world, but had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it. A new and grand thought took possession of his mind, amid the whirl of contending emotions, excited by the novel and picturesque scenes through which he was passing—a thought which from that moment became to him a living reality, the object of all his exertions by day, and of his dreams by night. He would be a painter—he would give to the world the beauties and sublimities of his native land, and thus take away the reproach which rankled like a barbed arrow in his proud and sensitive heart. This determination, formed by a



boy of fifteen, without friends to assist him—without patronage, without the means of obtaining instruction, or even the implements of his art, except by the labor of his hands, was an extraordinary one, but still more wonderful were the untiring industry and enthusiasm which have ensured its accomplishment. To paint a picture of the scenery of the Mississippi, "which should be as superior" to all others in size, as that majestic river is "superior to the streamlets of Europe"—such was the gigantic idea conceived by John Banvard—an idea to which he devoted himself with indomitable courage, and unflagging energy from that moment, to the glad hour of its entire completion.

We cannot here recount the privations and hardships and disappointments which made up the eventful and romantic life of young Banvard, while he was struggling to acquire the means of carrying out his great design. His father, who was descended from an ancient French family, driven by persecution to this country, had just died, after seeing his whole property swept away by the bad management of a rash partner, and his helpless wife and children were left to the mercy of a cold and cruel world. John went to the West, far away from mother, brothers and sisters, and obtained a situation in a drug-store, but he was often found sketching the likenesses of his fellow clerks with chalk or coal on the walls, when he should have been compounding pills, and soon resolved to "throw physic to the dogs," and try something else.

For the next five years, the employments and adventures of young Banvard were various, and some of them full of wild interest, but through all, "the one idea" was always before him, and as far as possible, every thing was made subservient to it. At length, he obtained a little capital, made some successful speculations, and managed to get together several thousand dollars. With this sum, he commenced his grand project of painting the Panorama of the Mississippi.

For this purpose he procured a small skiff, and descended the river to make the necessary drawings, stimulated by the honorable ambition of producing for his country, the largest painting in the world. It was in 1840, just before the young artist came of age, that the first sketch was made—and from

that time, *four hundred* days were passed by him alone in his little skiff, on the broad bosom of the Mississippi before the drawings were completed. For weeks together, he had no company but his rifle, never even speaking to a human being, living on wild game, and drinking of the pure current on which he floated. At night, he would select some secluded sandy cove on which to land, and after his lonely evening meal, draw his skiff over him, to protect him from the night dews, and sleep quietly until morning, then as soon as the sun had dispersed the mist with which the river was covered, would start afresh to his task again. Several times he was compelled to creep from under his protecting skiff, and, seated on a rock, brave the fury of the pelting storm, through fear that the banks of the river might cave upon him, or the falling trees crush him; and thus the days and nights wore away, until he arrived at New Orleans. His drawings of that place were made while the yellow fever was raging there. But the zeal of the artist was unchecked by danger; and in the midst of such intense heat that his burnt skin peeled from his face, hands and neck, his sketches were completed, at an expense of toil and sacrifice, which none but himself can ever know; and he hastened to Louisville, Ky., where he erected a building in which to transfer them to canvass. Here he was obliged to practise the most rigid economy, lest his money should fail before his picture was completed, and, unable to hire an assistant to perform the menial labor of the paint-room, he spent the evening in grinding paints, or splitting wood for the ensuing day. In spite of all his exertions, his last cent failed before his last sketch was transferred to the canvass. Unable to obtain credit for the few pieces of canvass still wanting, he laid aside his great work, and sought other employment, by which the necessary funds were procured; and at length the great project was completed,—the Mississippi painted; and America could boast the largest picture in the world!

This splendid panorama covers *three miles* of canvass in length, is twelve feet in width, and correctly delineates a range of scenery twelve hundred miles in extent. To its entire accuracy, hundreds of practical river men, engineers, captains, &c., testify in the strongest terms, while in the words of ano-

ther, "the remarkable truthfulness of the minutest objects on the shores of the river, independent of the masterly style and artistical execution of the work, will make it the most valuable historic painting in the world; and unequalled for magnitude and variety of interest, by any work ever heard of, since the art of painting was discovered."

No language can do full justice to the interest and beauty of Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi. The canvass is placed on upright revolving cylinders: the painting passes slowly before the spectator, affording the artist an opportunity of explaining the prominent localities. From New Orleans to Saint Louis, the whole eastern shore has been depicted by the artist: then, by an ingenious contrivance, the canvass is changed, so as to take the observer down again to the mouth of the Ohio, while the western shore, with its grand and picturesque scenery, passes before the enraptured eye. Those magnificent Missouri bluffs, varying from two to four hundred feet in height,—how distinctly they stand out from the canvass, with their carved niches, uniform arches, towers, abutments and cornices, like the facades of mighty temples in ruins, covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the climate, which seems vainly striving to conceal the ravages of time. Equally beautiful, too, though of another order of beauty, is the moon-light view of Stack Island, lying like an emerald on the bosom of the river, which is disturbed by the ripples of a passing steamer, while the moon rides high in the heavens, shedding its soft light on the waters, and gilding the landscape with its silvery hues.

In this wonderful picture we have the mode of cultivating and harvesting the peculiar crops of that region; the shipping of the produce, in all the curious and novel conveyances employed on the river, from the flat-boat up to the splendid steamer; the sea-grass; the cane-brake; the lofty cotton-wood; the palmetto, with its fan-like leaf; and all the concomitants of a southern forest, so vividly portrayed that "a slight stretch of the imagination would bring the noise of the puffing steamer, and the songs of the field negroes, to the ear, and one seems to inhale the very atmosphere before him." We have said that Banvard was a self-made artist; but he had, indeed, a teacher.

"He went not to Rome to study the works of hands long since past away, but he studied the works of the one great living master! Nature was his teacher. Many a time, at the close of a lovely summer's day, after finishing his solitary evening meal, would he sit upon some lonely rock, near the margin of the noble river, when all was still, save the sweet chant of the feathered songsters of the adjacent forest, or the musical ripple of the eddy waters at his feet, and watch the majestic bluff as it gradually faded through the grey twilight, from the face of day, into the darker shades of night. Then would he turn and study the rising moon, as it peered above the opposite shore, ascending the deep blue ether high in the heavens above, casting its mellow light over the surrounding landscape, and gilding the smooth surface of the river with its silvery hue. It was then and there he studied Nature, in its loveliest grandeur, and seized those glowing moonlight scenes which now adorn his canvass,—so vividly, too, as if painted with a pencil dipped in the silvery beams of the living moon itself."

The fame of this gifted artist has become a nation's property; and, in the words of Governor Briggs, of Mass., "his genius and enterprise will be honored so long as the great Father of Waters, and its numerous tributaries, continue to pour their flowing waters into the great ocean."

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## BLUE HYACINTH.

See Flower Plate.

HYACINTHUS ORIENTALIS, or BLUE HYACINTH.

GEN. CHAR. : Perianth, sub-globose, or campanulate, regular, six-cleft; stamens, issuing from the middle of the segments; cells of the capsule, two-seeded.

SPE. CHAR. : Perianth, funnel-form, half six-cleft, ventricose at the base; leaves, thick, linear-lanceolate; scape, twice as long as the leaves, bearing a dense thyrsoid raceme of blue flowers.

This beautiful plant is a native of the Levant, and is peculiarly adapted to parlor cultivation in bulb-glasses.

ORIGINAL.

## AN EVENING IN CUBA.

BY CORINNE MONTGOMERY.

A fine statue of Ferdinand the Seventh, whose whole character is so perfectly and tenderly given by his royal mamma, in the one brief sentence, "He has a mule's head, and a tiger's heart," graces the centre of the Plaza of Matanzas. My attention was called to its workmanship, as we walked, in sovereign contempt of Cuba fashions, around the handsome, well-laid pavement that encompasses the square; and I set myself to discover what act of his life could have entitled this Spanish king to be carved in marble, and placed upon that lofty pedestal. Happily for our liberty of tongue, my companion was born and nurtured under the wing of the republican eagle, and with a proud reliance on its power to protect its own, (and a little trust withal in their ignorance of our language,) we did not take the trouble to curtail the expression of our thoughts, even in passing and repassing the ever-present soldiers. These military gentlemen lost something in not understanding our yankee discussion on statues, kings, Spanish history, and the rights of man.

"So you cannot find any act or plan of Ferdinand's life, that honest and reasonable men would be disposed to reward with this splendid statue?" inquired Mr. ———, as we paused again to scan its artistic execution.

"If his hands bore a needle and thimble, instead of the symbols of imperial rule, I should say that it was erected in commemoration of his skill in embroidery," I replied—"for I never heard or read of his having a capacity for any thing else."

"Yes, the born lord of Spain and the Indies, had a genius for needlework, and made himself nearly as useful in directing, and sometimes making, trimmings and such small gear, as Victoria herself," said my companion; "but it was not for that he stands before us in that imposing attitude of power and benediction?"

"As his skill and industry in embroidery is all that I ever heard of him that was good or useful, I must beg of you to enlighten my ignorance."

"He gave his royal permission to the Common Council of Matanzas—or the body that, to an American, represents the idea—to embroider their coat-sleeves with gold in a pattern they fancied, and humbly petitioned to wear."

"After all, then, it was a question of needlework," I observed—"and I contend the statue is still in honor of Ferdinand the Seamstress. But who paid for this costly piece of gratitude?"

"Oh, those who pay for every thing everywhere—the people."

"Then they felt a deep interest in sleeve-trimmings?" I innocently inquired.

"As much as they do in any government operations—that is, they were told nothing about it, and in no case are they permitted to ask questions. It was only in the liberal times of Ferdinand the Seamstress, that the people of Cuba have been permitted to complain of grievances or petition for favors," he added, with a bitter and contemptuous glance at some officers who were slowly pacing through the crowd, loaded to oppression, with mustachios, gold lace, and dignity.

"But what if the people *do* complain? What if they *will* petition the government to allow some liberty to the press, and at least so much freedom to the private citizen as the poor privilege of inviting a dozen of his friends, when he likes, to dine, sup, or sleep at his house, without asking the formal license of these soldier rulers?"

"The ringleader of such a daring movement, the adviser of such audacious pretensions, would be severely punished. Petition, indeed! The answer would be—six months in a dungeon."

"And this lovely island, so blessed of heaven, with the soft airs of summer playing even in this month of January, through groves laden with fruits and flowers, is but a bound and bleeding victim."

"Now—but not for ever," was the emphatic reply.

"But when will the day of deliverance come? When will a

liberal press and religious toleration shine on the beautiful city of Matanzas? It is a charming cradle for young Liberty, with its sheltering range of verdant hills, and the gentle lullaby of this tranquil bay," was my observation.

"The people are preparing themselves by education," said he; "slavery *must* vanish before the diffusion of light and thought, but no one can fix the exact day and date."

"Let me tell you, my friend," I said with some earnestness, "that Cuba never can enjoy the rich fulness of American liberty—she never can aspire to the wonder-working energy of a really free state, while the women of Cuba are no more than flower-wreathed idols, fed with incense, it is true, but having no more voice, influence, or care for the public welfare, than so many dolls."

"But the ladies of Cuba are graceful, accomplished, amiable, and altogether charming," said my friend in surprise, for he thought I was attacking his fair creole friends.

"Granted—but more than all this was required of our brave puritan mothers. A wider range of thought, a clearer apprehension of duty, and a higher tone of companionship, are primary essentials in those who are destined to mould a race of self-governing men."

"How are you assured that these conditions do not exist?" inquired Mr. ———, who, like most American residents, is much attached to the creoles of Cuba.

"When I see the state of society such, that a young girl, or for that matter, any respectable female, cannot go into the street alone at any hour of the day; when I see the whole sex kept in almost Moorish uselessness and restraint; when it is vulgar for a lady habitually to read the papers; when it is pedantic in one to acquire the natural sciences, and when her interest in public matters would be a subject of open ridicule, I feel a profound conviction that this society is not yet prepared to tread, with firm and well-balanced step, the rugged path of self-government."

My friend would not agree in my position, that man is not entirely emancipated, while the female half of his existence is in fetters, and so the conversation dropped, but such fears still possess me, when I think of the destiny of Cuba.

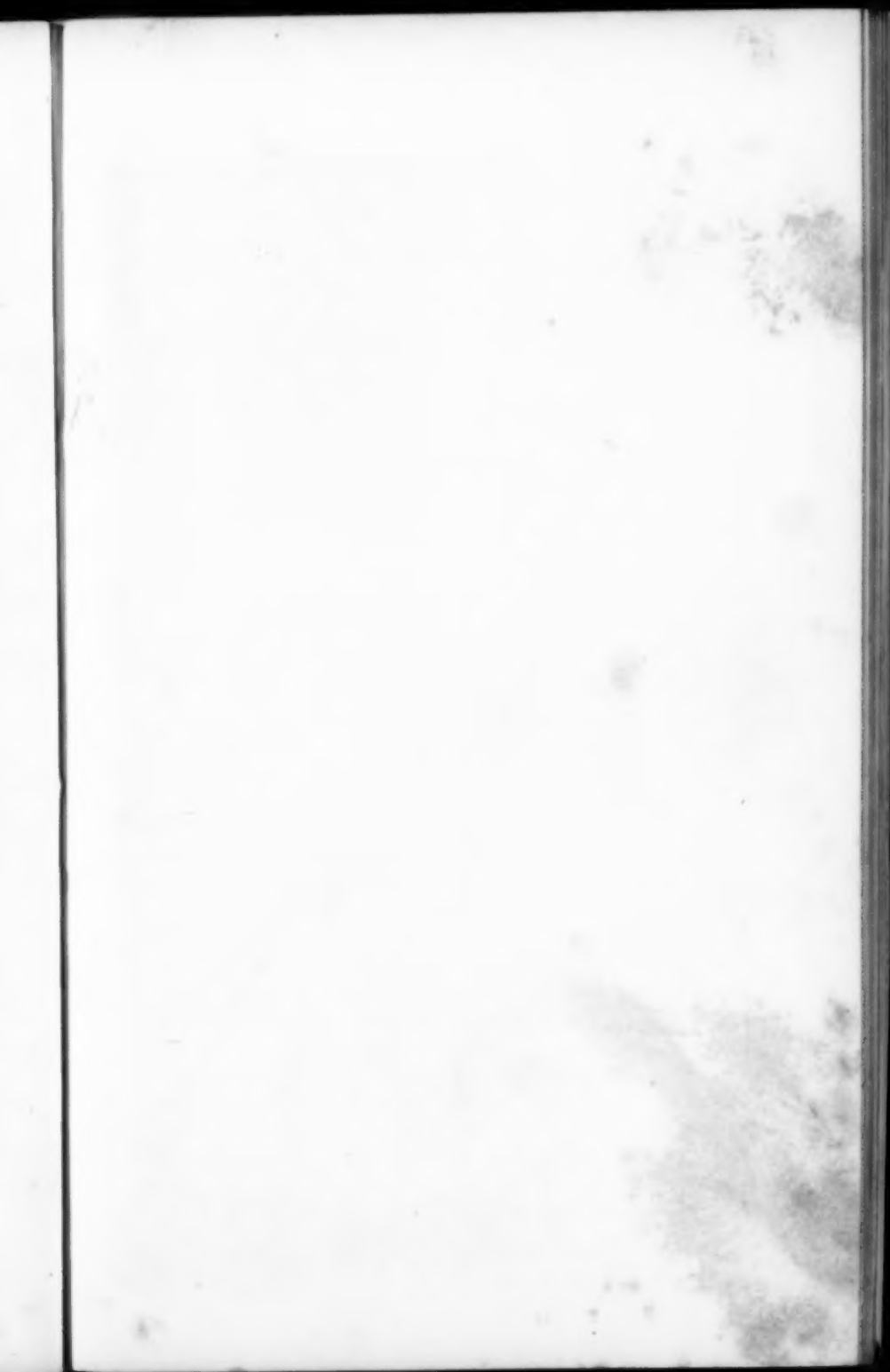
## BOSTON COMMON.

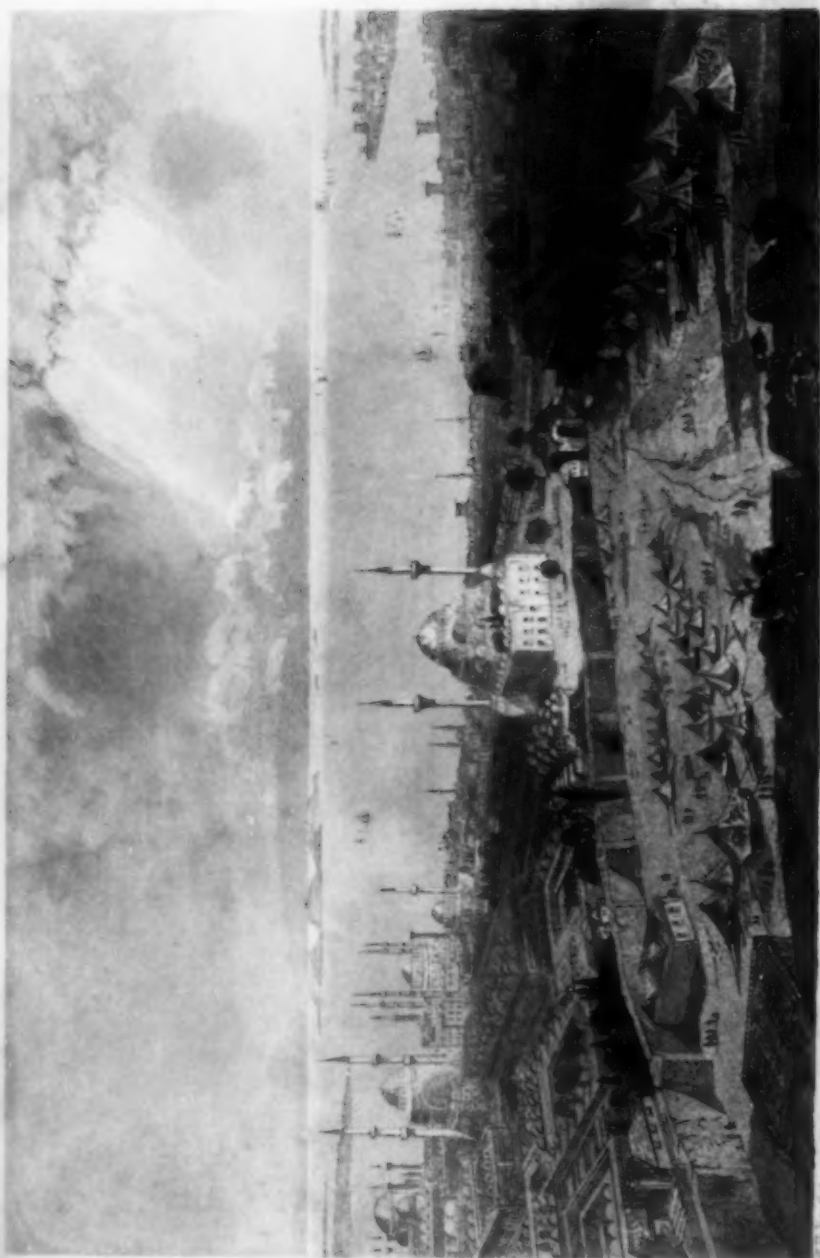
See Engraving.

THOSE of our readers who have ever visited the beautiful Capital of the noble "old Bay State," will at once recognise the view which we have the pleasure of presenting to them this month, from the burin of Osborne, the gifted artist whose works have so often enriched the pages of our magazine. Here are all the principal features of the far-famed "Common," the pride and boast of every true Bostonian, and one of the most charming spots in the world for moon-light walks, sentimental colloquies and poetic love-making. The great elm-tree, under whose branches so many generations have sported, occupies a conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture, carefully enclosed to guard it from external injury—while in the left of the background is seen the State House, a noble building, from the cupola of whose lofty dome, the gazer enjoys a prospect so extensive, so varied, and so exquisitely beautiful, that every sense seems absorbed in that of sight, and the heart overflows with a strange delight that oppresses it almost to pain. The tall spire at the right of the engraving, is that of Park-street Church, one of the strongholds of orthodoxy in Boston—and which forms, together with the State House, and the Bunker Hill Monument, one of the three prominent objects on which the eye of the traveller first rests, as he approaches the Athens of America.

The history of Boston is full of thrilling associations connected with the "period that tried men's souls," and its ancient spires and turrets are surrounded with a halo, more glorious in the sight of the lover of freedom, than the utmost *prestige* of antiquity or magnificence could furnish—for here, the grand principles of liberty were first practically applied, which have raised these United States to the summit of prosperity, and which, serving as a model for the nations of the old world, will yet elevate them all to the same high standard of individual, social, and political freedom.









*Veronica Beccabunga.*

*Löfnerman Lith.*



ORIGINAL.

## THE STUDENT OF TARSUS.

BY CLEMENT E. BABB.

ALONG the banks of the Cydnus a boy was wandering alone. There was no lecture that day in the school of Crysippus the philosopher. It was a high festival in honor of Jupiter Capitolinus—and wo to the provincial city which worshipped not the gods of the world's mistress! The trumpets were sounding loud and triumphantly from the marble portico of the temple. The priests were preparing the garlanded victims for the sacrifice. The crowd were thronging every approach to the sacred enclosure, and shouting the praises of the "Sire of Gods." In those rolls which had been heirlooms for centuries in his father's house, the boy had read about the living and true God, and he could not bear to see men offer sacrifice to a monster of their own imaginations—a deified compound of their vices and their passions. His taste, which had been cultivated by the study of the purest Grecian models, and his faith, which he had learned from his mother in infancy, and which had been nourished by the wonderful history of his nation, both hurried him away from that gorgeous but unmeaning spectacle. Indignation was flashing from his eyes as he climbed along the ravine, through which the stream came down the mountain; but, the murmur of the water, and the music of the wind as it swept through the cedar groves, calmed his spirit; and when he stood on the brow of the ascent, and looked eastward upon Mount Taurus as it stretched away in the distance, with many of its proud heads crowned by the gorgeous clouds of an Oriental morning; then turned westward, to gaze upon the Mediterranean, whose waves dashed as restlessly as those of the ocean, while the hills and plains of Cyprus slept in calm beauty on its troubled breast, he forgot all about the city, and thought only of God. The granite peak of Horeb seemed to rise before him. Jehovah had come down upon it; the clouds which are his pavilion, were hung thick about it, and thunderings, and lightnings, and the sound of

a mysterious trumpet in the air, and the wreathing of smoke up from the dark summit, attested the presence of the invisible Deity. Beneath his tread the whole mountain quaked; and, while the people trembled and adored, forth from the earthquake, the darkness, and the tempest, came two tables of stone, on which God's finger had engraved the law. That law so pure, so far above the utmost effort of human reason—sublime as the character of its Author, and eternal as the mind from which it came—was given to his nation. It was their peculiar treasure, their guide, and their glory.

With what gratitude, pride, and awe did the young Jew muse that morning, afar on that lonely hill top, upon the Jehovah of his fathers! He was weary of the vague conjectures and the fanciful theories of the Greek philosophers. He wanted to rest on firmer ground, and to study in the light of a clearer revelation. The Attic and Ionian epics, lyrics, and tragedies, though full of melody, were also full of folly: they could not satisfy the truthful longings of his spirit. He wanted to drink in the heaven-inspired numbers of David and Isaiah. He wanted to be not among the many gods of a dreamy Olympus, but with the One ever-living and true, who had stood upon Sinai, and whose throne was the circuit of the heavens. The student's home was one of luxury and honor, yet he felt that he was a stranger in that heathen city. His heart burned within him as he saw it wholly given up to idolatry. He thought of Mount Moriah, with its glorious temple, its solemn and God-appointed sacrifices—of the schools of Jerusalem, in which "the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms," were studied, whose professors were God's interpreters—of that holy city, every thing about which was vocal with the name and the praise of the Lord of Hosts. He turned his eager and passionate gaze southward, and breathed out in a sigh of intense desire—

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord!

My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God!"

All day, that Jewish boy wandered among the hills of Cilicia, in meditations as solemn and sublime as those which

thrilled the hearts of the prophets of old ; and not until the sun sank in the sea, did he turn into a path which led back to Tarsus.

The Jewish merchant passed slowly through the crowd, which yet thronged the streets ; and though way was made for him with ceremonious respect, and many greetings fell on his ear, he scarcely noticed them, for he was in deep thought.

The merchant and the student met at the door.

"Where hast thou been to-day, my son ? I have not seen thee since early dawn. Wast thou not present at the sacrifice ?"

"No, father : I have spent the day among the hills, gazing on Tarsus and the sea—thinking about Horeb and the law, Jerusalem and God."

"Didst thou not wish to see the flamens' grand procession, and hear the poet Hemocles' new hymn to Jove ?"

"Nay, father, I am a Jewish boy, and cannot bear to look upon this senseless homage to a marble god ! Oh, I have heard from thee so much about the holy city of thy birth—of its solemn festivals—of its high priest, who stands before the ark of God—that I think by day, and dream by night, of that dwelling-place of Jehovah, and long, oh, how I long, to gaze upon its walls, to tread its streets, and to worship in its sanctuary !"

"Saulus, I had thought to make thee, like myself, a prosperous merchant. I have dwelt among the Gentiles many years, and the God of Abraham has given me favor in their sight. I have grown rich by traffic with them, as King Solomon did. But I have long noticed, that thy soul abhors them ; thou canst not live and trade with them. I have thought much upon this, and have resolved to send thee to study the law of our fathers in Jerusalem. Wilt thou go, my son ?"

"Most gladly, father ; for as the Cydnus runs to the sea, so flows my heart towards Jerusalem. Has not he, who chose our nation and has kept us so long a peculiar people, made it the dwelling-place of his glory ? And then too the time of Messiah's coming draweth nigh. The weeks of the prophets are fulfilled, and even the philosophers in Athens and in Rome expect the advent of a Messenger from Heaven. How glorious

to be in the holy city when the Holy One descends to avenge his elect, to destroy his enemies, and to rule over the kingdoms of the earth!"

"Well, my vessel sails for Alexandria after the second Sabbath. Thou wilt embark in her. She will land thee at the pier of Joppa; there thou wilt join the companies which go up to keep the passover. Thou wilt not find in the holy city all that splendor of which thou hast read in the rolls of the Kings and in the Chronicles; for, alas! there is dimness now upon Moriah, and the Roman legions are in the castle of David. But thou art a Roman citizen; thy father years ago obtained that freedom by good service to the proconsul Cicero. Remember it; it may avail thee much in times of peril—for wide through the world is the terror of the Roman name. My friend Gamaliel is one of the Great Council: he will instruct thee in the law and the traditions of the elders."

We will not follow the student in his voyage along the western coast of Syria. He landed at Joppa, and joined a caravan of those who were going up from thence to the feast. From every village that they passed, and from every road and path, new tributaries flowed in to swell the stream. When on the second day they reached the gate of the city, the whole multitude burst forth at once into that magnificent chorus:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!  
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!  
And the King of Glory shall come in!"

"Who is the King of Glory?  
The Lord, strong and mighty!  
The Lord, mighty in battle!"

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors!  
And the King of Glory shall come in!"

"Who is the King of Glory?  
The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory."

As thousands joined in the song until it was echoed from the walls and reverberated far among the hills; and as Jerusalem (throned on Moriah and Zion, and hallowed by the most sublime associations) burst on his sight, the student was affect-



ed even to tears. The following paschal week was full of interest, and his heart beat high and proudly as he saw the worshippers of Jehovah coming up from all lands with precious gifts and shouts of joy.

When the feast was over, he commenced his studies in the school of Gamaliel. He was soon distinguished above all the pupils of that famous master, by his ardent love for truth, the vigor and grasp of his mind, and the energy of his character. One evening, as he was passing through the temple, he saw an unusual crowd in one of the porches. He drew near: in the midst of the crowd stood a man in the dress of a Galilean peasant; his arm was extended, as he cried simply, but most impressively:

"Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out; and *I*, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

"Ah!" thought the student, "this then is Jesus, the false prophet from Nazareth. This is he who tries to excite the people against our sect, and to subvert the traditions which so many wise men have believed in and taught:" and he passed on, with a sneer upon his lip.

Next day the Jewish teacher met his pupil with a pale face and clouded brow. "My son," he said, "we live in fearful times. Our city has become so used to violence and tumult, that a breath can agitate it; and the rulers, who should calm the public mind, are ever first and fiercest in excitement; their pulse is more feverish than that of the crowd. Here comes up from Galilee, one giving out that he is a prophet from God. He ridicules our traditions, he utters bitter things against the scribes and pharisees, and they, stung to madness by an enthusiast's pratings, and by the rabble shouts of admiration, must summon the Grand Council, and decree to seek his death. As if our learning and our laws could be affected by his denunciation, or the Jewish Sanhedrim endangered by a Galilean peasant! Besides, he acts not like a wicked or ambitious man; he discourages strife and bloodshed; his morality is for the most part pure and true; he exposes some abuses which deserve to be held up to public scorn; and, barring his high pretensions, which seem more like the dreams

of a disordered brain than either treason or impiety, he is a useful man, and, like him who baptized in the Jordan three or four years ago, he does much for the reformation of the populace. To seek his death, is cowardly and cruel."

"But, Rabba, he calls himself Messias; he claims to be the Shiloh who is to come—nay, even the Son of the living God! This is a fearful blasphemy! and for this he should die!"

"Nay, my son—Jehovah can avenge himself! He has always done so when false prophets have arisen, and deceived the people in his name. Remember how Matthias and Judas of Galilee perished. We should not judge rashly, or condemn with excited minds, lest when we seem jealous for God's honor, we be fighting against him. But, the deed is done. The soldiers have already gone to seize him. The rabble are stirred up to relentless fury. They will extort his condemnation from the timid governor, and he will be put to death!"

"Let him die, as the prophets of Baal died!" shouted the student, while his dark eye flashed and his whole frame trembled with indignation; and forth he rushed to mingle in the crowd, and swell the fierce cry, "Crucify him!" which rung through that dreadful night. He was full of zeal for God, and verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to that meek man, whom the mocking soldiery had dressed in a faded purple robe, and crowned with thorns.

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The student, who left Tarsus an enthusiastic boy, returns there when forty winters have cooled his blood. Much in that time has he seen and suffered. He has sacrificed to Jehovah on Mount Moriah. He has mocked Christ upon the cross. He has met the same Jesus whom he persecuted, on the brow of the hill which overlooks Damascus. He has received a revelation from him in the wilds of Arabia. He has preached him as the promised Messiah—the Son of God—both in Damascus and in Jerusalem. He has mingled, when last in the holy city, not as before with the pharisees and the rulers, but with the fishermen of Galilee, and been enrolled among the apostles of Jesus of Nazareth. He has endured reproach and persecution. He has escaped death only by flight. And now he

comes in the meridian of manhood to re-visit the scenes of his youth, to tell there of the treasure of grace which he has found—of the Savior who indeed *has* come—whom he himself has seen. With wonder the gray-haired Jewish merchant listens to his son, as he proves from the prophets that it was necessary Christ should suffer. With new and transporting emotions does the apostle climb the Cilician hills, and gaze upon the mountains, the river, and the sea—for his Savior is the world's Creator. His spirit still burns within him, as he beholds the idolatry of his native city; but it is now no more with indignation, but with sorrow. Those doubtless were happy years which the converted pharisee spent amid scenes which were hallowed by the memories of his childhood; and there, perhaps, he hoped to live, until he should depart to be with Christ. But, God was preparing a great work for him, and was preparing him, by that seclusion and that grand scenery, for the work.

One evening, a venerable stranger enters Tarsus by the southern gate, inquires for the house of the Jewish merchant, and is soon clasped in the arms of the merchant's son.

"Welcome to Tarsus, my brother! I thank God that my eyes see thee once more. I often think of thy love to me in the gospel, and how, when all were afraid of the converted persecutor, thou didst take him by the hand and lead him to the apostles."

"I have come a weary way to seek thee, brother Saul. The Lord, who met thee in the way, has sent me. Thy work at length is ready. The Gentiles receive the word, and thou art their apostle."

"How! what sayst thou, Barnabas? The Gentiles believe? Where?—when?"

"In Antioch. Some of the brethren fleeing thither from the persecution, spake to the Grecians of the name of Christ; and lo! these careless sparks kindled a flame. The Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the feast. The apostles hearing it, sent me to them, and I have come for thee; for truly this is the work to which the Lord has called thee."

"I have often mused upon those words of the Lord to the prophet Ananias, 'to bear my name before the Gentiles.' I

knew not what they meant, but now I see it clearly. We have then a salvation not for Jews only, but for all mankind. We may fling abroad our banner on every shore—may call on every human spirit to believe and live. It is a glorious thought!—a duty arduous, but sublime! I will go with you, not doubting that God has summoned me to preach the gospel to the Gentiles."

While the sun next morning was rising over Mount Taurus, Saul went forth from his native city—from the home of his childhood—to be a messenger of glad tidings over continents and unto millions—to endure for Christ imprisonments, scourgings, stonings, shipwreck, and martyrdom at last—to present the first and the noblest example of a Christian missionary—and, by his labors and his writings, to bless the world as no other man has ever blessed it.

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ORIGINAL.

## SONG OF THE SNOW.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

WHIRLING about we go, we go—  
Hurrah, hurrah, for the white-winged snow!  
We have heard old Winter's trumpet-blast,  
As he bindeth the streams in his fetters fast,  
We have caught the breath of the frozen North,  
And we come from his icy palace forth—  
Over the earth, and over the sea,  
Blithe and swift shall our journey be.

Merrily, merrily, how we go,  
Hither and thither, the flakes of snow!  
Tossing about like an elfin throng,  
Cheerily frolicking all night long,  
Over the hills in our mad delight,  
Down to the valleys in swiftest flight,  
Out on the meadows and heaths so brown,  
Flinging a mantle on tower and town.  
Cheerily frolicking, how we go,  
Hither and thither, the flakes of snow!

Busily, busily, thus we go,  
 Hurrying onward, the light-winged snow  
 Strewing the stones where the soiling feet,  
 Hastily traverse the crowded street;  
 Clothing in pity the ruined wall,  
 Draping the roofs, and the steeples tall;  
 Hanging strange garlands of spotless hue,  
 O'er the lattice pave, where the roses grew;  
 Oh! a gift of beauty we fling to-night,  
 O'er the lowly cot of the peasant wight;  
 O'er the poor man's hut by the brooklet's side,  
 And the brave old trees in the forest wide;  
 O'er the dwarfish shrubs on the barren lea,  
 And the gallant ships on the foaming sea—  
 Busily, busily, how we go,  
 Journeying earthward, the mantling snow!

Tenderly, tenderly, fall we low,  
 Down on the church-yard, the quiet snow!  
 Wreathing the tombs with our garlands fair,  
 And the humble mounds with a mournful care;  
 Spreading a pall o'er the silent clay,  
 Soon in the sunbeams to melt away,  
 Yet rising again, as the just shall rise—  
 Like them, to meet in the tranquil skies:  
 But for a season we sink below—  
 Hurrah, hurrah, for the white-winged snow!

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 THE EYE.

"What is the little lurking spell  
 That hovers round the eye?  
 Without the voice, a look can tell  
 The feelings as they fly.

"Now brightly raised, and now depressed  
 With every shade of feeling—  
 It is the mirror of the breast,  
 The thought!—the soul revealing.

"Oh, tones are false and words are weak,  
 The tutor'd slaves at call;  
 The eye—the eye alone can speak,  
 And, chafuless, tell us all!"

ORIGINAL.

## A MOTHER'S PANOPLY.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

A MOTHER's duties is a theme on which so much has been written, that nothing new, perhaps, remains unsaid; and yet, like wayward, forgetful children, we need "line upon line, precept upon precept." Though these duties are substantially the same, from age to age, yet the temptations to neglect them may be greatly enhanced by the influences which surround us and our children. We have fallen on days when the heavenly influence is fearfully withheld from the church; and favored indeed have we been, if the spirit of worldliness and unbelief has not crept into our hearts, and paralyzed our efforts both for our own souls and the souls committed to our keeping. If it be so with us, what is the ONE blessing which most of all we need? Is it not a great increase of personal religion? What is the life of piety, but an habitual communion with, and assimilation to, heavenly objects? And are we walking as pilgrims and strangers, with our hearts and conversation in heaven, while our hands and feet are engaged in our appointed duties? Is earth growing less in our esteem, and heaven becoming day by day more the home of our choice? If not, let us seek a fresh anointing, and henceforth make it our constant care to walk more worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, and as those who expect, after a few more rising and setting suns, to be gathered to the blessed company of the redeemed in heaven, where "they go no more out for ever."

If the solemn conviction has settled upon our consciences, that we are not, as Christians, what we ought to be, or what we desire to be, then it has become a most interesting inquiry with each of us, How shall I attain to a closer walk with God?

THE DAILY STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES may be considered an indispensable means of growth in divine knowledge. Not the mere cursory reading of one chapter or ten, but a stated,

prayerful application to the Word of God, with the expectation of learning something new every day that we live. One reason why the prayer which our Great High Priest still offers for his people,—“Sanctify them through thy truth,”—has not been more fully answered, is, that many take up their Bible merely in accordance with habit, or to appease conscience, and read with a divided mind, in the midst of cares and interruptions. “Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door” of thine apartment and of thine heart, read, if it be but one verse, and take it as the theme of thy meditation through the day, and it will more refresh and strengthen thine heart, than a whole Gospel carelessly passed over.

PRAYER is another essential means of progress in divine life. Prayer is not merely the spreading out of our wants before God. It is that attitude of the soul which enables it to look *upon* God. It is that steadfast gaze upon the infinite majesty, and purity, and stability of the Divine character, which urges the confession,—“Wo is me, for I am unclean!” In the closet, if ever, we acquaint ourselves with God. Here he shows us his glory. Here he communes with his people from off the mercy-seat, even as a man talketh with his friend, and instructs, and comforts, and strengthens them for their pilgrim warfare. Yes, “it is in the closet that the Christian’s armor must be burnished.” It is said that Luther spent three hours each day in prayer, while he was planning the mighty effort that shook the nations to their centre: and this is the secret of his success, for “prayer moves the arm that moves the world.”

“When such a man, familiar with the skies,  
Has fill’d his urn where those pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings.”

Another essential help on our heavenly way, is, CHRISTIAN COMMUNION AND SYMPATHY. It is a standing rule of our Father’s house, “He that watereth, shall be watered.” How many a spark of heavenly fire has become extinct, which, had it been brought into contact with other sparks, might have kindled a flame that would have shed its light and heat far into the regions of moral death! How often has the cold

heart been warmed, the sad spirit cheered, the wandering foot brought back, by a simple remark falling, as the dew of Hermon, from the lip of some humble and warm-hearted Christian! Oh, if we were imbued more deeply with the spirit of Him "who went about doing good,"—not to the body only, but, most of all, to the soul,—we should not lack opportunities to follow in his steps. He would instruct us where to go and what to say, and make *us* also "ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation." Many wander from the path of duty, and know not how to find their way back. Many walk in darkness, in temptation, in sorrow, to whom one word of Christian caution or sympathy would be as the balm of Gilead, or as life from the dead. There *was* a time when "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and a book of remembrance was written" in heaven. That precious roll is not yet filled. Christian mothers, shall not *our* names be added thereto?

Another duty indispensably connected with eminent piety, is, THE SACRED OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY. In nothing is our national declension more apparent, than in the desecration of holy time. The Sabbaths of our fathers—when there was nought to interrupt the solemn stillness save "the sound of the church-going bell,"—are, alas! no more. There is reason to believe that many Christian parents have forgotten the lessons received from their Puritan grandsires, as they stood by their knee, and heard them repeat, with solemn emphasis, "My children, if you lose your Sabbaths, you will, in all probability, *lose your souls*." The design of the Lord's Day is two-fold. As commemorative of the resurrection of the Savior, (the most joyful event that ever gladdened the earth,) it should be welcomed as a day of grateful rejoicing. As a season of rest from worldly care, it should be improved by a preparation for the rest, or sabbatizing, that remaineth to the people of God in heaven.

The primitive Christians used to meet each other on the morning of the first day in each week with this salutation: "The Lord is risen!—he is risen indeed!" It is said, that Wilberforce always entered his family circle with a more cheerful countenance on this than on any other day; and how beautifully does he refer to it, as coming in between the waves



of worldliness, like the sacred ark amidst the waters of Jordan. Let us say with the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it;" but let not the things of earth mingle with our joy. Many inquiries have been made respecting the best mode of spending the Sabbath. One thing seems certain: if

"This is the day that God has given,  
To teach our souls the way to heaven,"

no employment, or conversation, or reading, which has not a direct tendency to draw our thoughts and affections towards that blessed world, can be in accordance with the command, "Remember the Sabbath-Day, to keep it holy." Let us try ourselves by this test. Let us teach our children this rule of judging what it is to "revere" and "keep holy" the Lord's Day; so that by keeping Sabbaths here below, we and ours may be fitted for that upper temple,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end."

Newark, N. J., Feb. 1848.

### VERONICA BECCABUNGA—OR BROOKLIME.

See Flower Plate.

VERONICA. GEN. CHAR. Calyx, four-parted; corolla, deeply four-cleft; lower segments, mostly narrow; stamens, two, inserted into the tube; sterile; filaments, none; capsule, compressed, two; sulcate, often obcordate, two-celled; few-seeded.

BECCABUNGA. SPEC. CHAR. Glabrous, decumbent at base, erect above; leaves, ovate, oblong, acute or obtusish; serrate, petiolate, abrupt at base; raceme, opposite, loose; capsule, roundish, turgid, emarginate. A perennial herb, growing by brooks and clear waters in Canada and the United States. Plant, fleshy, smooth, more or less decumbent, and rooting at base. Flowers, blue, or bluish-purple. This little wild-flower is found early in the spring, by the lover of nature, blooming wherever there is moisture, in unfrequented wastes, ditches, and neglected gardens, lighting them up with an air of grace and beauty not easily forgotten by one who has once observed them.

ORIGINAL.

## THE BROTHERS—A SKETCH.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

THE brothers were seated upon a rock which projected over the waters of a small stream which ran through a pleasant grove in the vicinity of the house. They had often sat upon that rock in childhood, watching the sportings of the tiny fish below them, and talking of what they would do when they came to be men. Now they were men. They had passed the meridian of life. Yet they were now seated on the same rock on which they used to sit, when young hearts were within their bosoms. They sat for a long time in silence. Did they wish for young hearts again?

"You have named the morrow as the day for your return to the city?" said Henry Morris.

"Yes," was Richard's answer. No word was spoken about the possibility of prolonging his stay.

"When shall we meet again?" said Henry.

"I hope you will come to the city next winter. It is my purpose to come here again next summer."

"If you are spared," added his brother, grieved that no reference was made to that Providence which had so kindly protected them for so many years. "When at home, does your business occupy all your time?"

"Not necessarily. The division of labor in our establishment is so complete, that it is necessary for me to be in the counting-room only a few hours in the day. From long habit, however, my mind runs constantly on my business, so that I may as well be in the counting-house as any where else. After things were settled, on my return from abroad, I attempted to spend more time at home, that is, at my house, but I found it irksome. I had nothing to do there. My wife had her engagements during most part of the day,—and I found it so lonesome at home, that I was led to return to my habit of spending the whole day at my place of business."

"I should think you would find that to be irksome—especially as you have no need to increase your property."

"The truth is," said Richard, and he breathed a deep sigh as he said it, "I have accomplished all that I aimed to accomplish, and have nothing more before me. If I had children, I could live for them."

"Live for God," said his brother, solemnly. Richard made no reply, nor did his countenance give any indication of emotion.

"I have strong fears," said Henry—"that your prosperity will prove your ruin."

"I have, indeed, been greatly prospered."

"Far more than you have been thankful for."

"Yes."

"You can say what very few can, that you have accomplished all you aimed at in regard to the things of this world. You have still life, health, and leisure. Why not employ these gifts in accomplishing life's great end? What difficulty lies in the way? Surely, if there is a man on earth under obligation to do that work, you are the man."

"The great difficulty lies in the want of a disposition to enter upon the work. I seldom feel any emotion leading me in that direction, and I am all the while subject to influences which lead me in a path directly opposite."

"Will not that continue to be the case?"

"I fear it will."

Again there was a long interval of silence. The heart of Henry was sorely pained. There was something in the cool deliberation with which his brother seemed to relinquish heaven, more discouraging than open impiety and crime.

"I have sometimes thought of engaging in political life," said Richard, "but I fear I should lower my present standing."

"How the soul will put forth her claims for something higher than earth! You once thought, could you gain what is already yours, you would be perfectly satisfied. Your soul now reaches forth for something more—something better. Be assured that it can be found only in God."

Again there was silence.

"Well," said Richard, rising from his seat, and attempting

to skip a stone along the surface of the water, as he was wont to do when a boy—"I have some preparation to make for my journey on the morrow."

"We shall very soon have to make preparation for our last, long journey. Would that my dear brother could be induced to act as wisely in regard to his spiritual interests, as he has done in regard to temporal things."

They walked homewards slowly and in silence. Susan was standing in the door. "Uncle," said she, "must you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, will you not go with me? I have no one to love me." There was a pathos in his tone which went to her heart. She threw her arm tenderly around his neck, and a tear stood in his eye, as he returned the affectionate embrace. "I know," said he, "that you cannot—ought not to leave your parent."

The evening passed heavily, for Henry was distressed for his brother, and his brother felt an uneasiness, a sense of want, far deeper than he was wont to experience. At an early hour he retired to his room, but had no disposition to sleep. He lay on his bed and thought of his early days. At length his thoughts clustered around one object. Before he left the quiet country for the walks of mammon, there was one whom he ever met with a beating heart, a pure, gentle girl, who was blended with all his dreams of the future—whose eye sparkled when his praise was spoken, and who wept when told of his intended departure to the city. No word of promise was spoken to her ear, but it was the deep promise of his soul to return, and to share with her the wealth which was to reward his efforts. But amid the new scenes which opened before him, the gentle girl was gradually forgotten. Marriage was deferred till he had obtained a standing upon 'change. Then he connected himself with one of the merchant princes of the city, and beauty and gold were his; but still, "he had no one to love him."

The form of that gentle girl seemed now present to his view. Again he walked with her across the meadow, and through the grove, and up the green hillside. The music of her voice was falling upon his ear, even in sleep. In his dreams he was

young again, an inhabitant of his native village, and the accepted lover of Margaret Grey.

The next morning found the prosperous merchant far on his way to the distant city, and this brief episode in the life of a devotee of mammon was soon forgotten. For a short time only, amid the hallowed memories of the past, purer and nobler feelings had arisen within him, but they were unsupported by principle, and the habits of a whole life soon resumed their accustomed power over him. He died as he had lived, a rich and envied worldling, but without thought, or hope for the future; and the solemn question was forced upon the mind of his brother, as he returned from his new made grave, "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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ORIGINAL.

## OUR REBECCA.

DEDICATED TO HER LITTLE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

GATHER round me now, my dear ones, gather round and close the door,  
For the study hours are ended, and the day is almost o'er;  
And the holidays of winter will begin to-morrow morn,  
When we'll gladly keep the birth-day of the best of woman born.

You'll have gif's, fair gifts, to-morrow—tell me wherefore, if you can;  
" 'Tis because our loving Father gave a Saviour unto man."  
Well answered ye, my dear ones, in your joy or in your play,  
Forget not that, I pray you, on the blessed Christmas day.

Draw your cloaks about you, dear ones, for the night begins to fall,  
And gather closer round me, I must have a kiss from all;  
Good bye for the week that's coming. God keep you in his care,  
But who now plays the laggard? why does she linger there?

'Tis my gentle sweet Rebecca, with her mildly beaming eyes,  
And a brow of open beauty, where a world of goodness lies;  
'Tis her own sweet voice that poureth its music in my ear,  
" Let me walk beside you, teacher, the last school-day of the year."

Few weeks has she been with me, and 'tis but a week we part,  
But already have I found for her a niche within my heart;  
And I cannot choose but watch her, as she glideth down the hill,  
While her grasp of warm affection in my hand is glowing still.

They are thronging back, my dear ones, for the holidays are o'er—  
They are shouting in the vestibule, they are coming in the door—  
In the snow along the pathway, they have left their footprints small,  
But my gentle sweet Rebecca's is not among them all.

And now they sit in quiet, for the lesson has been read,  
And with upraised hands in concert, they have asked their "daily bread."  
Of all accords, the sweetest is an infant choir at prayer,  
But my gentle sweet Rebecca no echo wakened there.

You may look for her, my dear ones, but her smile no more you'll see;  
It has passed from earth for ever, she is happier than we—  
She has gone to see "Our Father," she is lying with the dead,  
And the pale cold snow-flake foldeth the drapery of her bed.

But when the spring-time cometh, with its gay and golden hours,  
When the earth is clad with verdure, and the valleys gemmed with flowers;  
When the blue streams from the mountain, the thirsty valleys lave,  
We will gather Flora's treasures, and decorate her grave.

And O, when Life's pain entereth our very heart within,  
When wasting with its weariness, or stinging with its sin,  
We would gladly look from earth away to an unknown better shore,  
We will think how favored she is, and we'll weep for her no more.

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"A STRANGER ON EARTH."—"If to be a stranger on earth  
be to be divided from sin and sinful appetites—from the seducing vanities and worthless mockeries of the world—from the fascinating beauty and perilous splendor of this decaying scene: if to be a stranger on earth be to be a friend of God, a member of the heavenly household, an expectant of the kingdom, an heir apparent of the crown of glory—who would not be a stranger here?"

ORIGINAL.

## THE BRANDED NAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF S. H. BERTHOUD—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

TOWARD the end of March, 1813, an old man walked slowly along the Quai St. Michel, toward the poor and populous quarter, which then entirely surrounded the cathedral of Notre Dame. He stooped somewhat as he walked, and supported himself upon an ivory-headed cane; his head was covered by a wide-brimmed hat. Although it was near nightfall, yet it was still easy to distinguish the venerable mildness which characterized his features, and the expression of profound dejection with which it was blended. The varied movements of the crowd, the benign influence of exercise, the beauty of the evening, seemed at intervals to call up an air of serenity upon his brow; but, soon his gloomy sadness would return, and his features resume their former bitterness of expression. At times he appeared to strive against the painful idea which tormented him; he raised his head; he looked about him, as if in search of objects to divert his mind from self-reflection; but nothing succeeded in alleviating his apparent anxiety, and he soon relapsed into his former dejection.

Notwithstanding his great age, for he numbered not less than seventy-five years, the old man made his way to the square of Notre Dame, entered several dwellings, ascended even to the garrets of three or four wretched houses, visited many families, some of the members of which were sick, and brought comfort to these poor creatures by his kind cares, his soft consoling words. To the sick, he promised speedy convalescence; to those who tended them, he gave encouragement, praising their perseverance and attention; he rarely left an abode without placing upon the mantel the sum requisite for the purchase of the medicines which he prescribed, or for bread, if needed.

When he had finished his works of charity, when he had no longer gratuitous advice to give or alms to distribute, he prepared to return to his dwelling, and approached a carriage, for he was very weary; at this moment he heard a timid voice, asking in a low tone for alms. He turned, and beheld a young man standing near him.

"Why do you not work?" he said. "I am not rich enough to assist those who can assist themselves."

The mendicant did not reply; he turned quickly, ran toward La Greve, and then, after a short interval of hesitation or of prayer, was about to throw himself into the Seine, when he felt some one grasp him by the arm—it was the old man. He had comprehended the fatal resolution of the mendicant, and had hurried after him as rapidly as his aged limbs permitted, to preserve the madman from suicide.

"Pardon me a moment's harshness and forgetfulness," he said, offering a five-franc piece to the young man.

The latter gently put aside the proffered coin.

"As well die to-day as to-morrow," he replied. "This alms, which, in a moment of weakness, I have solicited, would but serve to prolong my sufferings for a day or two."

He turned to depart, but fell, feeble and exhausted, to the ground.

"Give it me, sir," he said, extending his hand—"give it me! The malady which preys upon me, will destroy me in a few days. Thanks to your alms, I can appear before my God, without the word '*suicide*,' that word of reprobation, upon my brow. Give it! I shall thus die without crime, and without remorse."

The old man took the youth's hand, and placed his finger upon the artery of his wrist. He felt a pulse rapid and bounding, hurried along by a burning fever, and, by the fleeting light from a passing carriage, he beheld features that were sadly changed, and marked with the signs of a serious malady. He observed, also, by the garments and manners, of the unhappy man, that he was above the middle class.

"Your condition requires the cares of a physician," said the old man. "Confide in mine, sir; I offer them freely."

"I prefer death to the hospital," replied the invalid.

"It is not to a hospital that I would lead you, but to the dwelling of some worthy people who are devoted to me, and who will treat you like a son. Come, then! do not despair; give me your arm. Old as I am, I have still sufficient strength to support you."

He gave the young man his arm, led him to a neighboring



house, ascended to the third story, and entered a small apartment, occupied by an honest cabinet-maker.

"Madame Jeanne," said the physician, addressing a woman of about forty years of age, "you have often expressed a wish to do me a kindness, in return for the cares which I have shown you. This young friend of mine is ill. Let him remain with you until he recovers. Here, take this purse: you will need money for the purchase of some articles indispensable to the comfort of your new guest."

"We would give him our own bed, doctor," interrupted the cabinet-maker, "rather than any one, brought here by you, should be ill lodged." The doctor assisted the artizan and his wife to remove the patient's garments; after which he bled him, wrote several prescriptions, and departed, promising to return at an early hour on the morrow.

On the morrow the young man was much worse; his fever had assumed an alarming character; he was delirious, and uttered many words in a foreign language, which the doctor recognised as the German. He called upon his mother, now uttering complaints and cries of despair, now singing national songs; he spoke of his betrothed, and promised soon to espouse her. His condition was truly pitiable.

For eight days and nights, the two worthy people, to whose care the doctor had confided the stranger, watched faithfully at his bed-side. The old man visited him several times a day, and, at last, his care and attention received their reward. The young man's delirium gradually disappeared, his fever abated, and he was able to take some slight nourishment.

This was a day of great joy in the dwelling of the artizan; for Antoine, as well as his wife, had become warmly attached to the poor young man who owed his life to their affectionate and devoted care.

His first thought, on his recovery, was to thank his host and hostess for their kindness, and ask after the name of the charitable old man who had saved his life. To his great surprise, they replied that they did not know his name. He had attended one of their neighbors, they said, and when this neighbor had heard that the cabinet-maker's wife was ill, he had begged the doctor to visit her, to which the old man readily consented,

and his cares soon restored her to health. One day, as the learned man was leaving the abode to which he had brought back health and happiness, Antoine slipped into his hand three pieces of gold, wrapped in a scrap of paper. The doctor grew serious, and stern.

"Do you think," he said, "that I practise my art to obtain from you the wages of a month's labor? You have already lost too much time in attending upon your sick wife!"

He left them apparently offended, and did not return until eight days after, when he brought to their house the sick stranger.

This recital, which the worthy couple repeated with affecting simplicity, accompanying each sentence with a grateful eulogium of their benefactor, touched the young man's heart, and augmented his gratitude and respect for the benevolent old man. As soon as he entered in the evening, he took his hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips.

"I owe you my life," he said—"and you have saved me from the commission of a crime."

"A crime! yes, my son, for it is a great crime to escape by suicide from the trials which God imposes upon us, nay, even from the injustice with which society visits us, in return for the services which we have rendered it. God will place the former to our account; as to the latter, we should avenge ourselves by contempt, or what is still better, by forgiveness."

The old man sighed as he uttered these words, and so sadly, that it was easy to comprehend that they recalled some bitter remembrance.

"What"—cried the youth, "you, so noble, so generous, and so wise, have you to complain of society and of mankind?"

"Let us leave these wounds, which no hand, not even a friendly one, can touch, without inflicting pain," interrupted the old man. "Come, let us speak of your plans, now that you are in health again. What do you intend to do, and how can I be useful to you?"

"It is my duty to inform you of the whole history of my life, even though it may disclose secrets; yet it is one of the most simple and common-place. I was born at Vienna; my father practised, in that city, the profession of medicine, with more reputation than profit. Four years ago he died poor, leaving

my mother no resources but the trifling rent of a small house, her sole patrimony, and the uncertain hope of a heritage in litigation at Paris. I had studied with my father, whose name was Soëmmering, a name which he had rendered celebrated by his discoveries in medical science. Nothing would have been wanting to my wishes, if I could have obtained a moderate practice, supported myself by my exertions, and espoused my cousin Mina, to whom I was betrothed. But young physicians have few chances of success and fortune. After a year of useless efforts, of vain attempts, and baffled hopes, my mother counselled me to go to Paris, and endeavor to obtain that heritage, as the only chance of enabling me to marry. I obeyed her; I left Vienna and came to Paris. I inquired into the state of the affair; my rights were incontestable, but it was necessary to establish them, and my funds were insufficient to fee an advocate. In addition to this, I was in a foreign land, I knew no one in Paris, and had been recommended by no one. Circumstances still more vexatious came to augment my embarrassment. War was declared by Germany against France, and it became impossible for me to return to my native country; it was fortunate, indeed, that my very obscurity prevented me from being arrested as a prisoner of war. I supported myself, for a while, by giving lessons in German to some students; but sickness soon came to rob me of this last resource. Dejected, despairing, almost frantic—you know the rest—I stooped to beg, sir, and but for you I should have perished—perished by suicide!"

"Your father's name is not unknown to me, sir, notwithstanding the ignorance which prevails in France, respecting the scientific works of foreigners. I know that medicine and natural history are indebted to him for important discoveries."

"My father's attention was directed particularly to the nervous system. It is to him that science owes the completion and verification of the labors undertaken abroad by Mojou, Castel, Cabanis, Petit, and Doctor Sue."

The old man turned pale, and his voice faltered, as he asked:

"And what was the result of his labors?"

"They were numerous, yet I can mention one that greatly interested me; it was this—that, of all the punishments

invented by man, there is none more painful than decapitation," said the young German.

The doctor, who had risen from his seat, as if to repress the agitation which disturbed him, fell back upon his chair, and endeavored to speak; but he could only stammer forth faint and unintelligible words.

"Yes, sir," continued the young man—"my father had the courage to repeat the experiments of the physicians whom I have named. In order to wrest from Nature her secrets, he stood beneath the scaffold to receive the heads cast to him by the axe of the executioner. Ah, well! he acquired the sad conviction, that, after decapitation, intelligence remains for a long time in the brain, with all its energy, all its vivacity of perception. Like Aldini, he proved that the contractions of the muscles endure for three quarters of an hour after apparent death. He beheld the heads of the decapitated close their eyes, when exposed to a strong light, more than a quarter of an hour after their separation from the body. He satisfied himself that these heads were sensible to the action of stimulants, that the tongue, pulled from the mouth and pricked with a needle, is withdrawn quickly, and that the features assume an expression of pain. He succeeded in ascertaining that the organ of hearing remains still longer. Twice, in his presence, I beheld with horror the heads of two malefactors, decapitated for the crime of poisoning, turn their eyes in the direction of the voice which called their names."

The old man held his face concealed in his hands; he wept.

"My recital terrifies you," continued the youth. "But my father's object, in devoting himself to this fearful study, was to combat the opinion of a French physician, the inventor of a cruel instrument of punishment; an instrument to which, as a just chastisement, his name remains, and will for ever remain affixed—the Guillotine!"

The old man raised his head with dignity.

"Young man," he said mildly, yet with a tone of authority, "leave calumny to the vulgar, and do not belie a worthy man upon popular and lying rumors. Guillotine, this man whom you despise, and whom your father hated, Guillotine, whose name, as you have said, will remain for ever affixed to an

instrument of punishment, does not merit this contempt, this hatred, this ignominy. Listen carefully, for the words which I am about to utter, should be heard and believed, for once, at least, by a pure and honorable heart.

"When the National Assembly undertook to reform the ancient penal code, it proclaimed, as the ground-work of its labors, the equality of punishments for all classes, the personality of crimes, the shame of which should no longer fall upon the family of the culprit; finally, the abolition of the question and useless tortures. Guillotine, this Guillotine, who is an object of execration in Germany, Guillotine, who for six years pursued the same studies as your father, and who, whether erroneously or correctly, arrived at results and convictions directly opposite to his, proposed that decapitation should be substituted for the various modes of death hitherto in use, such as the wheel, the rope, the stake. The head, once separated from the trunk, vitality ceases," said the old man, "and with vitality, all suffering. The muscular movements which feebly agitate the body are mechanical, and do not proceed from sensibility. Strong in this conviction, he brought forward his proposition, which was unanimously decreed; nothing now remained but to complete his work, a work of true philanthropy, since it was destined to mitigate the sufferings of those who fell beneath the sentence of the law. He proposed, therefore, as a method of execution the most sure and the least painful, the use of an instrument, known in Italy by the name of *Mania*, described by Pere Labat, an invention of former centuries, as is proved by an old painting of the Byzantine school. Such is the crime of Guillotine! This it is which has brought upon his head the execrations which pursue him. Oh, if they were acquainted with his whole life, a life—he can say it with just pride—without stain and without reproach, a life pure before God and before men! But, alas, they can do naught but condemn and calumniate him! As a recompense for his labors in the reformation of criminal jurisprudence, he was cast into prison, where his companions in misfortune shrunk from him in disgust, where they assailed him with insults and indignities. He awaited death with resignation, nay, almost with joy, when the 9th of Thermidor

restored the prisoner to liberty. He wished, then, to leave France, and to seek an asylum in some corner of America, where he could live unknown and secure against the anathema which an absurd prejudice hurled upon his head. He was directed, in the name of his country, to remain in France, and to consecrate the remnant of his days to the service of his native land. He did not hesitate; he continued to dwell in Paris, and laid the foundation of the celebrated association known under the name of "The Academy of Medicine," which has already rendered great services to humanity, and is destined to render still greater. Places, honors were offered him, but he refused every thing which could attract the attention of the public towards him, and resolved, unhappy outcast—punished for a deed of charity—to live as a private citizen. Since that time, he is occupied in extending the use of the vaccine virus. He bears this consolation from garret to garret; and if he is not happy—if a cruel thought incessantly haunts his bosom—at least he is sometimes useful, sometimes dries the tears of misfortune. Well, my friend, do you still despise Guillotine?"

"He is an angel?" cried Jeanne.

"Let me hear any one speak ill of him!" said her husband, rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, and baring his brawny arms.

"I will devote my life to his vindication, and to the destruction of a culpable prejudice!" added the young German.

"Nothing can destroy this prejudice," said the old man, sadly. "The injustice has endured to the present time, and it will be perpetuated from year to year, from century to century. My name is immortal! but, alas! what an immortality!"

"What matters it?" he added, after a moment's silence and meditation; "what matters it? I shall find justice in heaven, and I am near heaven. There is but little bitterness left for these lips, in the sad cup which I have so long and often drained."

His presentiments were well founded. Young Soemmering, when (thanks to the protection and assistance of the old man,) he returned to Vienna, learned that on the 26th of May, 1814, Doctor Joseph-Ignace Guillotine had died at Paris, at the age of seventy-six years.

ORIGINAL.

## TRUTH.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

BEFORE my dreamy sight  
A beauteous vision pass'd;  
A creature more divinely bright,  
Her shadow never cast.  
Her throne seemed ivory,  
While o'er her robes of white,  
Floated an azure drapery,  
Glittering with heavenly light.

A chaplet crowned her head,  
Composed of choicest flowers,  
Culled, where the saints in glory tread,  
'Mid amaranthine bowers.  
Each leaf and flower a gem,  
Whose lustre from afar,  
Sparkled upon her diadem  
Like morning's loveliest star.

Eternal youth had sealed  
Its impress on her face,  
The roses on her cheek reveal'd  
Of care and blight, no trace.  
Her form, no pencil's touch,  
Nor language can portray,  
Its symmetry, its beauties, such  
As shine in heaven's own day.

In her right hand there gleamed  
The spirit's awful sword;  
And at her side in glory beamed  
The symbols of the Lord.  
Celestial rainbows rose  
And spanned her with their hue,  
Their blended shades, in soft repose,  
A chastened halo threw.

Condensed in awful gloom,  
The clouds her footstool were;  
Dark clouds, like those which drape the tomb  
When Hope sinks in Despair.  
In solemn majesty  
She stood—the clouds beneath  
Were rolled onward, noiselessly,  
By the Almighty's breath.

## SEA OF MARMORA, FROM THE SERASKIER'S TOWER.

See Engraving.

The Seraskier's or Fire Tower, from which the splendid view before us is taken, is a building of circular form, of immense height, and at its summit entirely surrounded by windows which command every part of the city. One of its apartments is occupied by the fire guard, a part of whom are constantly on duty night and day, to give an alarm in case of fire. But the Fire Tower is more interesting from the varied and magnificent prospects presented to the eye from its summit, than from the uses to which it is applied. Immediately below it, in the foreground of the engraving, lies the court of the Seraskier, with the long range of grated prisons, and the green tents of the guard, forming a pigmy encampment—beyond the walls appear the stately dome and slender minarets of the Mosque of Bajazet, beside the clustering roofs of the Tcharchi or Bazars of Constantinople, famed for their splendor and extent. Beneath the beholder, the oriental city is spread out like a map—with its thousand domes and five thousand minarets—its busy khans, crowded bazars, luxurious palaces, and gloomy prisons. Far beyond, stretches the Sea of Marmora, the sunny Propontis, its rocky islands and glittering waves sparkling beneath the clear blue sky—while a thousand white sails gleam on its tranquil bosom—the Thracian Olympus, with its crown of snow and mantle of mist, and a part of the chain of which it is the monarch, is just perceptible on the verge of the horizon—and the glorious Bosphorus, guides the vision onward to the Sea of Storms. At the right of the picture, the point of the city bounded by the Golden Horn, is before the eye—myriads of barks moored within its limits, “with the flag of many nations flying at their mast-head, and the voice of many nations swelling on the breeze.”

Such is a faint outline of the magnificent scenery which a glance from the dizzy height of the Seraskier's Tower presents to the eye—though no language can do justice to the matchless beauty of the prospect—the busy city—the ocean channel, the majestic domes and towering minarets of the mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Bajazet—and the wide, deep, unfathomable, mysterious sea, bounding the vision, where it blends in a deep rich tint like the purple clouds of even, with the far horizon.



